

Several

*D. Goody*

# LETTERS;

Containing the

## A M O U R S

O F .

1. *The Unfortunate Dutchess; Or, The Lucky Gamester.*
2. *Love after Enjoyment; Or, Fatal Constancy.*
3. *The unhappy Mistake; Or, The Fate of cross'd Loves.*

---

Written by Mr. D. Cr—rd, Gent.

---

*Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta Cupido est,  
Accipe, quæ peragenda prius, latet arbore opaca.*  
Virg. *Ænei.* Lib. 6.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Job Austin* in Fleet-Street, and  
sold by the Booksellers of London and  
*Westminster,* 1700.



PR 3291

S5

1700

Rare bk room

# T H E P R E F A C E.

**N**OVELS of late have been so ill writ, and Consequently so little esteem'd, that 'tis reasonably to be suppos'd a Bookseller has not such another drug in his Shop. I was too weak to attempt the recovery of their lost honour, and therefore chose a new method of my own.

This may appear something odd to the Reader, because it insinuates as much as if I had said, I writ Novels in Substance, but alter'd the Form. I confess I design to leave him in the dark; and he may suppose the stories so many real truths, or so many little Romances as his fancy or judgment shall guide him.

If it be objected, that I feign'd Nations, which is a thing rarely or never practis'd. I answer, if I make people bring them to good or bad ends, and keep their Lives and Honours in my own hands; by the same Authority I can easily create a Country to settle them in. If the Amours be real, I ought in good manners to lay the Scenes in a new World, because 'tis to be suppos'd I design'd them not for

—— Monumenta Veneris Nefandæ.

And to be particular as to the Kingdoms, were the true way to discover those concern'd.

The

## The PREFACE.

*The Adventures of the Unfortunate Dutcheſs* are but few, not that the Subject could afford no more, but because I had not much time to imploy that way. Besides my Printer o're-took me e're 'twas well begun, and hurry'd me to a speedy close. Daria's are indeed too long, but I hope the Reader will not think it so. I've shown Entheon good Natur'd, and upon all emergencies truly Generous, and if I have made him too easie, attribute the cause to his excess of Love, and Eriphile's irresistible Charms. The first confin'd his resentment, and the latter disarm'd his fury. The Dutcheſs's Conduct is not to be justified, but you will find I scarce design'd any of my Lovers for exact patterns of Chastity and Honour. These romantick ways of Writing and Loving are equally tedious, and very rarely credited. If sometimes I mention every Circumstance of an Action, or the Joys of an happy Night, 'tis only to make the story appear more probable, and to Cozen the Reader into a firmer belief of what may in it self be fiction.

Love after Enjoyment, &c. can hardly be thought a Misnomer, since Adrastus in all his words and Actions speaks an excessive tenderness and passion for Timandra, nor did she ever show less for him. That in his absence she married the Duke of Minoya, can hardly be reputed a breach of Love, since for her excuse she reasonably alledges, the World was too busie with her Name, and 'twas high time to save her reputation, lest the remedy had afterwards come too late, or it may be not at all. The story of Olmechine is in my opinion very Natural, she Lov'd him, yet was Virtuous, and forgot that passion she had for him when Avilon (who first had sought her Heart) return'd. What concerns

## The PREFACE.

cerns the Earl of Rucana, may at first sight seem too nice to gain the Reputation of a Truth; but the Reader will hardly find any thing in it, that is not very probable, and in all points practicable.

In the Unhappy Mistake it may perhaps be thought that I have been guilty of one my self, in crowding so many People into so short a story. Xensa and Mangroa might have both been Widowers, and Bonzeda had lost nothing had I robb'd him of a sister. But I'm confident 'twill appear otherwise to any Man that deliberately weighs the Plott, nor will he find it any difficulty to remember every Man's business, Pretentions and Interest throughout the whole. Delia's Adventures may indeed be too long. But you will find by the end of her own and Sirena's story, that I was sensible of my error e're 'twas fully committed. I had wasted too much Paper; and was forc'd to kill more People in one Leaf, than I design'd at first in two. Yet after all, Martius and Artaxus fell not without Circumstances, that largely entituled their deaths to probability and truth. As for Ericis, I was forc'd to use her ill, lest Treachery had escap'd unpunish'd. And Manderina's end might very well be occasion'd by her griefs, if you consider her loss.

Thus much I thought no less than necessary, in defence of particulars, and as for general faults, I presume they may all be comprehended under this one. The passions are not painted with the height of Modesty. If there is any thing that appears sinutty I'm confident a Lady can hardly own she knows it to be so, unless at the same time she confess her own guilt, and lewd inclinations. For to the truly Virtuous 'tis so well cover'd, it will hardly show

## The PREFACE.

show it self. Besides, to express any thing of that Nature nicely, methinks requires more of Art, and neat choice of words, than a passion truly modest, and if well done, is in some measure pardonable; but that is what I would not be thought to defend, even tho' I were truly guilty.

I've nothing to say in relation to my style or way of expressing my self, I writ them for my own pleasure and improvement in the English Language, and by consequence strove not to be too nice or elaborate, yet to shun that trouble, you will find I've borrow'd nothing from others to indulge my wants.

The Reader will find an excess of grief or joy express'd with measure, the better to move the passion, and as for what's purely narrative, I have us'd a natural way free from force or Affectation.

The worst of Criticks pretend to some Generosity, and spare dead Authors. In reason they ought to show the same goodness to a stranger, especially when he is absent; if they do, then I shall be safe, and this little Posthumus may stay behind, and live without its Father to protect and defend it.

D. Cr——rd

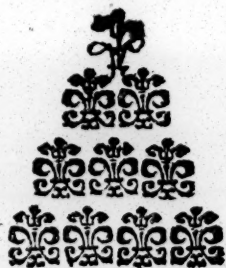


THE  
Unfortunate Dutchess;  
OR, THE  
LUCKY GAMESTER.

---

Written by Mr. D. Cr—rd, Gent.

---



L O N D O N,

Printed for Job Austin in Fleet-Street, and  
sold by the Booksellers of London and  
Westminster, 1700.

## The PREFACE.

show it self. Besides, to express any thing of that Nature nicely, methinks requires more of Art, and neat choice of words, than a passion truly modest, and if well done, is in some measure pardonable; but that is what I would not be thought to defend, even tho' I were truly guilty.

I've nothing to say in relation to my style or way of expressing my self, I writ them for my own pleasure and improvement in the English Language, and by consequence strove not to be too nice or elaborate, yet to shun that trouble, you will find I've borrow'd nothing from others to indulge my wants.

The Reader will find an excess of grief or joy express'd with measure, the better to move the passion, and as for what's purely narrative, I have us'd a natural way free from force or Affectation.

*H  
2  
2* The worst of Criticks pretend to some Generosity, and spare dead Authors. In reason they ought to show the same goodness to a stranger, especially when he is absent; if they do, then I shall be safe, and this little Posthumus may stay behind, and live without its Father to protect and defend it.

D. Cr——rd.

THE Pri

THE

Unfortunate Dutchess;

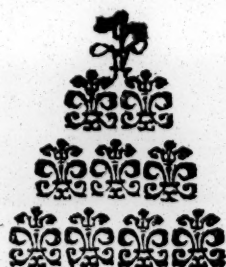
OR, THE

LUCKY GAMESTER!

---

Written by Mr. D. Cr—rd, Gent.

---



---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Job Austin in Fleet-Street, and  
sold by the Bookfellers of London and  
Westminster, 1700.

le  
ye  
fo  
to  
a  
pi  
a  
wa  
thi  
rep  
Re  
the  
tha  
thi  
mo  
poi  
3ce

---



---

T H E

Unfortunate Dutchess, &c.

---

*To the Divine Albifinda.*

Madam,

**W**HEN I first had the honour of your acquaintance, amongst those numberless Qualities that render'd you so amiable, and your Conversation so charming and easie; I found that esteem you had for Plays and Novels, to be none of the least considerable. It speaks a tender Soul, and a large Portion of wit. To pity a feign'd Hero is commendable, because 'tis a sure Argument, that Compassion would not be wanting to a real one. And to delight in those things, which have a certain Air or Passion well represented in them, shews that the fancy of the Reader, is little or nothing inferiour to that of the Writer; for we can take no more pleasure in that which we understand not, than in those things which we understand too well. To remove the weight of a few lazy Minutes, I send you the fam'd amour of a Lady, whom a long Scene of Gallantry has at last render'd obnoxious



ous to the Laws of her Country. Her misfortunes make her too well known, and tho' ſhe is at preſent the Theme of her own Nation, I am confident the ſtory has not yet reach'd yours. I'm no ſuch Stranger to your Modeſty, as not to foreſee, that an exact account of ſome Circumſtances would ſeem culpable; and therefore ſhall not give you juſt grounds for anger, where my aim is to divert: Yet that I may not omit thoſe things without which the Story would be too imperfect; I beg a greater liberty than is perhaps truly adequate to the narrow rules of a precise modeſty. I'm too unfortunate if you think my Nature loads me beyond thoſe bounds; and I hope if any thing of that kind eſcape unpoliſh'd, or without a neceſſary Cover, you will attribute it to ſome other cauſe, or at leaſt ſuſpend your Judgment, till you ſee the Author, and permit him to answer for himſelf. To excuſe all other faults, remember I love too much to Write well, and that when I'd fix my thoughts upon this Subject, I'm ſurpris'd to find my Soul rides Poſt to you, and leaves me robb'd of Fancy or Deſign.

**I**N *Cluſa* (the Metropolis of the wealthy Kingdom of *Armenis*, which is compos'd of the greateſt half of the Iſland *Sindaton*) there liv'd a Beauty, whom Fortune and Nature had joyntly bleſs'd with all thoſe Graces that procure Adorers, yet render the poſſeſſor not altogether happy. No Man could ſee her and preſerve his liberty, and therefore no Man could think himſelf ſecure in the poſſeſſion; yet all the Youth of the Nation ſigh'd for her, and thoſe whom Fortune had not bleſt

bleſt with Wealth, gaz'd on the happy exalted Fair, and had thoſe thoughts for her, which we bear to diſtant Heaven, when yet we cannot paint the glorious Fabrick, or hope to reach the Bleſſing. Her Father (the Earl of *Ciſala*) lov'd her more than Honour ; he bleſt the Gods for this mighty gift, and with pride ſaw himſelf the Maſter of a thouſand Hearts, by being the envied diſpoſer of the Lovely *Eriphile*. The travelling God, in all his race, ne'er ſaw a form like hers beneath him ; Love threw his Arrows through the yielding Air, or ſhot at random to conſume the trifles, her Eyes too faſt ſupply the wilful loſs, and ſtrike even thoſe who ne'er before had bow'd. She ſeem'd the unknown Agent of the all-conquering *Jove* ; for tho' ſhe had the ſoftneſs of a pitying Goddeſs, and the languiſhing looks of a yielding Virgin, yet her frowns outſtretch'd thunder, and ſhook the very State of powerful Love. Believe me, *Albiſinda*, the only way to expreſs her Charms and Wit, were to ſay ſhe copied you ; and had ſhe prov'd as nicely Virtuous, ſhe had been indeed another Miracle. But Beauty too often proves fatal to the owner, and a handsome Face an Enemy to Honour. All men admire the truly Charming, and continued Affaults muſt needs ſhake the beſieg'd, or force them at leaſt to Articles.

Amongſt the numerous Youth of *Armenis*, none could yet pretend to merit the happineſs of her eſteem, and the Young Lovers had no relief from pains, but when they remember'd, that time muſt advance one to the Heaven they aim

at, and knew not but indulgent Providence had design'd the Blifs for them.

While thus ſhe reign'd, abſolute in the Hearts of a thouſand noble Subjects, the Great Duke of *Entbeon* arriv'd from his Travels. Him too ſhe Conquer'd, but pay'd her Liberty as a price for the glorious Victory. He is the firſt Subject of his Country, yet Maſter of a Soul that infinitely ſurmounts his Birth or Quality. He has the Courage of a Man in deſpair, yet attended with the Caution and diffidency of a Coward, or one who values Life. Like Heaven ſlow to Anger, but if it concerns his Fame, ſudden in the Execution, and quicker than Lightning. The liberality of a mighty Prince, and the careful management of a private Subject, are equally his. He has the Religion of the good and wiſe, without the Biggotry of the ſuperſtitious and ignorant: Looks like a Crown'd Head, yet more affable than the mean-eſt Courtier, and values the honour of his Native Country beyond his private intereſt, or his dearer Life. Admir'd by all men but himſelf, and envied by none but Villains, who damn thoſe Virtues in others, to which themſelves can ne're attain. He ſpeaks moſt Languages, and is converſant in the Hiſtory of moſt Nations. In ſhort, Madam, 'tis generally ſaid of him, that his Birth and breeding, make him truly the firſt Gentleman in the World. *Sindalon* thought her ſelf enrich'd beyond her Neighbouring Countries, and the happy Inhabitants of *Armenis*, look'd on this miraculous Youth, as their Genius or Guardian Angel. Every Man became his

Votary,

Votary, and those who had spent most of their Years abroad, felt yet those little qualms, and disturbances of Mind when they approach'd him, which bashful Strangers know in shining Courts, when ey'd by Godlike Monarchs. The fairest Ladies in *Clusa* sigh'd for him, the King doated upon him, and all the World blest him. *Cisala* amongst the rest, fail'd not to shew that esteem he had for him; and the Duke, who greedily had heard his Daughter's Beauty universally proclaim'd, forgot not to embrace his Friendship, he long'd to see the Original, which his Fancy, at second hand, began to form even beyond what it was, or Nature e're cou'd make, and already believ'd that in all his Travels he had seen nothing comparable to the Fair *Eriphile*. The Earl's Country House was situated on the fertile Banks of that famous River which supplies *Clusa* with daily Necessaries, and as it peaceably glides along washes the Walls of its Monarch's Garden. Thither the noble Youth went to confirm the loss of his Liberty, which already he had half resign'd. *Cisala* receiv'd him with that respect, his merit every where exacted, without regard to Quality, and now thought he had found a Husband worthy of his Daughter; yet doubtful of his wish'd success he acquainted the Fair One with the arrival of his Noble Guest. 'Twas impossible to live in *Armenis*, and not to have heard of him; she understood the meaning of this Advertisement, and carefully dress'd her self to the best advantage, an Art very commendable in Ladies, and in which those of her Nation are particularly skill'd. The Earl diverted him some time with the Rarities of his House,



and shew'd him several pieces of exquisite painting, done by the greatest Masters of the Age. *Entheon* felt a certain unexpressible disquiet, when he view'd a well-done Landskip, and wanted something which these Scenes suggested to his fancy, yet could hardly consult his Judgment to find what 'twas he sigh'd for. At last they resolv'd to take a turn in the Garden; where the Earl meeting with some Friends that had come to see him that Evening, was oblig'd to beg the Duke's Pardon, and promis'd to wait upon him in a very few Minutes. *Entheon* now left alone, and about to pursue his walk, was suddenly arrested by a Song that charm'd his Soul, and ty'd up all his thoughts. He wonder'd that he had not heard this Godlike Musick, but fancy'd the Charm was just begun, or not heard to perfection, because of his past discourse with the Earl. He stood sometime immoveable, yet impatient to see her that sung so like an Angel; he resolv'd to lose one part of his present happiness for the purchase of a greater, and, guided by the Heavenly Voice, with eager steps he reach'd at last the Grove. His Curiosity (tho' great) did not too far extend it self; his passion ne're o're-rul'd his Judgment, and this juncture he manag'd with the discretion of old Age: For tho he could have enter'd, as if chance not design had led him, yet he chose rather to keep himself undiscover'd, and to be blest unknown. But when he advanc'd, and softly had prest down those small boughs that obstructed his sight, how much was he surpris'd to paint his thoughts, were a labour fit for a Muse at her full Strength: let this suffice, he

saw



ſaw *Eriphile*, and grew divinely mad. Mortality was forgot, and he remain'd in that extaſie, which if expreſt would ſeem wholly irreligious, to any Man but a transported Lover. The Fair One lay in a careleſs Poſture, extended on the yielding Graſs. Her Foot and half the Leg were obvious to his ſight, and the ſcanty Blis prompted his lingering Soul to Paint the Beauties yet unſeen, even beyond the Original, or what Nature when ſhe uſ'd her utmoſt Art could form. He curſt his Fortune that ſhew'd no more, or elſe expoſ'd too much, and fear'd that a ſhape ſo far beyond what his eager thoughts had created, ſhould be attended with the alloy of a homely Face; ſtill waiting with the impatieney of a Man half bleſt, till ſome kind accident ſhould encrease the pleaſure. She, who dreamt not of a prying Lover, proves kind without deſign, and taking her favourite Maid by the Hand (with an accent that gave a perfect harmony to all her words) ſuddenly cry'd, my Dear *Daria* (for that was her Name) I've unluckily loſt one of my Garters. The Duke had no time to weigh his coming Fortune, and conſequently loſt part of the bleſſing, for the charming *Eriphile* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, than he could ſee the Pettycoat gently remov'd. The pleaſure of a longing ſtranger, when the furling Curtain ſhews a guilded Scene, and warlike Muſick Charms the unſteady thoughts, ſickens the Mind and thrills the kindl'd blood, but ne're yet gave a Joy confus'd like his. His tranſports were ſuch (which ſome will think next door to impoſſibility) that even Nature was huſht, the Soul alone imploy'd, and *Plato's* way of loving was here

practis'd to Perfection. Yet 'tis probable that had the old Philoſopher himſelf ſeen ſo much, he had quit the Argument, and given the Body a conqueſt o're the Soul. The amorous Duke, bleſt too much, was unable to contain himſelf, and after he had at once ſurvey'd the tempting Object, and her more bewitching Face, ſuddenly cry'd, Oh Heavens! Can ſo much Beauty ever give her ſelf up to the embraces of a Mortal? Sure 'tis anticipating Heaven to lye panting in her Arms.— 'Twas well the Fair One ſtarted from the Ground, the Lover elſe had prejudg'd the Duke, and his raptures had ſpoke his Judgment not the ſame he poſſeſt the preceeding minute. But a violent Love ſeldom knows any bounds, and when powerful Beauty ſuddenly aſſaults the Heart, Reaſon is often diſlodg'd, or at leaſt gives way, and then 'tis pardonable if a Man rave. However he begg'd a thouſand Pardons for his Sin of ignorance, and told her, that tho' he thought himſelf infinitely bleſt by this Encounter; yet he could have wiſh'd it had hapned at a time when ſhe was leſs diſpos'd to Solitude: And offer'd to retire, that by his ſpeedy abſence ſhe might retrieve a part of that ſilent pleaſure ſhe had loſt, tho' not before he had aſſur'd her, that if his Curioſity had led him to the Grove, he paid the Forfeiture of his Liberty, as a puniſhment for his offence. The bewitching Maid, not knowing he had ſeen ſo much, was pleas'd with the accident; their mutual ſurpriſe added to the Beauties of both, and ſhe found by her forc'd ſilence, that the Duke was already more than indifferent to her. Yet aſham'd of this new weakneſs, ſhe ſtrove ſuddenly

ly to recollect her self, and confus'dly told him, she presum'd he was the Duke of *Entbeon*; that her Father and the whole World spoke advantageously of him, and she could not think her self unfortunate in the Conversation of a Man so universally esteem'd. But that if he paid too great a price for that which enrich'd her, she would be so generous as not to urge him to so much bounty, notwithstanding of those advantages she might reap by it. This was indeed an obliging Compliment, but the fair *Eriphile* already lov'd him, and already knew it. She had too much wit therefore to lose so favourable an opportunity of engaging a Man, for whom the greatest Beauty in the Island would have dispenc'd with the out-guards of Modesty, or rather the superfluous niceties impos'd by Custom not Reason upon those of her Sex. On the other hand the Duke thought himself in Heaven. His excess of Joy almost deny'd him the use of his Reason, and if ever he was non-plus'd, let me suppose this the time. However from what she said, he guess his stay could not be altogether unreasonable. And after he had wittily acknowledg'd the Honour she did him, was about to begin Encomiums on her Beauty, when the Earl arriv'd and made the Number four. He told the young Lover, he was glad to find his absence supply'd by the Conversation of a young Lady, in whom if he found any thing agreeable he was doubly Fortunate. This too was a handsome beginning, and the Duke (who had too noble a Soul not to be amorous) that moment renounc'd his Liberty, which was repaid with hers. To have seen this lovely Pair, would have kindl'd flames

in others; when icy Age had banish'd native Heat. The Earl himself curst grey Hairs, griev'd he was born so soon; and to be again capable of loving, and fit to be belov'd, would have renounc'd the World's Empire, and that experience which his Years had brought him. *Entheon's* looks spoke the agreeable disorders of his Mind, and the charming Mistress of his Heart had so much of a languishing softness, and new born Love in her Eyes, they reach'd his very Soul, and hurry'd him into extasie. The calm Evening added infinitely to their Pleasure, nor did they think of parting till the falling Dew oblig'd them to't.

The Duke was already divided from himself, his thoughts were wholly imploy'd on the Adventures of that Day, and he was surpris'd to find himself in *Clusa*, when he had hardly dreamt of his being on the Road. To inform you how he spent the Night, were a needless labour, if you have been in Love, you can easily form his Pains, his Hopes, his Fears, and the strange emotions of his Soul; and if you have not, you would hardly credit the Recital; as for the beautiful *Eriphile*, *Albifinda*, I leave her to your unerring Judgment, doubtless you can Divine her Thoughts, and if you never was a Prisoner to resistless Love, yet your fancy can easily paint her faint Joys, distant Cares, frequent Doubts, and disorder'd Thoughts.

Next Morning the Duke was at Court, e're the King had quit his Bed, and waited the Earl's arrival, with the impatiency of a young Lover. When he came, *Entheon* upon the first occasion told him how happy he was in being a Father;



ther; and smiling (said he) *Cisala*, sure you need no more to make you Master of all your fellow Creatures, than to shew them what a Treasure you can dispose of. The Earl, who could ne're enough esteem a Man of his Merit, was much pleas'd with this piece of Raillery (for so he would term it) and told him, the World was indeed pleas'd to commend his Daughter's Beauty, and that he was heartily sensible of the Honour he did him, in heightning her Character. For his good Opinion must needs be much to the advantage of a young Lady, since no Man refus'd to pay homage to his Judgment and Choice in every thing else: From this minute let me date their Friendship. The Earl was no where to be found, but with the Duke; and *Entheon* must be sued to by *Cisala*. The Lover thought *Clusa* no other than a Desert, or if a Ball at Court sometimes oblig'd his Mistress to wait upon the Queen, he judg'd himself in another World. He found a livelier Air in every Man's Face, and the transports of his elevated Soul were such, that with difficulty he abstain'd from giving publick Testimonies of his inward satisfaction. The happy *Eriphile* ey'd him with concern, thank't the gods for the blessing of his Love, and knew no real Cares, but when she dreamt she did not please enough. The Duke became the Object of her serious Wishes, and he ne're petition'd Heaven without a Clause for her. Thus some Months were consum'd, Love was an equal Friend to both, and mutual hopes encreas'd their growing flames. Each of them fear'd the loss of the other, and the Duke having obtain'd the Earl's consent, Hymen could not  
be



be wanting in his. In a word, they were marry'd.

I hope, *Albifinda*, you'll excuse me, if for the first Night I draw the Curtain, and hide her Maiden blushes, when the hasty Youth took her in his Arms, trembl'd with the apprehension of his coming Joy, spoke in soft whispers, yet scarce knew what he said, and the beating of his Heart express'd the eagerness of his Soul. When breathless on her panting Breasts he lay, strove to be again blest, and again sunk beneath the weight of the excessive Pleasure; or better to express it, when Love (too prodigally kind) gave him Heaven by the bulk, without a strength of Mind adapted to the Blessing. To paint the Joys of both were too much, let this suffice, *They lov'd, and were marry'd with consent of Friends.* The Days now seem'd Hours, or rather lesser Scenes of happiness than the more welcome Night; and in the morning (tho' divided) each of them thought they yet felt the fast embraces of the other, and could hardly think themselves unlockt; so vigorously had the remembrance of the Soul's past Joys imprinted it self upon the consenting active Body. But this fair Weather was not of perpetual Duration, a Cloud hover'd in the Air, thickned on a sudden, and in time eclips'd the shining happiness of both.

*Fidelia*, a Lady whose Wit and Humour had made her (from a mean Station) the exalted Mistress of a kind Monarch, had come (as usually she did once a Day) to see the young Dutchess. They were both addicted to gaming (a Diversion, *Albifinda*, rarely known to the Ladies of your Coun-

Country) and having plaid some time at Cards, they resolv'd to visit the *Centura*, (with us call'd a Play-house) where desiring to pass *Incognito*, they drest for the purpose, and a little after the Play was begun, they appear'd in the side Boxes. Their Cloaths and Air drew the Eyes of a full Audience, and the Actors themselves were so much surpris'd, they scarce remember'd one Cue of twenty, and were oblig'd to the care of the Prompter for every Sentence they spoke, who himself had been incapable of rendering that timely Service, if his Seat had fronted either the Stage or Pit. The most daring of the *Beaus* advanc'd, and tho' they judg'd them of Quality, yet since they were Maskt, they thought that, without being guilty of ill manners, they might attacque them. Amongst those the Duke shew'd himself none of the least forward, and *Fidelia* (who was freer than the more modest *Eriphile*) was the one he assaulted; she fail'd not to entertain him kindly, and the Dutchess (who would not baulk the Adventure so oddly begun) took up with the first that offer'd himself. He was a handsom Youth, and knew how to address a Lady as well as any Man in the World. The Dutchess was very well pleas'd with his Wit and Conversation, she already lov'd this invisible way of intriguing, and thought it within a degree of goddessship to be pray'd to unseen. The Duke (who was young and naturally amorous) spent the hours very agreeably, and form'd a Beauty to himself like that of his fam'd *Eriphile*, yet propos'd only this satisfaction to himself, that to see her robb'd of modesty would serve to en-  
dear

dear that which himself possess, -with constant Virtue joyn'd.

When the Curtain was dropt, the Dutchess ey'd *Fidelia*, as if wholly ignorant what to do; she had rely'd on her; and she (who was all Gaiety and Mirth, and knew well enough how to come off) gave the Duke her Hand, and having seated themselves in the Coach, drove to some noted Tavern not far off. When they enter'd the Room, the Duke humbly begg'd the Lady would unmask, *Erinthus* (for that was his Name who waited upon the Dutchess) did the same, and both their unknown Mistresses were almost forc'd to cry out in their own defence, or chuse to undergo a quick discovery; but our Gallants perceiving they were obstinate, were at last satisfied with their Fortunes. 'Twas an odd freak on both sides, and enough to move any Man's smiles, had he seen how earnestly they talkt, swore, prais'd and lov'd what yet they had not seen. The Duke was charm'd with the wit of his unknown Mistress, and *Eriphile* felt those emotions which she ne're had known, but when she first saw the godlike *Entheon*. At last they betook themselves to Cards, where (at *Pickquet*) *Erinthus* won fifty Pieces from the Dutchess; she readily paid him, and this confirm'd him in what he almost before believ'd, that she was of Quality. This put him upon his guard, inspir'd him with care to please; he assum'd a new Air, and shew'd so much it seems of Gallantry, that the yielding *Eriphile* was perfectly charm'd.

The Clock at last (having struck twelve)  
founded

founded a Retreat, and they began to think of their respective concerns. The Lovers begg'd they'd allow them the Honour of waiting upon them to their Lodgings; 'twas readily granted, and the Coach being call'd, 'twas as readily put in Execution. The Dutchess had given the Coach-man private Orders to drive to her House, and the Duke, whose mind was much imploy'd, ne're examin'd the place till he found himself in his own Bed chamber. As he was about to express his surprise, *Eriphile* and *Fidelia* unmaskt. *Erintbus* first begg'd Pardon for his rude mistake, and *Entheon*, (after he had rouz'd his disorder'd Judgment) smil'd, and askt the Dutchess if what he had done, gave her any cause to suspect his Faith, and hop'd *Fidelia*'s Wit excus'd him for spending so much time in her Company, when he had thought his Wife at home. *Eriphile* smil'd too, and faintly answer'd, if *Fidelia* please she can easily Charm, for Wit and Beauty joyn'd can ne're assault a generous Heart in vain. The Duke was surpris'd with this cold return, and 'tis certain the lovely Dutchess ne're had us'd him so before; she was not now Jealous, nor had she any Reason to fear the loss. But *Erintbus* already appear'd too Charming, and truth is, it seems he had something about him very taking, and singularly agreeable, for he had before that time atack'd a Lady of the same Rank, and had not fail'd of the success desir'd.

You may wonder perhaps, *Albifinda*, why I am not more particular in my Character of this Man; but to satisfy some part of your Curiosity, know, he owes his Birth to *Burgoa*, a Commonwealth rais'd by Trade, their industry, and the

cassiness



eaſineſs of their prouder Neighbours, to a height unlookt for, ſurmounting in Wealth thoſe very States or Kingdoms, from whom ſome Years ago they kneeling begg'd Protection. Love and Gallantry are Strangers to the Nation, many of their Souls are as Phlegmatick as their Bodies, and moſt of them look like Machines or rather walking Tuns. His Parents were forc'd to purſue a mean imployment to purchaſe a livelihood, and the now fortunate Lover, when young, left his Country in a Poſt ſuitable to his Quality and Education. But having learnt in *Armenis* (what was by no means to be found at home) ſomething of a better Air, and the eaſie ſmooth way of ſpeaking peculiar to the Language of that more Polite Nation, he quickly found Preferment. They are naturally kind enough to Strangers, and the advantages of his Perſon (which Nature it ſeems deſign'd not for a *Burgoo*) conduc'd not a little to his good Fortune. That he was a lucky Gameſter may appear from this, that in a very ſhort time he purchas'd an Eſtate, and became a Companion to thoſe of the beſt Quality in *Sindalon*. *Entheon* us'd gaming as a wiſe Man ought to do, that is, for his Pleaſure; he always play'd without Heat, loſt Cheerfully, and rarely laid down too much to be diſpos'd of by Fortune, remembring always how much of madneſs it ſhew'd, to put that to a hazard which before was his own.

This accidental meeting already mention'd, gain'd him the Honour of the Duke's acquaintance; you may believe then, *Albiſinda*, that for the future he was no ſtranger to his Houſe; they ſpent whole Days together, and Night her ſelf  
could



could sometimes hardly part them. *Eriphile* was always pleas'd when he was present, and languish'd for his absence. 'Tis true, her Virtue was yet strong, and she struggl'd with the growing Passion, hid her griefs with Art, and in her Eyes express'd an easier Soul. When she play'd, her thoughts even then were hardly fix'd on Game, nor could she truly grudge the fortunate *Erinthus* a double Victory.

The Youth already observ'd his coming happiness, and by his industry to please, advanced that Heaven he wish'd for. 'Tis impossible, when alone to express her pains, she saw how much she lov'd, and from her yielding Heart could judge her Honour lost. *Entheon* still was kind, she knew his Merit, and fain would yet be just; but powerful Love, with double force assails, and scatters virtue's Charms that stop his way. Nor can he walk with Judgment who was always Blind. — Oh *Albifinda*! that this charming Fair, at last betray'd her Marriage Vows, is not to be disputed. But to say, she fell without a noble Contest, were too much. No Woman e're knew more, or was Mistress of better Inclinations, she was sensible of her Errour, even when she drew the Guilt upon her; and in his Arms (although she lov'd) could have wish'd her Soul fled to save her sinking Honour. The World has more than common Charity for the fair *Eriphile*, and some People scruple not to affirm, she yielded e're she knew she had done so. The Story, *Albifinda*, is in this place known to all, and (even by those who pretend to an exact knowledge in the state of Affairs relating

relating to this amour) for a truth believ'd. And it runs thus,

The Duke it seems had long profess'd a more than common tenderness for the lovely *Daria*, a Maid generously educated, and of a noble Spirit, to her Mistress just, nor to her self unkind. No allurements could prevail, no present found acceptance, and the weakness of her Nature was always supported by the strength of her Virtue. But the Duke growing at last importunate, and obstinately kind, she found it too hard to preserve Honour and his Friendship too. In this pressing juncture she resolv'd to abandon the Family, and after she had with Tears in her Eyes told the Dutchess, that an affair of Consequence required her absence, humbly begg'd she'd make her happy in her Consent.

Her Mistress was too sensible of her Merit, to lose her without Reluctancy, and said to her, that if she was any way disoblig'd she should have immediate satisfaction; nor would she give her Consent, unless she were first acquainted with those Reasons that mov'd her departure. *Daria* wept, and on her Knees conjur'd her not to urge, what if betray'd would give her Pains unknown. This instead of satisfying, encreas'd the Dutchess Curiosity, and she was at last oblig'd to disclose the whole.

Poor *Eriphile* was Thunder-struck with the unwelcome Relation. Her Heart 'tis true already was unfix'd, and she had those thoughts for *Eryntus*, which spoke him too much Master of her Soul. Yet she lov'd the nobler *Entheon*, or at least esteem'd him so much, that she could

not

not even in thought consent to lose him. In this afflicting affair her Wit or Invention at last offer'd this relief, which she propos'd as the only means to confirm the Duke her own, and preserve her *Daria* too. The Maid was seemingly to yield, to make an assignation, and that done she was to leave what follow'd to *Eriphela's* Care and Management. This was as soon perform'd as projected, for the faithful Maid (whose Beauties were better'd by her new Grievs) was that Day more strongly assaulted than ever, and she could do no less than make an Appointment. Two in the Morning was the hour agreed upon, and you may easily believe *Entheon* thought it an Age till Night. In the Afternoon *Erintbus* came to see him, of whose Company he was at that time more than ever desirous. To Cards they went, where the pleasures of Love were for a while forgot, and Game and Wine the business of both.

In the mean time, the Dutchess (willing to enjoy what was for her Maid design'd) took possession of *Daria's* Bed, and with much impatience waited the Duke's coming. The hour at last appear'd, but *Entheon* (whither indispos'd by drinking, sudden conscientious qualms, or sitting up beyond his usual hour, I know not) felt no great inclination to the Combat. This freak, *Albisinda*, is indeed unanswerable, especially if you weigh the Conduct of this great Man; but 'tis confidently affirm'd that he acquainted *Erintbus* with the Intrigue. Told him, he found himself at that time unfit for the Field, and that if he pleas'd, he might supply his Place. The fortunate Youth was ravish'd with the kind

offer, and told the Duke, that since he was only to fight for the first Blood, he was proud of the service enjoin'd him. In short, *Entheon* conducted him to the Chamber door, which stood open on purpose for himself, and there left him.

The Youth found the Bed in the dark, and I suppose (without the help of a Candle) found the Dutchess too. She receiv'd him, as she'd have done her Husband, and if she found him richer in his Love, she attributed the Cause to liberal Fancy, that form'd her new, and of a stale Wife made a tender young Mistress. How e're it was, they remain'd not long in the state of Ignorance, and each of them wonder'd why the other was silent; for tho' *Erintus* would pass for *Entheon*, and *Eriphile* would for a time be *Daria*, yet the first Joys and transports fled, she began to distinguish the Lover from the Husband, and trembling said, My dear *Entheon*, why have you us'd me thus? I have been *Daria*, and under that Name much happier than my own. Ev'n when she spoke she doubted the truth, and us'd these words, only to be confirm'd in her Opinion. The Lover was ravish'd, the place on a sudden was converted into a new Heaven, and he only griev'd, that much of his past Happiness was lost, by being so long ignorant of the value of that treasure he had possess'd. New Love, new Wishes, rouse him up to Life, and e're he spoke he would be blest again. *Eriphile* 'twixt fear and hope again receiv'd him, and even in his Arms could hardly know whether she wish'd him *Entheon* or not.

At



At last the fortunate Youth confess'd himself, told her that Chance and the Duke's kindness had made him happy, but she alone could keep him in that state. That he had long ador'd her, and bountiful love had now repay'd his pains; that his happiness should be conceal'd from all the World, and her Honour was now as secure, as if in *Entheon's* Arms she fainting lay. A Crime when first committed is of greatest weight, and frequent repetitions render those things familiar and seemingly innocent, which we at first view'd with reluctance and horror; for a small sin past without grief, speaks us in a fair way towards a greater. The Dutches 'tis true lov'd, and by his Voice knew the happy Man: But then she remembred the loss of her honour, saw how far she had fall'n, and trembled when she look'd back upon the frightful Precipice. She call'd to mind the Duke's past Love, those thoughts she had for him, when first he found her lying in the Grove, and knew his merit nothing yet diminish'd. This my dear *Albifinda* gave the Fair One some pains, for tho' her Nature had given consent, her Soul was yet Virtuous; and had *Erinthus* seen those Tears she shed, all thoughts of Joy had vanish'd from his Breast, grief had disarm'd his eager wishes, and impotency by pity brought, had supply'd the place of vigorous Love. But, *Albifinda*, 'twas in the dark, the Curtains drawn, they were alone, both lov'd and both forgot their Cares; you may easily believe he had his share; for tho' he was a *Burguan* that is, a Man whose Conscience would never baulk his business, if attended with pleasure or profit, yet he had some faint remembrance of



that injustice he did to a Man, who had forgot his mean Birth, made him a Companion and sharer in his pleasures, and had (or at least thought so) bestow'd that Prize upon him, (in the seeming possession of *Daria*) which he himself had sought for many Months. In a word, all complaints were hush'd; the Dutchess forgot what once she was, what yet she ought to have been, and own'd her Love was stronger than her Virtue.

When the Youth retir'd, her Cares again encreas'd, she griev'd a loss she could not then retrieve, and wept and wish'd the business still undone. These indeed were the first motions of her primitive Soul; but Love again brought it to a modern Constitution, she consider'd how securely she had enjoy'd the Man she lov'd, and flatter'd her self with the thoughts of being really innocent, because the World yet thought her so, and believ'd the manner in which it happened extenuated the Crime. In the mean time, the Duke had waited the return of his Friend, (if now I may call him so) and smiling ask'd, how happy he had been. *Erinthus* gave him a thousand thanks for that Testimony he had receiv'd of his Friendship, but told the Adventure with so much indifferency, that *Entbeon* could hardly grudge that favour he had bestow'd upon him. When he went to Bed, he was yet insensible of his loss, *Eriphile* was all lovely, and that Crime against his Love he had almost committed, endear'd the Object of his wishes more, than all her wonted Charms, or native goodness. He found her melancholy greater than usual, and griev'd that she was not so kind as she used to be,  
earnestly

earnestly ask'd the cause, and to comfort her, swore, that he had that Noble Love for her, which our first Father bore to his lovely *Eve*, e're Hell debauch'd her. She gave him feign'd returns, alledg'd she was indispos'd, begg'd his Pardon for her seeming indifferency, and faintly said, she did believe he Lov'd her. The kind Duke was satisfied, and in a few Minutes the Cares of both were swallowed up in sleep.

This account, *Albifinda*, is by some rejected, and your busie Medlers, or News-pimps, who pretend to know every thing, confidently affirm, that *Erinthus* had won so much from her at Cards, she was necessarily oblig'd to pay the Sum with a favour that might have been the price of Empire.

Next day he came to wait upon the injur'd Duke (or rather the kind Dutchess) and forgot not to improve every opportunity to the Advantage of his Love. In a little time he became too happy, or at least too often so; and if the generous *Entbeon* had in the least suspected the Fair *Eriphile's* weakness, or his Friendship, their guilt had been too obvious. His Noble Confidence made him too secure, till an Adventure that hapened some time after, taught them more caution, and him more of Jealousie.

The Duke it seems was oblig'd to attend the King, who then kept his Court twenty Miles from *Clusa*. The Dutchess knew of it the preceeding Night, and had therefore order'd every thing necessary for the reception of her Lover. Her Husband took Coach about Eight next Morning, and *Erinthus* was to wait upon her

Grace at three in the Afternoon. She thought every hour had borrow'd from Eternity, and griev'd ſhe had delay'd her happineſs ſo long. She ſighing lay upon the yielding Bed, and under the Modish covert of a ſudden indiſpoſition, occaſion'd by a Cold ſhe ne'r had felt, avoided the unſeaſonable Viſits of her troubleſome Friends. *Daria* was alone privy to the intrigue, and tho' ſhe had all that reſpect for the Dutcheſs, which her Duty in the ſtricteſt ſenſe could exact from her; yet ſhe griev'd to find her Virtue ſo much weakned, and wiſh'd her innocent as when firſt ſhe knew her. *Eriphile* had the goodneſs to excuſe her ſelf as handſomely as ſhe could, Painted her Lover dreſt with all his graces about him, and ſhow'd the power of ſubtle Love, in words that ſpoke her knowing in the Myſtery. Poor *Daria* ſigh'd as if ſhe had felt thoſe pains of which her Miſtreſs ſpoke, and by her looks confeſs'd her inward griefs. The Dutcheſs carefully obſerv'd her frequent change of colour, and the flushing of her diſorder'd Blood, and ask'd, if Love had ever led her Captive. The tender Maid bluſh'd, and by her ſilence confeſt the truth of what her Miſtreſs had often much ſuſpected. She charg'd her upon her allegiance, as ſhe would preſerve her eſteem, and make her think ſhe lov'd her, ſhe would relate the whole and by the ſtory of her Love divert her melancholy, till the arrival of the fortunate *Erinthus*. *Daria* excus'd her ſelf from the performance as well as ſhe could; but ſeeing 'twas not accepted ſhe ſigh'd, was ſome minutes ſilent, and addreſſing her ſelf to the Dutcheſs, began as followeth.

You

YOU know, Madam, I was born in *Scar-ronida*, your sister Nation and of the same Religion with your selves, a hardy Warlike People, yet no Strangers to Love, and tho' we lye North from *Armenis*, and by our bounds make up the half of the Island, yet we seem nearer the Torrid Zone than you. My Father was a Gentleman very much esteem'd, and tho' his Fortune did not prefer him to that height his Soul always aim'd at, yet his humour and agreeable Conversation, made him the darling of his greater Neighbours, and he match'd with an ancient Family rich in Friends, and every way truly preferable to his own. I was the first and last pledge of their Loves, and was ever doated upon by those who saw me, for that resemblance I had of the Fair *Julietta*, (for that was my Mother's name) and *Aristeen* (my kind Father) esteem'd his Young Daughter even beyond Life or Empire. He sought Wealth only to bless me in a Noble Marriage, and with secret Pride already ey'd my growing Beauty. Our Neighbour in the Country, the great *Dion*, who (tho' a private Gentleman) can for the service of his Prince muster an Army of his own Vassals and Dependants, to the number of some thousands, had a Son whom all the World esteem'd, whom many Beauties sigh'd for, and none attackt with success. I was then in the sixteenth Year of my Age, and tho' I had often seen him and heard him prais'd, yet my Heart had ne're submitted to his Charms.

That Friendship which was between my Father and his, drew them often together, and the generous *Dion* has sometimes spent whole Weeks

at



at our Houſe. It hapened once, that while he rode a Hunting, and eager in the Chafe, his Horſe fell down a ſloping Bank, and bruiſ'd his hardy Rider. *Ariſteon* was much concern'd for this Miſfortune, and immediately ſent for his Son. The handſom Youth came to our Houſe with Tears in his Eyes, and mourn'd over his Aged Father, with the tendereſs of a weeping Mother, that griev'd the loſs of her darling infant. There was ſo much of the Man mixt with a Woman's ſoftneſs in his pains, that I could not chuſe but obſerve it. I was inſenſibly pleas'd with every word he ſpoke, and ſighing wiſh'd I had had a Brother like him. His Cares for the old Man brought mine, and I could have wept for *Dion*, more earneſtly than when firſt he got his Wounds: The Young *Odmar* (for ſo he was call'd) took notice of my Cares, and from my Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, argu'd the eaſineſs of my Soul. I ſhall not, Madam, praiſe my own Beauty; but he has afterwards told me, that the ſoftneſs I then ſhow'd, reach'd his Heart, and from ſmall griefs wound him to Pity, and tho' he had no cauſe much to ſorrow for me, yet my pains to him ſhow'd double, and from Compaſſion drew him up to Love.

I was one evening walking in the Garden, diſorder'd in my thoughts, and examining my ſelf to find if that uneaſineſs I knew proceeded from my Love to *Odmar*. But as I began the ſcrutiny, he enter'd, who alone could confirm the truth of what I fear'd. I trembl'd as he approach'd, wiſh'd him gone, yet lov'd to ſee him ſtay, and ſcarce could tell what thoughts poſſeſt my Heart. The Lovely Youth ſoon apologiz'd for



for intruding upon my Retirement, and you may easily imagine how readily I forgave him.

There was a pleasant River at the back of the Garden-wall, and beyond that a spacious Green, where feeding Flocks attend the Shepherd's call, forget their present wants, and listen to the lov'd Musick of his tuneful Pipe. There labouring Swains when toils out-strip the Day, Dance with the Maids they Love, and cheat those pains by cruel labour brought. The Gard'ner it seems had by chance left the Back-door open, and there being a Tarrafs walk upon the top of the Bank, we resolv'd from thence to view the open Fields. The Water murmur'd beneath us, and the little Fishes wanton'd in the Streams. The setting Sun lookt back on that vast trackt he had left behind him, griev'd to lose that prospect once he had, and as he stoop'd beneath the veil of Night, rouz'd up himself with eagerness, and by a flash of new born Light, would gild the distant Mountains. Just so a Lover, when he quits the Shoar, with trouble-views the Mistress of his Vows, longs to be nigh, yet still he slides away, and when he's almost banish'd from her sight, he stands aloft and glads her from afar, and by his gestures shows he fain would stay. In a word, Madam, the place and the Company very much charm'd me, and I felt that painful joy at my Heart, which speaks us sick with Love. Amongst other things, I askt *Odmar*, if his Father's pains were yet abated, if he hop'd a speedy recovery, and told him, that tho' I was proud of his Company, yet I could not chuse but grieve the occasion that brought us so often together.

*Madam,*

*Madam*, reply'd he) I cannot be ſo happy in this World, as when I am in *Ariſteon's* Houſe, and yet I think it fatal to me, for as the Father's pains decreate, the Sons are ſtill augmented, and thoſe torments that oppreſs the old Man's body, are doubly charg'd upon the young Man's Soul. I bluſh'd as he ſpoke, and ſo many crowding thoughts fill'd my Breſt, I was unable from the confus'd heap to produce one to ſerve the preſent exigency. My unſeaſonable ſilence ſhew'd I underſtood his Language too well, and had before thought of (nay it may be wiſh'd for) what I heard.

*Odmar* read his good Fortune in my Eyes, and (willing to make uſe of the lucky Minute) threw himſelf at my Feet, conjur'd me to remember that his Life and Fortune depended on what I was about to ſay, that one kind word gave him Heaven, and my anger made him the unhappieſt of Men. That 'twas impoſſible for him to live without me, and he'd forfeit every thing he held dear on Earth, for the greater bleſſing of my Love.—His fears, *Madam*, were vain, I eſteem'd him too much to give him more of Pain, and reply'd in Terms that ſpoke him not indifferent to my Soul. Had your Grace ſeen his looks, when he found me ſo calm, in ſpite of all your Modeſty you would have doated on him, and I dare ſay 'twas impoſſible for Woman to have us'd him otherwiſe than I did.

*Dion* at laſt recover'd, and I muſt ſay, tho' I wiſh'd him well, I griev'd his Health reſtor'd, 'cauſe by his abſence I was robb'd of *Odmar*. Our parting yet preſents it ſelf to my view, and

I ſee the lovely Youth drown'd in Melancholy, aſham'd of his weakneſs, yet weeping as he ſpoke. His Houſe was but three Miles from ours. I bid him remember *that* Conveniency, and propos'd an Interview at leaſt once a Week. The Youth (who was o'rejoy'd to find me ſo kind, and indulgent to his flame) was almoſt dumb with extaſie, and ſwore he ne're could Merit any part of that Goodneſs I had ſhown; and that his Life was not of worth enough to repay my ſtock of Love.

When he was gone, methought I yet ſaw him, heard him, felt his ſoft kiſſes, and gaz'd upon the *Phantom*. My tender Heart could hardly bear the burden of a long Weeks abſence. A thouſand times I trac'd the *Tarraſs* walk, and if from aſar I eſpy'd ought that reſembl'd Humane Kind, I long'd and wiſh'd it him. *Odmar* ſhar'd in ev'ry thought, and my Father's Houſe lookt runious, dead and decay'd, ſince the departure of the ſprightly Youth. I remembred every word he ſpoke, when firſt he ſwore he Lov'd, and cur'ſt the hour that took him from my Sight. I bluſh not, Madam, to ſay, no Woman ever lov'd like *Daria*, and no Man e're merited more than *Odmar*.

To avoid Diſcovery, I was to meet him a Mile from our Houſe, the River already mention'd which run by the Garden, chalk'd out my way, and I went along upon the dewy Banks, and ſhaded from the Sun by ſpreading Oaks. When we met 'was impoſſible for either of us to expreſs our Joys: We gaz'd, ſigh'd, and embrac'd, as if our Souls had joyn'd; griev'd that time flew too faſt, and wiſh'd the Minutes Years.

What

What e're he said was welcome to my mind, and tho' I listned to his Voice, with all the pleasure of a ravish'd Maid, yet I often broke the thread of his Discourse, by asking a thousand little kind yet insignificant Questions, because like him I d show how much I lov'd. Thus have we spent a few short hours, then griev'd and parted, tho' never before we had fix'd the Day for our next Interview. At this time we rail'd at Fortune and our Stars, and mourn'd we could not meet to stay for ever. But had we known the coming ill, we'd then have judg'd our selves truly happy.

My Father it seems had often miss'd me, and found by constant Observation that I was absent twice every Week, and always at the same hours. He knew not at first what to think of this adventure, he dreamt not of *Odmar*, and wonder'd much that I should walk abroad alone. 'Tis true he had taken notice of my Melancholy, tho' ignorant of the Cause, and was now afraid that I began to humour that weakness of the mind, which so often proves fatal to the Beauty and the Judgment of its Slave, knowing that while we humble the mind too far, we sink the body quite. But then again considering my Years, my few Cares (unless I lov'd) his and my Mother's kindness to me, he could hardly Credit that thought; to rid himself therefore of his doubts, he resolv'd to watch me narrowly for the future, and in person make a true and wish'd discovery of the hidden secret.

The early Day drove on the yielding Night, and as the latter fled, the first in view appear'd, proud of the Conquest, and growing in his strength.



strength. The happier gods lay stretcht upon their Beds, and loath to rise, rais'd up their awful Heads, look'd down, and shuff'd by the thicker Clouds, to see if busie mortals yet were stirring, but viewing the dark and solitary Globe, they shrinkt again beneath the covert of the Night half fled, and clos'd up the Gape of Heaven to wait the arrival of the marching Day. In a word, Madam, 'twas very early in the morning when I arose, and took that road which led me to my Love. My Father follow'd me so close, that unseen he posted himself behind a Bush, hard by that shade where gentle *Odmar* lay. When I appear'd, the Youth arose and caught me in his Arms. Oh welcome to my Breast, (he cry'd) my beauteous generous *Daria*! What Love can repay this favour, or what words express my boundless Joy. When all the World sleeps, we two are awake, and kind *Daria* robs her self of rest to ease her *Odmar* from the pains of absence. *Aristeen* who saw how familiarly he embrac'd me, and distinctly heard every word he spoke, was strangely surpris'd, and wish'd himself in the other World, that he might be insensible of that affront he already thought done him in this; and doubted not but I was born for his ruine, and the disgrace of his Family. He was a Man, Madam, rigorously good, and lov'd me very tenderly; from this you may easily imagine the troubles of his Mind, and with what difficulty he contain'd himself. While *Odmar* spoke, I had felt a sudden trembling at my Heart, new-born fears oppress'd my easie Soul, and I was sick with the apprehension of some coming danger, yet could not foresee how,

or



or from whence the dreaded ill should come. The young Man was sensibly afflicted with the unlookt for change, threw himself at my Feet, and sighing cry'd. O my *Daria* whence this new coldness to the Man that Loves you! You have been kind, I have been more happy and——*Aristeon* no longer doubting what before he much had fear'd, with fury in his looks appear'd. He continued some time silent, his passion denying him the liberty of speaking, or it may be he waited till his heat abated, and his judgment should take place. My surprise, Madam, is not to be painted in words, and kind *Odmar* griev'd and look'd on me. My Father look'd stedfastly upon me, and taking me by the Hand, which eagerly he graspt, he calmly but resolv'dly said, Well, well, *Daria*, you have undone your self, and banish'd ease from me. My misfortune comes from that side from whence I least expected any unkindness, and *Odmar* wrongs that Man, that would have laid down his Life for his or *Dion's* service. Ah! Why did he ask? or why did you consent? I've no comfort now, but that the tender *Fulietta* is yet ignorant of her Daughter's weakness. My Lover was so amaz'd, he knew not what to say. But falling on his Knees he embrac'd those of *Aristeon*, and at last swore by all the Powers above, he never yet design'd him any harm, and that his Daughter was Virtuous ev'n to a fault. But if innocent Love, or chaste mutual flames were crimes, he own'd we both were guilty, and deserv'd his anger. *Daria's* Birth (continued he) is in nothing inferior to *Odmar's*; and if my Fortune surmounts hers, her Virtue turns the scale, and with her Beauty

Beauty joyn'd, weighs more than *Dion's* Wealth;  
or all the glorious riches of the *Indies*. My Father  
with Tears in his Eyes rais'd him from the  
ground, and again taking me by the Hand,  
Come, come, *Daria*, (said he) these are fine  
Baits to catch Fools and ignorant easie Maids  
withal. *Odmar*, for your Father's sake I cease  
to resent this injury as I ought, tho' you have  
hurt me in the most tender part. *She has been  
kind, you have been happy* : But neither of you  
shall be so again, and now you part for ever.  
This said, he turn'd his face and mine away,  
and curs'd the hour brought *Odmar* to our House:  
To have seen the afflicted Lover, (for I would  
look back) would have baffl'd all the Precepts of  
Philosophy, and turn'd the strongest Reason and  
most fortified Judgment into downright madness.  
My Soul was in a perfect frenzy, and I could  
have rail'd against Heaven and Nature, and  
damn'd that wanton slippery minute that gave  
me first a being.

When we came home, I retir'd to my Chamber.  
To tell you my thoughts, Madam, were  
to undertake an imployment that yet would dis-  
tract me. I consider'd my loss, my indiscreet  
management, my poor Father's grief, and by  
his concern and Love for me, soon found, that I  
ought not to have done any thing of that con-  
sequence without his knowledge and consent. I  
remembred his Tears, his silence by the way (for  
he had not spoke one word to me upon the Road)  
the words my Lover utter'd, which might give  
him just grounds to suspect my frailty. But most of  
all I remembred my afflicted *Odmar*; methought  
I yet saw him speaking to my Father, yet eying

me, and scarce Master of his Judgment, so much for me he fear'd.

My Mother wonder'd she had not seen me all that day, and enquiring for me of *Aristeon*, she was told I kept my Chamber, that he had spoke some things to me, which tho' not harsh in themselves, yet had brought my Tears; and desir'd her to assure me, that he was again pleas'd, and pardon'd what could not be recall'd, if for the future I forbore to offend in that kind. *Fulietta* desir'd he'd impart the cause of this little quarrel, and told him, she was afraid he had been unjust to me, because she knew I dreaded to displease him. Besides, she was confident my Nature led me not to any thing, that in the least look'd like disobedience. My Father said he knew 'twas so, and that he was sorry for what he had said. You see, Madam, he had the tenderness of a Kind Parent, and the goodness of a Just Husband. He already forgot (as much as possible) what he had heard and seen; my Tears had melted him, and after he had seriously examin'd *Odmar*'s words, the hopes of finding me truly innocent yet chear'd his Soul, and by quick degrees had rais'd him up to better, kinder thoughts. To *Fulietta* he was just in the concealment of what had brought her too many fears; and to show the goodness of his humour, from my infancy I observ'd, that he had the tenderness of a Young Lover for her, study'd to please, as if he yet courted her esteem; she was a Mistress and a Wife, and never griev'd without a constant sharer.

When she came to see me, she found my declining Head supported by my Arm, I was half asleep

asleep, my sorrows having wearied out my active thoughts, and burden'd yielding Nature; unwilling to awake me, she was about to retire, when her hasty steps prevented all her cares, and rouz'd me till I started from my Lethargy. I doubted not but that *Aristeon* had fully inform'd her of what had past, and throwing my self at her feet, conjur'd her to believe me innocent, swore I ne're had yielded even in thought; that the gen'rous kind *Odmar* had a better opinion of my Virtue, than to think of, or propose a thing that would have given me cause eternally to hate him. That I was faulty in nothing but in concealing a Secret of that weight from my Father and her. But that I should atone for that Crime by my future Conduct.

*Julietta* was much startled with what she heard, but being of a ready Wit, easily conceal'd her past ignorance, and pleasantly ask'd me why *Aristeon* was incens'd against *Odmar*? If you conceal'd it (added she) where was the Crime? Come, tell me all again, for I'm afraid your Father was byass'd by his Passion when he inform'd me of the Adventure. — You may believe, Madam, I fail'd not to obey, and thereupon gave her a true account of every thing that concern'd my Love, and that discovery *Aristeon* had made. While I told the Story I could observe strange changes and alterations in her looks. By turns, she ey'd me with concern, anger, fear, joy, and grief. However the relation once ended, she threw her Arms about my Neck, wept with the sudden transport of indulgent thoughts, and assur'd me she had fear'd much my weakness, 'cause I yet was Young. But that now all her fears



were vaniſh'd, and ſhe believ'd me Virtuous That *Ariſteon* had conceal'd from her what had hapned that day, yet had ſent her to inform me, that he forgave me all. This, Madam, gave me a double joy, and I could hardly forbear laughing when I conſider'd my paſt thoughts, my fears, and that ugly face my dejected fancy had given to my Fortune, and now ſaw that which I had induſtriouſly form'd to encrease my own pain, in half a minute vaniſh'd. I thank'd *Julietta* for her tenderneſs and that good opinion ſhe had of me, and juſt as I ſpoke *Ariſteon* enter'd. He had left me in Tears, and the fondneſs of his Nature made him impatient till in ſome meaſure he had reſtor'd my peace of mind. *Daria* (ſaid he) you ſee I'm a kind Father, and tho' you have offended, I come to ſue for Pardon, and am pleas'd to confeſs I wrong'd you. Come my Dear, for the future let us have no cauſe for juſt complaints from either ſide, and let me hope that you truly deſerve that good opinion I have of you. My Mother ſaid ſhe'd answer in my behalf, for tho' I had been weak, yet ſhe was perſwaded *Odmar* had a greater reſpect for him than to attempt the diſhonouring of his Daughter. Ha! (cry'd *Ariſteon*) then my *Julietta* you have found the occaſion of our quarrel? Ye (reply'd ſhe) and am ſorry you made a Secret of what all the World may know, without prejudice to her Honour or that of our Houſe. *Ariſteon* ſaid, that at firſt his fears were it may be too great, but now his mind was at reſt, and I could only keep him ſo by my ſolemn promiſe before *Julietta*, never to ſee *Odmar* or to Love him more. This, Madam, was a hard proof of my Obedi-



Obedience, and at first I was very much surpris'd with the proposal. But suddenly remembering that 'twas no mortal sin if I should see my Lover afterwards; I gave the proof of allegiance desir'd, and engag'd never to converse with him again, unless one or both of them were present.

Thus, Madam, the storm I so much fear'd blew over, my sin of Love was forgot, and I absolv'd for a performance of the penance enjoyn'd me. How far I play'd the Penitent, you may easily judge by what follow'd in a very few days.

*Dion* came to our House (as he us'd to do) attended by two or three Servants. Methought I had a more than common interest in them, and could hardly forbear testifying so much to his very Slaves. I ey'd them with a passion that is not easily to be exprest, for I cannot positively say that I hop'd for any thing from them, and yet my mind gave me, that *Odmar* had (it might be) spoke to some of them, and if he had not written to me, at least commanded them to observe my Eyes, and afterwards inform him if there they saw any signs of Languishment or Sorrow for his absence. In each of their Faces (for from my Window I could see them playing in the Court,) methought I read my own misfortune, remembered that next night they would be with *Odmar*, yet were insensible of the happiness, and almost dy'd with grief, when I thought the Dear Youth had not sent me any Mark of his continued Love.

In this dejected humour I retir'd; left the old People together, and in the Garden sought for

ease where first I lost it. *Riga* (for that was the Name of one of the Servants) follow'd at a distance, and taking an Alley which cross'd that in which I walk'd, he met me as if chance had led him. You may believe, Madam, I was pleasantly enough surpris'd when he gave me a Letter, and smiling told me, his Young Master had been Post to himself, if *Dion* had not prevented him. When I received it, I scarce knew what to say; and I must confess I had not Art enough to hide my inward Joy. Having opened it, I found these words:

*My Daria,*

**W**Ou'd to Heaven you knew the troubles of my anxious Breast, and all those pains that rack my burden'd Soul. Oh Daria! if *Aristeon's* frowns have banish'd *Odmar* from your Heart, I'm the most wretched of Human Kind. Think! Think my Dear! of some means to procure me that happiness I once possess. To see thee, and to hear thee speak, gives those Joys that even a Lover cannot half express. I'm mad'twixt grief and Love; I would write more, but—— Oh remember that during this absence I am thy unhappy.

*Odmar.*

How much I lov'd, and how this Letter was receiv'd, may appear from my Answer. Which was to this purpose, if my memory serves me.

*My*

My Odmar,

**I**F you Love like me, I can eaſily paint your troubles and all thoſe pains that rack you; and to convince you that no power can baniſh Odmar from his Daria's thoughts, I'll ſee you and ſpeak to you, tho' oblig'd to the contrary by a ſolemn Promiſe To morrow's Night then (at Nine of the Clock) come to the Back-door of the Garden, on that ſide next the Fields, and in the new Lodge you'll find your longing

*Daria.*

The Lodge much reſembl'd a Pavilion, 'twas ſtor'd with Books and Pictures, and from the Window one might ſee three Rivers joyn into one Body; and falling from a mighty precipice in view, you'd thought they ſhak'd the very Floor on which you ſtood. The bubling and hollow noiſe of the greater ſtream provok'd your Melancholy, and fed the Lamp of Love. I had of late much frequented that place, I kept the Key my ſelf, and could not think of one more convenient for this ſtol'n enterview. 'Twas there I writ my Letter undiscover'd, and there reſolv'd to meet my welcome Lover; my Father alone us'd to poſſeſs it, 'tis true; but on the other hand I remembred, that I had not ſeen him there for twelve long Months paſt. In a word, Madam, I thought the place very ſecure, and already wiſh'd the Night gone, that ſtood like a heavy Age between me and my happineſs. Methought I already ſaw the tranſported Youth begging at my Feet, melting my Heart, and

conquering as he spoke. *I* dreamt of nothing but *Odmar*, or if *I* awak'd *I* scarce knew that *I* did so, for the lovely Image was so strongly imprinted, *I* knew not if my Judgment or my active Fancy form'd him.

When *Day* appear'd, the morning mov'd so faintly, you'd thought the lingring *Night* had dar'd him to the Combat, and vow'd the sole possession of the Skies. *I* quit my Bed so early, that from my Chamber Window *I* could not descry any thing awake but my self, a dead silence reign'd in every part, and not one watchful Bird yet welcom'd in the light, the yielding Grass lay cover'd o're with Dew, and the nodding Trees spoke Nature in a Slumber. To any but a Love-sick Maid, this had been no other than a melancholy Scene, and *I* must own that even to my self it appear'd no less. But from that melancholy my pleasure grew; Love in absence is naturally dejected and languishing, and *I* firmly believe (at least *I* think *I* felt it so) that when we are alone, and sad, the Fancy is stronger than when our Reason drives our Passions from our Breasts, and hardens the Soul, which Love or Grief before had melted down and made pliant for any impressions.

While thus *I* stood and thought of *Odmar* and the coming Night, *I* could see, (tho' with some difficulty a Man on Horse-back). *I* waited impatiently till he approach'd, (for those who Love much hope ease from ev'ry thing) and at last knew him to be *Dion* and *Odmar's* Servant. After *I* had askt concerning his Master's health, and told him that *I*'d awake some of the Servants to let him in, *I* stole gently down Stairs  
my



my self, and (changing my Voice to a sharper Key) desir'd to know if he had business with my Master? (meaning my Father) *Riga* (for 'twas he, and knew me not) answer'd no. He begg'd pardon for that disturbance he gave the Family, and said, he had lost yesterday some Papers of consequence, and was sure he had dropt them in our House, and to his best knowledge the last time he had them was in *Daria's* Chamber, when he waited upon his Master. This increas'd my hopes, and I firmly believ'd 'twas a Plot of *Odmar's*, and willing to be speedily resolv'd, I ask'd him (by way of a whisper) if he had not a Letter for my young Mistress. No, (said he in a seeming Passion) from whom should it come? Why (reply'd I) she writ to *Odmar* yesterday, and from him expected an Answer. Did she? (cry'd he) I know nothing of the matter, I came out early in search of my Paper, and am oblig'd by seven of the Clock to attend *Dion*, because this Day he goes a Hunting with some of his Neighbours. But pray (added he in another tone) Sweet heart, if 'tis possible let me into *Daria's* Chamber, for there I'm perswaded I shall find my Papers. I was vex'd, and knew not what to make of this Adventure. If my Father had seen me I had been undone. The fellow told me he had no Letter for me, yet wanted to be in my Room, and spoke the story of his Papers with so much gravity and earnestness, that I could hardly doubt the truth of what he said. Unwilling nevertheless to betray my own weakness, I still personated the Maid, and faintly told him that he might come softly up Stairs, and stay at the Door till I had receiv'd her Orders. He follow'd,



low'd, and when I enter'd my Chamber I was even ſick with grief, I wonder'd much that *Odmar* had not written to me, and thought, if he eagerly had long'd to ſee me, he had ſlipt no opportunity of telling me ſo, and of returning thoſe thanks my too obliging Letter well deſerv'd. However I was yet unwilling to condemn him, and to divert that pain the thoughts of his unkindneſs brought me. I run immediately to the Door, where I had almoſt forgot the poor Servant; and Night being wholly fled, he could perceive by my morning Gown who it was then admitted him and after a low Bow preſented me with a Letter from *Odmar*. I've loſt no Papers, Madam, (ſaid he) but you ſee I've preſum'd to bring one and from a Man who would renounce a year of that term of life allotted him by Deſtiny, to ſee you as ſecurely now as I do. *Riga's* good conduct and obliging Complement ſo prevail'd upon my fluttering gladed Heart, that I could not for my life delay that Reward he deſerv'd till I opened the Letter. The faithful Servant thank't me for my bounty, deſir'd me ſpeedily to read what he had brought me, and aſſur'd me I ſhould ever find him conſtant to his young Maſter's intereſt, tho' I had not ty'd him to it by my Liberality. The words, Madam, If I remember well were theſe.

*My Generous Daria,*

**I** am Bleſt beyond my hopes, or what the moſt ambitious e're could wiſh. Oh! every minute ſhows a painful hour till that mark't out for my happineſs arrive. I'll ſee thee by Heaven, tho' all the  
Ele-

*Elements at once oppos'd me, let the gods be passive  
and nothing shall stop my way. I'll for ever re-  
member Nine, for that hour my Daria chose to  
bless her Odmar, shall for the future be set apart  
for Love and Wine. Oppress me with heavy  
Cares all Day, I'll shake off the burden when that  
lucky minute comes, remember the Happiness it  
now brings me, and even while the Clock strikes  
I'll doat upon the very sound.*

Odmar.

*I consider'd this Letter as the effect of his Love,  
and the very product of his real Thoughts, and  
knew by his stile and freedom he had remembred  
'twas in safe Hands, and would be with secrecie  
enough convey'd to mine. However, lest the  
Servant's stay should have render'd his Errand li-  
able to suspicion I durst not write, and only bid  
him tell his Master. I was pleas'd with what he  
had sent me, but could give no immediate return,  
unless he hazarded a disappointment at Night, as  
undoubtedly 'twould come to pass, if I should be sus-  
pected in the morning, of holding any correspon-  
dence with my kind Odmar. The Servant with-  
drew, and I could see him mount his Horse ere  
any in the Family were awake.*

*You may wonder, Madam, when you consi-  
der my reserv'd way of living, and coldness of  
Temper, how I was then so kind, and perhaps  
you may quarrel my fondness too, and that ex-  
pression my kind Odmar! But if your Grace  
consider my Years, and that my inclinations  
were Virtuous, methinks 'twill not appear strange  
or*

or faulty; for in honest exalted Love there can be no Crime, and what e're we say of obliging and tender, is certainly pardonable; if we do it as we ought, which in the first place is to consider if we are truly belov'd, the merit and conduct of our Lovers, and most of all to do it privately and with caution; for even Crimes themselves (when we confess the truth) if done in secret, give not half that trouble to the mind, which publick Trifles bring. I read the Letter a thousand times, and in that imployment consum'd the tedious Day. When the hour approach'd I felt those little pains to which I had been a stranger, or at least had not before that time thought of; I fear'd that if the Youth came too soon, my Father or some of the Servants might see him in the Fields, and if I should go to the Lodge before the hour prefix'd, I should be mist and search'd for. These thoughts made me very uneasie. However the danger I fear'd from the last Accident was the least, and I ventur'd down into the Garden. I had no sooner opened the Door, than I found my hasty Lover muffled in his Cloak. The kind Youth caught me in his Arms. *Oh my Daria! (cry'd he) I'm lost in extasie! Pardon me if I cannot express my thoughts, to Heav'n and you I owe so much, that I must still confess my self a Bankrupt. O thou dear darling of my Soul, forgive me if I have no more this goodness to repay, but life and constant Love.* He was so welcome to my Breast, Madam, that I could say no more than, *Oh my Odmar!* What I wanted in words I supply'd in looks, and I dare say the happy young Man was pleas'd with all he saw.

When

When we went into the Lodge I lockt the Door behind me ; you see *Odmar*, (said I) how much I Love, and the good opinion I have of you. Madam, (reply'd he) that's a Complement I know not how to answer ; for I'm afraid you'd think me faulty, if I said your Honour were secure and you were safe, because to mention that were to call my nobler Love in question. No *Odmar*, (said I) I would be very unhappy if I could in thought dispute the innocence of your Love or Mine ; but I'm sorry that when I see you, I must be guilty of a breach of Promise. Ha, (cry'd he) is *Aristeon* then so much an Enemy to my Love ! It seems he doubts not your Virtue but my Treachery. But *Daria*, he's unjust to me, for rather than wrong thee, I'd forfeit Life, Estate, or any thing yet dearer, nay by Heav'n I'd rather banish all my hopes of being Belov'd, never see thee more, and be for ever damn'd to absence from my greatest Blessing. — Yet *Daria* (for thou art all goodness) think of a way to redress this mighty ill, secure thy self, and ease thy Father of his fears, and if you Love, tye your self for ever mine. Oh my *Daria* ! refuse me not that Heav'n I ask, our Parents soon will be reconcil'd, I shall yet (if possible) encrease my stock of Love, thou shalt be more fond, and all that see us shall confess us truly happy.

Madam, I hope you will own 'twas hard for a young Maid, that lov'd well to keep a Medium 'twixt her Fears and Joys. His Fortune was infinitely beyond mine, he knew his Father would be incens'd, and might perhaps from a kind Parent become a cruel Enemy ; all the World was sensible of his Merit, nor could he himself be ignorant,



norant, that 'twas in his power to wed a greater Beauty and a larger fortune. When these thoughts fled, my sudden Cares took place, and I already saw him unfortunate and forsaken by his Friends, 'cause he was just to me. I saw his frowns in poverty, and an hourly decay in his Love; and methought I already heard the poor chang'd *Odmar* whispering in my Ear, *I had been great, had I but lov'd thee less.* This last thought stopt the hasty flight of my fond new fledg'd Soul, and it was not in my power to give an answer to what the Youth had said. My unusual silence equally mov'd his wonder and his fear, when throwing himself at my feet, *Daria* (said he) why do you use me thus? Oh remember 'tis *Odmar* speaks, 'tis the Man that Loves you, one that can ne're be happy without you, and thinks the Gods have not a gift to bestow upon their first Fav'rite amongst Mortals, like that I ask of you. Who can resist a kneeling Lover, Madam? I rais'd him in my Arms, and fondly, yet confus'dly told him, *His Love and Honour made me wholly his, and I would be eternally rul'd by him. For now I gave my all into his hands.* To tell you his Joy and the kind words he utter'd, were to renew the sense of my misfortunes. No man e're said more, no Woman e're believ'd more, or gave kinder yet more innocent returns, and no two Lovers e're confided more in one another, or were happier than we. When we had said all we could, we unwillingly were silent, and gaz'd upon one another, then began afresh, prais'd, lov'd, deoted, sigh'd and languish'd. This happy Scene had banish'd all my Cares, I found my *Odmar* just, and sought no other Blessing.

At



At last my discreet Lover kindly told me 'twas past twelve, conjur'd me to forgive him, because *slipery Time* had run away when he had seen his thoughts imploy'd. I was heartily vex'd that I had manag'd so ill; I saw how inconvenient 'twas for *Odmar* to travel at an hour so unseasonable, and yet knew my self necessarily oblig'd to leave him. In this disorder of thoughts I heard a noise in the Garden, and stealing softly to the Window, I could discern my Father with one or two Servants, enquiring earnestly of one another if they had yet seen me. I trembl'd when I heard my name pronounc'd, and my Lover was almost mad with grief because he saw me so. At last they came to the Door, where they knock'd aloud, and receiving no answer, concluded I was in some other place, either dangerously ill with a sudden fit of sickness, or by some other accident unknown. My Father, to be better satisfied, commanded them to break open the Door, because he said I might be there, yet fast asleep. But the Servants assuring him that 'twas impossible, considering the noise they had made; he was at last diverted from his resolution. My Lover while this was acting, stood with his Sword in his hand ready to receive him, swore he had been once tamely robb'd of me, but wou'd be so no more; that he wou'd not attempt *Aristeon's* Life, but would secure my Peace, and carry me off in spite of all his followers; and I verily believe had my Father enter'd, I would have trusted to *Odmar's* generosity, and fled with him. As they went off, I heard *Aristeon* cry, *Oh Heavens! Restore my Daughter, or take back that wretched Life you gave me.* These words wounded my  
very

very Soul; and I had almost cry'd *Your Daria is not lost*. However seeing his search was to no purpose, he retir'd to his House, and there with my weeping Mother, waited the arrival of a new day.

In the mean time 'twas so dark (and being naturally tim'rous) I durst not go thorow the Garden alone, nor could I take *Odmar* with me, lest I had met *Aristeon* or some of the Servants by the way. My Lover saw my troubles, knew they were upon his account, and bore an equal share; I stifled my grief as well as I could, that I might lessen his, and with a calm brow ask'd him what was my best course. I bid him at once consult my Honour and my safety. And he, who never entertain'd a thought against either, said he would be advis'd by me. But if I rely'd upon his Opinion or Judgment, I should stay in the Lodge all night, he'd stay by me, and guard me while I slept. In the morning he would retire as early as I pleas'd. And that I could hardly satisfy *Aristeon* concerning my Conduct, if I should go home at that hour of the Night. *Odmar's* Voice was to me, Madam, no less than an Oracle, and I knew him so good and just, I scrupl'd not to grant him any thing he ask'd. My silence shew'd I was resolv'd to stay; and the glad Youth scarce knew how to thank me for my goodness, and that opinion I had of his, and swore he would not betray so much innocence to gain the first Beauty under Heaven, and the greatest Empire on Earth. Having thus spent an hour or two, *Odmar* begg'd I'd go to Bed (for there was always one in the Room in which my Father often lay) that sleep was necessary for the preservation of my Health,

Health, which was dearer to him than his own Life, and assur'd me he would awake me e're the Sun arose. I was much concern'd at the Proposition, and with some passion ask'd him if he thought my Love had banish'd native modesty, or if he had advis'd me to stay with a design to attempt my Honour. The kind Youth fell upon his Knees, and clasping mine, Swore by all the Gods he never meant me ill; *Daria's* welfare and that of his Soul were equally his care, and if I deny'd him that assurance of my Love he begg'd, he would believe himself yet unhappy after all I had done for him. Why *Daria*, said he, is *Odmar* a Common Lover? Is he not thy Husband? Let me hope our Hearts are Joyn'd, and sure a few trifling Ceremonies serve not to confirm the tie before Heaven but our fellow Creatures, whose unbounded Passions must be limited and restrain'd by Laws. To the Virtuous and good no force is needful, and I shall be just to thee, as I would expect mercy from the powers in Heaven when my last hour approaches. — O! Madam, 'tis needless to say any more, I Lov'd even to distraction, nor did he merit less. I yielded, and hid my blushes in his Breast; he was blest, nor could I think my self unhappy. That sleep he had at first propos'd was to both deny'd, nay was not wish'd or look'd for; we consum'd the hours in each others Arms, and *Jove* sat wishing, when he view'd our Joys.

When the unfortunate Sun appear'd, and lovely *Odmar* rose, what agonies did my poor Soul know! He embrac'd me tenderly, but without one kind word leapt from the disorder'd Bed. I already fear'd I had shown too much of

fondness, and that the Joys of that Night had cloy'd the appetite of his easie Soul. When he was dress'd, he came again to the Bed's side, took me in his Arms, sigh'd, and ask'd me when he should be blest'd again? With Tears in my eyes I told him *I was his, and that now my happiness depended upon his pleasure. To morrow's night then* (said he) *let me find my Daria here, doubt not my Love or honour*; kiss'd me again, and so quit the Room. Oh! Madam, if you knew those cares oppress'd me when he was gone. I remembred how eloquent he had been before I yielded, and now saw he had not one kind word to spare. His sighs increas'd my fears, and I had nothing to comfort me in this new affliction, but that last kiss he gave me, which, notwithstanding of his silence, methought did yet express a constant tender flame.

When I opened the Door, I trac'd his footsteps on the Dew, and almost sunk with the fresh remembrance of what had past. Go (said I) *Odmar* go, and if thou art not so Honourable as I have judg'd thee, I know how to be reveng'd; my Death shall atone for my guilt, and thou shalt mourn the loss of her that lov'd thee. As I spoke, I cast my Eyes that way the Youth had gone, and saw my Father coming. I trembl'd so much as he approach'd, that my fears indeed were enough to betray the secret. Ha! *Daria* (cry'd he) is this the reward of a Father's care? Have I lov'd you to be the more easily betray'd by you, and is your Virtue and Honour fled beyond Redemption! my passion is not master of my Judgment, and I forbear to use you as I ought to do, tho' I've trac'd *Odmar*, and  
saw



saw him on the other side of the River. But take this for my positive resolution, never see me more ; since you obey'd not the instruction of a kind Father, I shall, nay I have forgot that ever I had a Daughter. I had spent the night in pleasure, and the morning in Tears, so that I had not time to feign a story to divert his Anger. I threw my self therefore at his feet, and sunk with grief, could hardly bid him think *I yet was Virtuous*. Yes, yes, *Daria* (reply'd he) you are Virtuous ! I can read in your Eyes no signs of last nights Revels ! But come (continued he, and taking me by the hand) let's see the Scene where the dishonour of my House was acted. When he came to the Bed, Oh, Madam, I blush to tell, that the marks of Virgin Loves confess'd that weakness which I strove to hide. My Father was Thunder-struck with what he saw, and running out of the Room, I could hear him at some distance cry, *Oh my lost Daria !* I'm sure, Madam, you will confess 'tis impossible to paint that grief I then felt ; I fell into a swoon upon the Bed, and there lay some hours e're I recover'd my senses. When my Judgment return'd, I felt a new return of all my pains too, I was ready to end all my griefs by one dire Blow, and I'm firmly perswaded, if any instrument of Death had been nigh, I had not now liv'd to mourn the loss of *Odmar*. However amidst all my sorrows I remembered that Appointment he had made the succeeding night, and tho' I doubted much his Constancy, I resolv'd to wait the event. Till *that* time should come I knew not whither to betake my self, I could not fly to a Friend's House, because then my shame would be notorious, and

durſt not venture to ſhow my ſelf at home, when *Ariſteon* had ſworn he ne’r would own me; e’r I could come to a reſolution, my afflicted Mother enter’d the Lodge. Well *Daria*, (ſaid ſhe) I come not to reproach you with a Crime that cannot now be mended, but to tell you that no Arguments can yet reconcile you to your Father. He denies your admittance to his Houſe. This indiſcreet way of Loving, has ſown that reproach upon our Family, (for can you think *Odmar* will wed a Fortune ſo mean as yours!) which no time ſhall be able to Root out. In a word, *Ariſteon* is mad with Grief, and you may gueſs at mine. However, come along with me, and ſtay in your Chamber without his knowledge, for my Tears may yet perſwade him to forgive this fault of Love and Youth. I was not able to give any answer to this tenderneſs of *Fulietta’s*, my grief was viſible in my Face, and ſufficiently pleaded my excuſe. I obey’d then, and when I was left alone in my Room, in a few minutes my condition was the ſame it had been a little before my Mother had come to me; and when the troubles of my mind again allow’d me the uſe of my ſenſes, I read my *Odmar’s* Letters a thouſand times, but found not half that pleaſure in ’em I had known before. At Night *Fulietta* came again to ſee me, told me my Father’s ſorrow was nothing yet abated, and that he was reſolv’d not loſe *Dion’s* Friendſhip, bid me make uſe of my Reaſon, and ſhun immoderate Grief, and ſo left me to my ſelf. I ſpent the Night without ſleep, and the next Morning yet increas’d my fears, for now the hour approach’d, in which I was again to ſee my *Odmar*, from whom alone I hop’d  
and

and wish'd relief. To be short, Madam, Night at last arriv'd, but not my Lover. How I long'd and waited for him in that Lodge, where I had been once so happy, no Tongue can utter; I staid there all Night, and, tho' in the dark and alone, void of my wonted fears, and only wept my own folly, and the young Man's unkind absence.

In the Morning I found a Paper lying upon the Bed, I knew it to be Odmar's, and wonder'd that my Father had not seen it the other Day: You must know, Madam, (for so I understood afterwards) 'twas written by a Friend of his, to whom I have since that time been much indebted. Having opened it with impatience, I found these words.

*Accurs'd be those who Marriage vows began,  
'Twas a meer trick to bubble easie Man.  
An holy Cheat, a promis'd Heaven ne're found,  
Cozens the Traveller like enchanted Ground.  
Which when he seeks to tread he ne're can find,  
Flies quick away, and leaves no marks behind.  
Some doating Coxcomb may with pleasure Wed,  
And with some lovely Female share his Bed;  
Who'll sigh and clasp him in her treacherous Arms,  
And feed his Letchery with a thousand Charms;  
Weep when he's sick, and feign a real Grief,  
Offer her Blood, nay Soul for his relief.  
The blind old Ass believes, and mourning lyes,  
Views the dear Filz, with sorrow in his Eyes,  
Gives her a Joynture and a Cully dies;  
While she (poor thing) to ease her anxious Breast,  
E're he's half cold admits an abler Guest.*

*His brawny Foot-man's Maſter of the Spoil,  
 And ſwims in Gold he gains with midnight Toil.  
 The Roman Knight by all was prais'd, when he  
 Despis'd a Gulph to let his Country ſee  
 He'd plunge himſelf to ſet his Neighbours free.  
 To me no Love like that ſhall e're be known,  
 I'll know no other Intereſt but my own.  
 Fond Maids may think I'll Wed, but I'll enjoy,  
 Promise and ne're perform, ſince for a Toy  
 None but a Fool would's Liberty deſtroy.  
 When Heav'n would puniſh Sins and anger ſhow;  
 It joyns two Beggars, and it leaves them ſo.  
 Each crys for help, which neither can afford,  
 This blames his Wife, and that her needy Lord,  
 While Sir Loyn ſhunning noiſe forſakes the board.  
 Some yielding Nymph——*

You ſee by this broken line, Madam, the piece was not perfected, however, there was enough to move my grief and wonder; I was now fully perſwaded *Odmar* was unjuſt, and even when I believ'd him ſo, wonder'd that a Man, who look'd ſo like a god, could in his Nature be the worſt of Villains. I knew he was a Poet for his own pleaſure, and found by what I had read, he had ſpoke his Sentiments, not half his Art or Wit. I ſaw my Fortune painted in each line, and now (tho' ne're before) I wiſh'd I had not ſeen him. I found my ruine inevitable, for ſince *Odmar* was unkind, I had no more to loſe. I had too convincing a proof of my ill Fortune, when I conſider'd he had written to me in the Morning, when he was to ſee me that Night, and could not reaſonably have expected a Letter from him; and that now when he had giv'n me  
 the



the disappointment, he had not been at the pains to excuse himself, or say that yet he lov'd me.

This, Madam, is a tedious way of telling the story of my Love. But I can do no less than acquaint you with my Grievs, because the remembrance of these things fill my Soul, and yet deny a room to any other thought. To be short then as possibly I can, I resolv'd speedily to abandon the World, and retire to a Nunnery a few Miles distant from *Odmar's* House. I had two young Cousins there, whom Love had made Religious, and I resolv'd to spend my Days like them. I went privately to my Chamber, and took from thence every thing of Value and of little Bulk, read my Lover's kind Letters, and afterwards burnt them; with my Eyes took a long farewell of every thing in the House, and, drown'd in Tears, I left it.

I had not walk'd far, when my Grief and Trouble made me know, I was too weak for a Journey of five long Miles on Foot. Half faint beneath a shady Tree I lay, and view'd the watchful Shepherds driving out their Flocks, and wantoning ev'n in Rags. I compar'd their happiness with mine, and often wish'd I had been born like them, to moderate Wants, or to an humbler Fortune, bless'd with Peace and Innocence. I mourn'd all my Misfortunes at once, but most of all I griev'd the loss of *Odmar's* Letters; for I found even then when I suffer'd so much for him, 'twas not in my Power to hate him.

While thus I lay, I could see at some distance two Men on Horse back; 'twas yet so very early in the Morning, I could hardly think them less than Robbers. My fears suggested a

thousand things to me, I remembred I was a Woman helpless and alone ; and yet, Madam, by that great Power I swear that gave me first a Being, I wish'd them Murderers, Ravishers, or any thing that was Cruel. Life was become a perfect burden to me, and I was resolv'd some way or other to be reliev'd from the weight. As they approach'd, I step'd into the Road, and expos'd, as if I had done it by Chance, any thing of value about me to tempt the vicious Wretches, then by resistance prompt them on to fury. This conduct I confess was a greater Crime than any I had yet committed, but your Grace will consider that *Despair* has no acquaintance with *Reason*, and I did it with a settled design to advance my ruin. When they came close up to me, Oh Heavens ! what art can express my surprise, for I had almost fainted with excess of Joy ! In the depth of my misery, and sunk beneath my self, my kind, just *Odmar* came to raise me up. Oh *Daria* ! (cry'd he, alighting from his Horse) Whither art thou going ? Why do I read in thy Face so many signs of past grief ? Did you suspect me ? Oh ! by Heavens ! I'm mad with Joy ! For whate're has brought thy Tears, I find thy Sorrows to thy Beauties add. When I could speak, Oh *Odmar* ! (said I) do I owe this happiness to Chance or You ? No, (reply'd he suddenly) to your self only, if you had been less Fair, or less Kind, I had been less Constant ; and now I know you Love me, we shall both be happy. But I have nothing, my Dear, (continued he) to repay that Joy you give me, a heart excepted, which Heaven design'd but for it self and you ; for I have acquainted *Dion* with my  
Love

Love, but he (tho' otherwise kind) is inexorable, and swears if I persist he ne're shall see me more. The hopes nevertheless of obtaining his consent kept me from my *Daria* yesterday, but could not do so to day. Ah : *Odmar*, (cry'd I) *The gods were passive*, and you might have come. But I am ruin'd, my Father has banish'd me from his House, and our stoln happiness is — No, (said he, interrupting me, and with all the tenderness imaginable) if my Love can repay the loss of *Aristeon's* smiles, my *Daria* is not ruin'd. Here (continued he, and turning to his Friend) *this is my Wife* ; You can confirm our Vows already made, and as you tender my Life obey. To be brief, Madam, *Odmar* was singular in his Love and Virtues. We were that day marry'd, (for his Friend was a Priest, whom the kind Youth had brought on purpose) bless'd with safe possession, and both Exiles, cause we lov'd too well.

We retir'd to a Gentleman's House, who was *Odmar's* Relation and mine too. He writ often to his Father, but the old Man was deaf to all entreaties. Mine would not lose *Dion's* Friendship, tho' he pardon'd me in his Heart ; and my Mother alone was kind to us both, and sent me frequent Letters in return of mine. We went seldom abroad, we were welcome to our kind Friend, we lov'd more passionately than ever, and scarce one Night past without a recital of our first night's Joys, our mutual Fears that follow'd, his longings, my Pains, and those thoughts we entertain'd for one another, when first old *Dion* languish'd in our House. Thus, Madam, we liv'd two Years, and I can confidently affirm, that to the last hour we had those little Cares to  
please,

please, true Love, and constant fondness for each other, we knew that Night I yielded in the Lodge. At last this happy Scene vanish'd, and tho' the story grates my Soul, and awakes my slumbering Grievs, yet, Madam, for your satisfaction take it thus.

Our King (the good *Othredus*) unfortunate in his Councils, tho' of himself Just and Merciful even to a fault, was at last by Knaves betray'd, and by his Friends abandon'd. In this extremity he fled, and (seeking protection from his neighbouring Monarch) left the Government to the management of others. *Scarropida* was so fond of their new Government, that he was judg'd a Traitor to his Country, who entertain'd but favourable thoughts for his native injur'd Lord. The Eastern part of the Nation, nevertheless betook themselves to Arms, and tho' they were but a handful of Men, (the number of their Enemies consider'd) boldly kept the Field, and bid Defiance to the new crown'd Head. *Dion* was one in this Loyal Army, and finding he was incapable of enduring those fatigues inherent to his Post, he sent at last for *Odmar*. My Father fought as he did, and whether or not he perswaded the old Man to reassume his good Nature upon this occasion, I cannot positively affirm. My kind Husband shew'd me the Letter he had receiv'd, and ask'd my advice concerning that Answer he design'd, when at the same time he knew I had that respect for his Judgment, which fond little Children bear to that of a tender Mother. In a word, tho' the old Man had freely pardon'd him, yet he would not obey, till first he had secur'd his

*Darius,*



*Daria*, and therefore let him know, that tho' he was kind, yet his Son was still unfortunate, unless he were doubly so to me; and, as a mark of his unfeign'd Reconciliation, settl'd one half of his Estate upon me, if 'twere my Fortune to survive so good a Husband. *Dion* readily agreed to this, and assur'd him he deserv'd more than he had to bestow upon him, since his constancy to me sufficiently excus'd his primitive disobedience upon the score of Love. I firmly believe our hospitable Friend *Tameran*, (for that was his Name) alone griev'd our better Fortune. He was an old Batchelor and an hater of Women, and the Author of those lines which *Odmar* had Copied, and by chance drop'd in the Lodge, yet he confess'd that in spite of his humour he found a certain pleasure, when he saw our mutual fondness, and happy way of living, and often swore if he could find a Woman like me, and himself could Love like *Odmar*, he d be no more an Enemy to Marriage. When we came to *Dion's* House, we were receiv'd with all that respect and assurances of his affection we could desire, and *Arifteen* wept for Joy to see his Daughter bless'd

'Twas ne're my chance to be every way Happy, and *Odmar's* absence lessen'd or quite remov'd the sense of my present Fortune. The Loyal Army lay but a few Miles from *Dion's* House, so that I heard from him every Day, and by the gods I swear, Madam, I read the Letters with the same Joy, I knew when faithful *Riga* gave me that one I mention'd under a pretence of seeking Papers which he ne're had lost. Heaven ne're saw two such Lovers, and when the new  
King's

King's Army came into the bosom of our Country, I felt a thousand deadly Fears for the constant sharer of my Joys.

In a few Days they came to a pitch'd Battel, where the General of the old King's Forces lost his Life, tho' he gain'd the Victory. He conquer'd, and Death o'recame the Conquerour. *Odmar* flew to my Arms, the danger once I fear'd was now past, and security made us doubly bless'd. He stay'd a Month, which as an hour appear'd, and the new King having muster'd new Troops, he left me to seek new Hazards. The Armies again met, but Fortune had fled with the General, and we (if I may properly say I was on *Odmar's* side) lost the Day, and all that Honour we had gain'd before. My Husband however was safe, and I askt no more; our remaining Troops were by degrees cut off, and in a short time no Man appear'd in Arms but *Dion* and his Followers. Unable to keep the Field he retir'd to a little Town, which yet own'd no power superior to his own. This he fortified and stor'd with Provisions, such as the har-ras'd Country could afford. In the mean time the successful Monarch, wearied with the Civil War, and willing to secure with seeming mercy what with Blood he had purchas'd, offer'd to every Man that would lay down his Arms the benefit of a *Kariph*, with you call an Act of Indempnity. *Dion*, who wisely saw he could be no longer serviceable to his Prince by an obstinate resistance, laid hold of this opportunity, and made his Peace with Honour. In short, our Gates were open'd, we rely'd upon the Conquerour's Promise, admitted his Troops, and made

'em

'em boſom Friends. Now it was, I thought my ſelf beyond the reach of Fortune's frowns, and almoſt elevated above the power of Fate. *Dion* and *Ariſteon* found themſelves bleſſ'd beyond what e're they hop'd, and never ſaw us without Joy and Wonder. Oh Heav'ns! how innocent-ly we liv'd, and lov'd as when firſt we ſwore we did ſo. Poor *Odmar* thought of nothing but his *Daria*, and I never dreamt of any thing but him. We deſcry'd new Beauties in one another every Day, long'd and wiſh'd like Bride and Bridgroom, gaz'd, embrac'd, and knew no pains, but when in each others Arms we ſigh'd and fear'd we had not lov'd alike.—Now, Ma- dam, pardon my Tears, for when I have told you all, you'll own my griefs are juſt.

One Night as awake I lay, I heard my *Odmar* groaning in his Sleep. 'Twas the firſt time he ever had done ſo, and I was much amaz'd; but more, when ſuddenly raiſing himſelf up, he cry'd, *Oh ſpare my Daria's, and I'll give you mine.* Ha my Dear! (cry'd I) Whither does your fancy wander? Why thus afraid when there's no danger nigh. The kind Youth rouz'd from his Sleep, caught me in his Arms, kiſs'd me with tranſport, ſigh'd, and would have ſlept again, had not I preſs'd his hand in mine, and conjur'd him to tell me why he had pronounc'd my Name. Ah! *Daria*, (ſaid he) I can yet hardly think I have thee in my Arms, ſo much I fear'd thee loſt. I dreamt (and oh methinks 'twas a very lively dream) that *Tameran* our kind Friend, who entertain'd us when unfortunate, pull'd aſide the Curtain, and with looks that ſpoke him fill'd with dire revenge, threatned thy life and mine,

mine, for Crimes he fear'd that I had done, but meant not to reveal. You take me for a Friend, (said he) but you shall find a Foe, where least you dreamt of one; I trust not the Man who once offends, for tho' he begs my pardon afterwards, yet I consider that as the effect of my power and his necessity, not Love or real Friendship. This said, methought he struck his Dagger to my Heart, and swore you too should bleed. 'Twas that my Dear, (continued he) which broke the Chain of Sleep, and set my Tongue at liberty. When *Odmar* spoke, I felt the same pain as if it had not been a dream; but that which sunk me most, was that this same Night I had seen old *Dion* expiring on his Bed, and ghastly in his Wounds. To encrease my fears, my Windows stood all open, and between me and the Skies I saw the Heads and Limbs of murder'd Friends, heard the shrieks of tortur'd Souls that wander'd in the Air, and howling Ghosts to snowy shrowds confin'd. I shrunk, and graspt my *Odmar* in my Arms, and e're I spoke I'd view the Scene again; but as I was about to tell my fears to my Dear kind Youth, I heard a dreadful noise upon the Stairs. The Chamber-door was immediately forc'd open, and Russians mask'd in Armour straight rush'd in: My fears would not let me cry. But the more daring *Odmar* leapt from the Bed, and with his Sword receiv'd them. Oh Heavens! this god-like Man did all a mortal could, but cover'd o're with Wounds at last he fell. *Oh base Villains! Oh Daria! Daria!* he cry'd, and in that moment dy'd. The senseless Clay their utmost fury felt, and they stab'd *Odmar*, after *Odmar* fled. I saw't, Madam, (and oh that I liv'd to

see



see so much) yet found that 'twas not in my power to speak, for my Soul (affrighted with the horrid sight) retir'd and left me destitute of sense. This alone sav'd my Life, for the cruel murderers when they saw me motionless on the Floor, and drench'd in my Husband's Blood, believ'd me dead, e're they forsook the Room: When I recover'd my Soul half fled, I knew not what to think, I was in a perfect frenzy, and would have thought all a Dream still, if I had not found the wounded Body by me, nay even then I scarce could think my self awake; for when I examin'd my life past, in all my search I saw not one massy Sin that could have pull'd this cruel stroak from Heaven, nor could I think that the just gods had us'd me so, when I had studied never to offend. The bloody Executioners had carry'd their dark Lanthorns with them, and I, to be convinc'd of my own unhappiness, (undrest as I was) run into the other Room to tell old *Dion* that his Son was lost, and *Daria* just grown Mad; for, Madam, I must confess I really was so. Oh! what words or art can paint my pains, and the horrors of that Night! The Father was murder'd e're the Son was cold, and *Aristeon* shar'd in *Odmar's* fate, he and my Mother were both butcher'd; and (if so Heav'n had pleas'd) would *Daria* too had dy'd, for not one of *Dion's* Relations escap'd but my self. You may wonder, Madam, that e're a Man was found to Execute so barbarous a Commission, for you must know (tho' 'tis very strange) the new Statesmen fearing, that (if the exil'd Prince should at any time attempt the recovery of his own) *Dion* would prove a dangerous Subject, they thought it fitting

sitting by this cruel method to prevent that ill they fear'd. My just griefs robb'd me of the use of my Reason, and 'twas my Fortune not to feel the weight of my own unhappy Fate, (for oh, Madam, I had lost the best of Men) but during the time of my short intervals. A neighbouring old Gentlewoman of *Julietta's* acquaintance took a particular care of me, and after fifteen long Months I was again my self. But tho' blest'd with my Reason, I was still oppress'd with Grief, and therefore without acquainting any body, (nay my benefactor her self was kept a stranger to it) I quit the Scene where all my ills were acted, and came in Tears to *Armenis*. My Fortune prefer'd me to your Graces esteem, to whom I confess I am more indebted than all my coming services can e're repay. I've told you a story I have long conceal'd, and, Madam, you may believe the Widdow of *Odmar* would not so far betray her Honour, as to conceal any part of the truth, or add any thing that was not so.

Here, my *Albifinda*, the lovely unfortunate *Daria* ended her Story, and the tender hearted Dutchess wept for *Odmar's* death, begg'd her pardon if she had not us'd her conform to her Quality and Merit, and assur'd her, that for the future she would make it her Study to teach her to forget her Misfortunes. *Eriphile* was always good, and she was at this time so much concern'd for the death of so kind a Man, that she told *Daria* she could dwell eternally upon the Story, and there settle her thoughts, if the sad remembrance and frequent repetition did not renew the Tears of one who had so just cause to Mourn;

As she spoke *Erinthus* enter'd. The Dutchess receiv'd the fortunate Youth with all the tenderness of a conquer'd Beauty, told him the Duke was gone to Court, and kind Love had allotted the few minutes of his absence for the happiness of both. Poor *Daria* blush'd and withdrew, and the Lovers, now left to themselves, let loose their wishes, and surfeited in pleasure. But as they lay in each others Arms, their Souls upon the Wing, and fear'd, by coveting too fast, desire should be lost, the injur'd Duke arriv'd; pardon me, *Albifinda*, if I omit not the particulars of this Adventure. Their mutual Joys had banish'd usual Fears, and he knock'd at the Chamber-door ere they had thought him nigh. *Erinthus* nimbly started from the Bed, and sensible of his own danger, and the Crime he had committed, half drest, leapt from the Chamber-Window into the Garden, and with the hazard of his Neck made his escape. *Entheon* saw him, and, in a height of sudden passion, fir'd a Pistol after him, but without the wish'd success. 'Tis easie to guess in what a posture he found the lovely Dutchess, half dead with fear, and unable to hide, what even to *Entheon* she should have ne're expos'd tho' in her state of Innocence: Besides, to evince her guilt, and that she had been actually happy in anothers Arms, the lucky Youth when from the Bed he leapt, had left the usual Marks of Love behind him. This indeed, the Duke had not the misfortune to see, for one of the Maids, who was privy to the Amour, enter'd the Chamber with him, and hid the base remains of interrupted Love.

*Eriphile* at once blush'd and wept, she saw 'twas impossible to deny what had past between her and *Erintbus*, and did not so much as offer to extenuate the Crime. *Entheon* knew his Honour betray'd, his constant Love repay'd with Treachery, and griev'd that e're he went to *Cisal.*'s House. Then again remembering her Blushes, when first he saw her in the Garden, her Love which at that time was real, and all those tender words she utter'd in his Arms, since she became a Wife, he grew almost mad, and the thoughts of losing so much sweetness rack'd his very Soul: Again he ey'd the weeping Fair, and again storm'd and griev'd. He curst the hour brought *Erintbus* to his House, and saw that if he reveng'd this great affront, he could gain no honour by it, the Quality of the offender consider'd. Besides *Eriphile* was always dear to him, and now (tho' false to the last degree) as lovely as ever she had been. The powerful Charms of a weeping Beauty can ne're be truly painted. To have seen the Dutchess at this time was to be eternally hers, and when she look'd upon her injur'd Lord, she show'd a certain softness, of force enough to enslave at once the Judgment and the Soul. You may believe then, *Albifinda*, the generous *Entheon* was not insensible when he beheld her. He sat sometime speechless, and thinking on his loss, then suddenly starting up, he threw himself upon the Bed, took her in his Arms, and kiss'd away her fears. Ah, *Eriphile*! (cry'd he) how I lov'd you, Heaven and you can tell! How my constancy has been rewarded, I'm ashamed to speak! But oh! why *Erintbus* is prefer'd to *Entheon*, you alone can say! Was  
your



your Honour (now inseparably ty'd to mine) a Trifle, and Marriage Vows a whim of Priesthood? No, no, *Eriphile*, the World will take notice of the first, and Heaven I fear can scarce neglect the latter. But I, by all that's good, forgive you. Let not my disgrace and your weakness be the Table discourse of a whole Nation: Let all that's past be hush'd up in eternal Silence, and for the future to *Entheon* and to your self be just. Sure, *Albifinda*, you'll confess 'twas a double Sin to offend so good a Husband. The tender *Eriphile* for that time was truly sensible of this, and, drown'd in Tears, (tho' yet in Bed) threw her self upon her Knees, graspt *Entheon's* Hand, and, weeping, swore by all the Powers above, and by that just Heaven she had too much offended, she griev'd what she had done, and for the future would prove her self the most obedient humble Wife that ever yet was known; adding, his excess of Goodness and Generosity encreas'd the weight of her *Guilt*; she saw with sorrow, how far she had err'd, and assur'd him that no temptation should e're again perswade her to forget how much she ow'd to *Entheon* or her self. The kind Duke forgave her all, rais'd her up, took her again to his Arms, and told her he griev'd nothing more, than that *Erintbus*, proud of so great a Conquest, might betray the Secret; to prevent which, 'twas fitting he should bleed, for the security of hers and his own Honour. The lovely *Eriphile*, tho' she truly repented the wrong she had done her Husband, yet found too soon she had not wholly banish'd her Lover from her Breast. She ey'd the Duke with concern, and reading in his Face the signs of

close revenge, she fell a second time upon her Knees, conjur'd him to believe that she was heartily sensible of that fault she had committed, but could not think the death of *Erimthus*, the most proper method to secure his Honour; begg'd as he tender'd her Life, he'd lay aside that thought, and, as he had already promis'd, pardon all that was done. The Duke could deny her nothing; and sure, *Albifinda*, his easiness that way was very pardonable; for had she stood before that surly old *Cynicks Diogenes*, he'd not have us'd her with that freedom he express'd to the World's great Conquerour, he'd willingly have quit his Book, and gaz'd upon her, or at least have sought no other light but what her eyes could give. Oh, *Albifinda*! some People may blame him for an excess of good Nature, upon this and other Emergencies that concern'd *Eriphile*. But then, believe me, their Hearts are of a different Mould from that of this Noble Man, and they ne're saw *Eriphile*, or were capable of any tenderness, that think they could have resent'd the ill she had done; especially when she kneel'd and begg'd forgiveness. In a word, my *Albifinda*, *Entheon* granted every thing, she promis'd any thing, he believ'd all, she seem'd sensible of all, and both were happy in a new Agreement.

I'm afraid *Albifinda*, (for I frankly confess my want of Art or Power to move the Passions) that by this time you wish my Letter finish'd. But the story affords no great number of Adventures, and that of *Daria*, having wasted more than half my time, you will find me generous in spite of my self, because necessarily oblig'd to relieve you from the trouble. I shall then, Madam, (like  
our

our famous Teachers) only beg one minutes patience, and venture to take two.

The Duke tho' he had lov'd much, and believ'd much, yet could not chuse but fear more. He remembred that *Eriphile* was a *Woman*, that *Erinthus* was young and handsom, that he was new, and already in possession of her Favours. These considerations taught him to observe her Conduct narrowly, he consulted her very looks, and tho' his Judgment always master'd his Passions, yet sometimes he could not chuse but think, he read his own dishonour painted in her Eyes. On the other hand the Dutchess fear'd to offend, because she could not reasonably expect to find him always merciful. *Erinthus* griev'd the loss of his happiness, but more *Eriphile's* cares, and knew not that the Duke had sign'd her pardon, and seal'd it with his Love. Unwilling nevertheless to lose that happiness he had enjoy'd, by the help of powerful *Guinea*, he convey'd the following *Billet-deux* to the longing Dutchess.

Madam,

I know not how to write, or how to express my thoughts; I am ignorant upon what terms you stand with the Duke, and oppress'd with sorrow for what happened. I am safe, but if *Eriphile* Loves not, more unfortunate than if that Bullet design'd for my ruin, had lodg'd within my Heart. From all my pains I rely upon you for ease, and till I see you, Madam, believe me your unhappy

Erinthus.

The Dutchess (tho' once half resolv'd to forget him) was o're-joy'd to know him safe, and in spite of all her Resolutions found she lov'd him more than ever. When she retir'd to her Closet to consult her Judgment what to do, e're she was aware, she writ him this Answer.

Erinthus,

**D**anger adds to Pleasure, and Fears endear the Blessing when enjoy'd. Meet me in your Coach to morrow's Night, precisely at eight, in the King's walk beyond the Garden.

E——e.

The happy young Man receiv'd it, and fail'd not to obey. When the hour came, he appear'd upon the place with all the longings of a Lover; as yet he saw not one Woman there, and was almost assur'd of a disappointment, when a lovely Youth approach'd his Chariot. *Erinthus* believ'd him sent from the Dutchess, and bid the Coach-man stop, and you may think him happily surpris'd, when he found the handsom Youth was no other than the Dutchess of *Entbeon*. The Duke shortly after, by chance, drove the same way, and as he pass'd, *Eriphile* gave him a low Bow, as other strangers did. You may assure your self, they stay'd not long in the Walk, there were greater sweets to be found in a Bed-Chamber than in the open Fields, and they forgot all those hazards they had lately past. At ten they parted, and the Dutchess got home with all that ease and security she desir'd. Her two faithful Maids stood at the Gate to receive her, and as she



she enter'd inform'd her that *Entbeon* was at home, that he had enquir'd after her, but that they had told him she was indispos'd, and begg'd his Grace's pardon. Had Fortune continued this kindness, all had been well; but, *Albifinda*, you'll confess 'twas hard, that e're she had fairly enter'd the Room, and ready to undress, the impatient Duke knock'd at the Door. *Eriphile* (with a Voice seemingly faint) askt who it was, and knowing too soon that 'twas the Duke, you may easily think she was startl'd with the sudden apprehension of her danger. But not so confus'd as to neglect her own safety, she told his Grace, she was so very ill, she could not yet come to the Door without difficulty. *Entbeon*, who lov'd her to distraction, fear'd that her indisposition might indeed be dangerous, and, unable to live one minute from her sight, gently forc'd it open, and found her in the same drets in which she had bless'd her Lover; her Wig and Sword lay obvious on the Table, and not one sign of indisposition appear'd. The great *Entbeon* became dumb with sorrow, and the charming *Eriphile* knew not what to say for her self. At last, the Duke broke silence, and calmly, but with trouble, told her, That if she was not really sick, she ought to have been so, seeing his Honour had again been stab'd, and hers was truly dead. This generous Man, *Albifinda*, said no more; he lov'd her even yet, and griev'd her weakness. He ey'd her a while, and in spite of all his Courage his Heart melted. But willing to hide his softness, he feign'd another Passion, show'd anger in his looks, and yet in Tears withdrew. When he was gone, *Eriphile* threw her self upon

the Bed, wept her own Misfortune, and wish'd she could yet be sensible of *Entheon's* merit; and when with pain she view'd him noble, as when first he saw her, *Erinthus* leapt between her and the lovely form, and she could think of nothing else but him. In the mean time the Duke sent for the Earl of *Cisala*, and acquainted him with all that past since that Night she and *Fidelia* went to the Play-house. The old Man was infinitely surpris'd with what he heard, and thank'd him for that moderation he had shown, in an affair where so many provoking causes were given, and told him, that *Eriphile's* Education had ne'r taught her to dishonour his House, and again bless'd him for not exposing to the World the disgrace of his seduc'd Daughter. *Eriphile* yet lay upon the Bed, and was perfectly mad with grief, when she saw her Husband and her Father enter. She was too in that dress which betray'd the Secret; and, weeping as she rose to receive them. Ah my Lord, (said she to *Cisala*) I own my guilt, load me not with reproaches, but rob me of my Life, for I deserve not to live; since I've dishonour'd you, and wrong'd so good a Husband, Oh *Entheon*! (continued she) I cannot ask forgiveness, you have been too kind, and I too ingratel, yet e're I dye let me receive your Pardon. Whether she truly repented or not, *Albifinda*, is not to be doubted; for she ne'r saw *Entheon*, but she lov'd him. But when he and *Erinthus* were both absent, her Heart inclin'd to the latter, and own'd him much the happier Man. But, Madam, why should I detain you longer upon this Adventure, since I've already promis'd a speedy Conclusion. In a word then,

the

the Duke lov'd too well, and she was too charming. Her new dress gave her a thousand Graces, expos'd the tenderness and delicacy of her shape, and show'd so much of softness in her Air, 'twas enough to have charm'd the most insensible of Human Kind, for even when in the Grove she lay, and show'd by chance what else had been conceal'd, her Limbs appear'd not to the vanquish'd Youth, with half those Beauties which he now discover'd. *Cisala* too interceded for her, and 'twas morally impossible for the Duke not to be reconcil'd to so fair an offender.

Things being thus settled, they liv'd for some time in a seeming Union. How far their Hearts were engag'd in this peace I shall not offer to determine, but by what has follow'd it appears, the Dutchess kept not to Articles on her side. *Erimthus* it seems had too many Charms to be with ease forgot, and even in *Entbeon's* Arms she sigh'd and wish'd for him. The Duke some Months after was oblig'd to go into the Country, where he stay'd a considerable time. He trusted much to *Eriphile's* Promises, and (confident of her future conduct) left her with that ease and peace of mind, which happy Husbands know, of virtuous Wives possess'd. In his absence 'twas impossible for *Eriphile* to be constant to her Vows, *Erimthus* attack'd her with Letters, and all the Arts of a cunning Lover, knowing that where a Woman once has yielded, 'tis rarely found she can deny again. In a word, the Lover was again happy, and the witty fair *Eriphile* again was faulty. The continued absence of *Entbeon* gave them all that security they could desire, and frequent meetings made the Crime at last

last so obvious, that all the World took notice on't. Every Servant in the House knew it, and tho' they lov'd the Dutchess, yet hated the happy Lover. He often stay'd all Night; and 'tis known that two of the Maids at a certain time peeping throw the Key-hole saw them in Bed together, the Curtain at foot being open, and next morning could perceive the marks of impious Love, and signs of Honour lost. Nay the Intrigue grew so notorious, that *Erintbus's* Friends enquir'd for him no where but at the Duke of *Entbeon's*; and *Fidelia*, one day before many witnesses, by way of raillery, askt *Eriphile*, if *Erintbus* was not in her Closet? We shall see him (said she laughing) appear by and by like a fatigu'd Traveller. There was one thing too, which evidently demonstrated that familiarity between the Fair One and this fortunate Youth. One of her Maids coming accidentally into the Room, found the charming Dutchess in a Posture that visibly betray'd past or intended Crimes; for she was sitting upon the Bed, where the happy Lover was allow'd those freedoms which fire the weary Soul, and give new flames, that when encreas'd expire. 'Tis impossible to find me an Anchorite so frozen or devout, that could have seen the half of all those Charms, without a passion not to be express'd; his Hands graspt her naked Limbs, she wanton'd, wish'd and sigh'd, and shew'd so much of pleasure in her Eyes, his very Soul grew giddy with the Joy. The Dutchess (and not without just cause) was heartily displeas'd with that discovery the Maid had made, and in a passion, to which she was much a stranger, desir'd *Erintbus* would for this impudence kick her down Stairs; but



is to be presum'd she sav'd him that labour by her speedy absence.

At last the unwelcome Duke came from the Country, and having those in the Family who watch'd the behaviour of his Wife, he was soon inform'd how faulty she had been. However he conceal'd his resentment as much as possible, took her as kindly to his Arms as ever, and only waited for an ocular proof of her infidelity, e're he should attempt to right himself. *Eriphile* believ'd him ignorant of all, and without a blush receiv'd him. This added to his inward Fury, and I may almost believe, (so much he hated dissimulation and treachery) that had she again confess'd the truth, and again begg'd pardon, he had lov'd again. But Fortune was never her Friend, and she never yet was guilty of any thing, but what was by some accident or other unluckily betray'd. Doubtless, *Albifinda*, there are Ladies in *Clusa* who have done as much as ever she did, who yet pass for Virtuous, and would faint (at least be thought to do so) when they heard but the name of dishonest Love mention'd before a Witness.

The Duke one evening returning from Court, and almost entring *Clusa*, he found his Coach suddenly stop'd by the over turning of an Hackney, which cross'd that Road in which he was. The voice of a Lady, frighted with her fall, requir'd *Entheon's* assistance; and, leaping from his Chariot, you will not find it easie to paint his surprise, when he saw *Eriphile* and her Lover arising from the Ground! The surpris'd Youth, unwilling to run the hazard of the Duke's Fury, whom he had too visibly injur'd, abandon'd the place, and between running and walking soon vanish'd

nish'd from his sight. The wife Husband was pleas'd he fled, knowing 'twas beneath himself to resent the Villany. He weigh'd his Birth and *Eriphile's* repeated guilt, and now resolv'd upon a way of revenge proper to her Crimes, he stept again into his Chariot, and without speaking one word to the mortified Dutchess, order'd the Coach-man to drive immediately home. Poor *Eriphile* was almost mad with grief, she could not expect kinder usage from the Duke, nor could she blame *Erintbus* for what he did; tho' if she had not lov'd too much, she had not forgot that he went off and left her in the hands of an incens'd Husband. In the mean time the Coach was again fitted up, and she came to *Clus* with more sorrow than e're she had known before; she durst not trust her self with the Duke after what had past, nor could she think of being truly welcome to her Father. To relieve her from these anxieties, as she enter'd the Port, *Erintbus* (who had waited with impatience) shew'd himself; she was glad to see him, and the Coach door being opened, she received him with all that tenderness of which a Woman is capable. To be short, *Albifinda*, they went off together, and *Eriphile* now secure in her Lover's House, forgot her fears, her Honour and her Husband. She remembred not now how much she was esteemed when Virtuous, and scarce could think her broken Vows a Crime. *Entbeon* in the mean time sought to redress his Honour, and before the *Regala* (with us call'd a Spiritual Court) sued for a Divorce. The Dutchess, tho' unfortunate in her amour, had nevertheless managed it so well, that he found it impossible to cast her; and tho' 'twas known

known that she was guilty of the Crime laid to her Charge, yet it could not at that time be proved; and she enjoy'd her Lover and her Fortune. The Duke's and her dishonour was now the publick Theme of every discourse in *Clusa*, all Men were sorry for her, and no Man condemn'd his discreet Conduct. But, *Albifinda*, her confidence of her own safety advanc'd her Misfortune. *Entheon* was too great a Man to be always abus'd, and having at last remov'd his Suit, the powerful *Segdarin* (or Senate) did him Justice, and she is at this time the Divorc'd *Eriphile*, once the happy Dutchess of *Entheon*. Some People may alledge, that the Duke was too formal in his Resentment, and that he ought to have punish'd *Erinthus* as the Crime deserv'd; that is to say, *Albifinda*, shot him when he found him in his way to *Clusa*, or at least after his disappointment in the first Tryal. But 'tis certain *Entheon* chose the better way; 'twas known to every Man that he wanted not Courage, and in his Youth he has even run beyond Seas, on purpose nobly to resent affronts to others done, who were not truly capable of doing Justice to themselves or him, whose Honour suffer'd in their Persons.

You see, *Albifinda*, (because I would not rob you of all patience) I've come to a conclusion so speedily, that I have almost cramp'd the Story: But you are the Woman whom by no means I would offend, and tho' I writ with pleasure, yet I deny my self a continuation of that happiness, rather than be too troublesome. Oh, *Albifinda*! if you knew my thoughts or inclinations, you

ardon whatever has escap'd me in

my Letter. If you have found any thing in it too Natural, that is, *Albiſinda*, not truly nice enough, believe 'twas a force upon me to pleaſe others. But if I have offended you, I buy their Friendſhip at a price too dear. How cruel you have been Madam, I ceaſe to mention now, but I preſume this way of writing was not prohibited that fatal Night in which you told me I was never to expect your Friendſhip, and the happineſs of being the firſt Man in your Eſteem, but could not hope for Love. *Albiſinda*, I could trace the Story even to that place where firſt we met, and where two Fools (who alone it ſeems are fortunate) were happy, and had that Heaven they fought, by juggling Quacks allow'd. I could ſhow my innocence, or at leaſt excuſe what I did by putting you in mind of my Years. But, by my hopes of better Fortune, I know not yet what 'twas that mov'd your anger, and I rely upon your goodneſs only for a pardon. I could for ever think on the innocent Pleaſures of that day in which you mention'd the Story in *Pharamond*, your obliging Compliment, and that diſcovery of my flame which immediatly follow'd the Encouragement—The remembrance of theſe things make me truly Melancholy, and I am forc'd to end. Oh, *Albiſinda* ! I'll ſay no more then ; but, if you can, remember the Man who has often ſubſcrib'd himſelf,

*Marcomire.*

---

F I N I S.



# LOVE

AFTER

## ENJOYMENT;

OR,

## FATAL CONSTANCY.

---

Written by Mr. *D. Cr—rd*, Gent.

---



---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Job Austin* in *Fleet-Street*, and  
sold by the Booksellers of *London* and  
*Westminster*, 1700.

m  
n  
w  
d  
w  
a  
m  
yo  
L  
A  
m  
L  
ho  
sto  
Ju  
me  
me  
no  
M  
de.

---

 LOVE after ENJOYMENT, &c.
 

---

*Timandra to the Charming Sirena.*

*Madam,*

**T**H E few Accidents afforded in the History of my Life, (or rather my Love) are such as modesty sometimes forbids me the recital; and assure your self, that were it not I had a more than common esteem of her who lays this Command upon me, I should no doubt conceal a great part of what I design to write. But the promise you have made me of a return in the same kind prevails most upon me; this I am easily induc'd to confess, because you know me naturally curious in Affairs of Love, and I'm perswaded the number of your Adorers has render'd you the Mistress of a great many Adventures. I am not accustomed to write Letters of this length, and therefore I cannot hope to avoid Tautologies, nor can I produce the story in due form; because, in the first place my Judgment may be often disorder'd with the Remembrance of Pleasures past; in the second, my memory can't answer the design of an Historian, nor a Man of Monsieur Scuddery's Employment. My Style will be purely natural, and every thing deliver'd in the same dress, and with as little of

Art, as if you had the Story immediately from my Mouth without Premeditation.

MY Father (Marquess of *Huayna*) dy'd in the fourth year of my Age, I remember some things of his Burial, but nothing else that concern'd him. He left me all the Estate he had, having none but my self to succeed him. I shall pass over in silence my Education, and whatever Accidents might happen in our Family, and tell you that I was in a very few years taken notice of, by all the Young Gentlemen in the City of *Capac*, where I then resided; and whether it was the effect of that small Beauty I possess, or the largeness of my Fortune, I shall not determine. But, before I had reach'd my twelfth Year, I cou'd see several sigh for me; I was yet so very Young, that I scarce believ'd any such Passion as Love had been incident to Mortals. I had never felt it my self, and consequently laugh'd at all those who told me they cou'd Die for me.

*I liv'd at ease, and only felt those Cares,  
Which wait on Mortals in their younger Tears.  
I view'd securely men in Tempests tost,  
Saw unconcern'd the busie Mortals lost.  
Laugh'd at the Hurricane, and scorn'd all care,  
Shrink'd up in quiet, cause I was not there.  
Ah happy time! (if then our Bliss we knew)  
When from a-far the distant World we view:  
We dwell with lovely Innocence and Joy,  
Nor feel those Passions which our ease Destroy.  
Know no dissimbling Arts, nor dream of Love,  
To which in Riper Age so soon we move.*

But



*But, ah! this Charming Scene posts quick away,  
 And a long Night succeeds the short-lived Day.  
 Unlook't for ills our rowling Years pursue,  
 Ages of Pain, our hours of Pleasure few,  
 And still old troubles giving way to new.*

He who first found out the way to please me, was one whom Nature meant for the undoing of our Sex. To see him, and not to love him, were things inconsistent. He was second Son to the Earl of *Rucana*, his eldest Brother being then abroad, (and not having for some years acquainted his Relations with the place of his abode,) the young *Adrastus* (for that's his Name) was look'd upon by all the Ladies in Town, as the sole Heir of so ancient a Family; he was Handsome to a wonder, of good Shapes, did every thing with a singular Grace, was mighty Complaisant, and knew perfectly how to please the greatest Criticks in matter of Gallantry. He had easie access to our House; his Father was something related to my Mother, and being a Widdower had made some advances in Courtship to her, the better to introduce his Son whom he design'd for me; upon this small Relation the young *Adrastus* pretended a more than common Interest in our Family. He very often came to see me, and wou'd sometimes stay the best part of the Day; my Mother was pleas'd to see him desirous of my Company, she was perfectly in Love with the Father, and forgot nothing that conduc'd to the happiness of his Son; the old Man assuring her 'twas the greatest Mark she cou'd give him of her Affection; she commended the young Lover upon all occasions,

whose bewitching behaviour was enough to move the most insensible. I seem'd to hear her however with indifferency, and often gave her those Answers that suited nothing with my real thoughts. This made her often despair of making me sensible for a Man she design'd her Son at any rate, and therefore at last perswaded the then innocent *Adrastus* (who hitherto had never spoke of Love to me) to try his Fortune himself. He often observ'd me very cold towards him, (tho' it proceeded from nothing but that tenderness I had for him, because I was afraid he might perceive it) and fears much how to set about it; he doubts a perpetual Banishment might ensue upon a Discovery of this Nature: And this he argu'd from my precedent seeming Aversion, while he yet remain'd in a state of Friendship, and often let slip those opportunities which made for his Advantage. This vex'd me sensibly, and I cou'd have wish'd him less fearful (for I knew he lov'd) or my self more indifferent. However, being hourly in my Company, he was at last inspir'd with more Courage; and one day as we were in a Balcony, that hung over the Garden Wall, I chanc'd to Commend a row of Cypress Trees (then next our view) as the most pleasant, because of a Grove at one end full of curious Springs and some Artificial Water-works; he laid hold of this, tho' he had neglected better occasions, and looking confus'dly upon me, Madam, (said he) I have often observ'd your choice of this Walk, which methinks is the most solitary in the Garden; those I hated a few Months ago, but of late the most retir'd places best fit my humour, and I cou'd wish  
your

your Inclinations to 'em had the same cause with that of mine. Here he stopt, and I believe equally fear'd my taking notice of what he had said, and my neglecting on't. I soon perceiv'd his aim, and willing to make him believe I did not. I know not (said I, looking coldly upon him) what may be the cause of your Melancholy, nor have I hitherto observ'd that change in your Humour you mention. No Madam, (cry'd he, interrupting me, and with a brisker Air) had it been my Happiness to be taken notice of by you, amongst the common Herd of men, you had e're now seen that change which all the World takes notice of. The truth is, he had grown something more reserv'd of late, and carry'd in his Countenance the Marks of a violent Flame, this I acknowledg'd in part to him, but willing to Convert it to raillery, *Adrastus*, (said I smiling) I hope your Melancholy proceeds not from the absence of your elder Brother, whom all men conclude long since in the other World; if it does, methinks you are too tender, to mourn a loss that brings so great a profit. Madam, (said he, with a look that pierc'd my Heart) my sullen Humour has another Original; had you been less fair, I still had been happy, half of those Beauties you possess, are sufficient to impose Chains on a Heart more stubborn than mine. In a word, Madam, I'm your Lover, I must for ever be so, I die for you, and nothing but a return can create my Happiness. Here he ended, with a look so am'rous and submissive, 'twas enough to have Charm'd even *Niobe*: Nevertheless I feign'd a mighty displeasure at the freedom he had assum'd; he saw me frown, and was just

ready to speak in his own behalf, when the old Earl and my Mother enter'd the Room, he presently withdrew a considerable distance from me, with that confusion in his Face which his Father easily observ'd; however the old Man seem'd to take no notice on't, yet he soon engag'd me to take a walk in the Garden, and taking my Mother by the Hand, left me for his Son. *Adrastus* had so much of Love in his Eyes, that for my soul I cou'd not be angry with him, yet gave him my Hand without any signs of my being pleas'd; while we walk't, I cou'd observe the disorder in which he was, a sudden Paleness overspread his Face, next moment a Ruddy Blush betray'd his quick surprise, unusual beating seiz'd his trembling Heart, and methought I felt that eager melting tenderness in every touch, as if his trembling Hand had reach'd my firing Soul; he fear'd I might lay hold of the least opportunity to reproach him, and therefore kept as nigh the old Earl as possibly he cou'd; he was not so much in Love with my Mother, but that he cou'd easily perceive his Son's Behaviour, he gave him a look that show'd his sentiments; and then chusing another Walk left us. *Adrastus* much repented his Temerity in the discovery of his Flame, because he fear'd I should never more admit his Visits; but seeing what was past cou'd not be recall'd, he resolv'd to make the best on't. Madam said he (as soon as they were gone) I doubt not but that you are incens'd at the Declaration I have made you, but if that can atone for the Sin I have committed, believe that nothing but invincible Necessity cou'd force me to transgress those Bounds I have so long pre-

scrib'd



scrib'd my self. I have ador'd you since I first saw you, even to Idolatry, and the Suppression of my Flame so long, has only serv'd to make it burn with more violence.— Having thus said, he consulted my Eyes for his future Destiny, and I was willing to arm them with more Fury than my Inclination cou'd well permit. 'Tis impossible to hold out against those we love; I had long admir'd him in secret, and often wish'd for what I was then about to destroy; I read Passion in his looks, I'm straight disarm'd, then all my Counterfeit anger in a moment leaves me; and 'twas with difficulty I cou'd hide my real Sentiments. As soon as my Soul was settled, Sir, (said I) I can't chuse but wonder at what you have told me; for if you had lov'd more, you had not presum'd so much, but I'm willing to forget what's past, if for the future you avoid the like Error: How these words drop't from me, I know not; I Lov'd 'tis true, but at the same time I swear I was ashamed of my own weakness, I cast down my Eyes, and was just ready to lessen those hopes I had given, by words of a baser Nature; when he, o're-joy'd at his unlock'd for success, threw himself at my feet; he grasp'd my knees with the eagerness of departing Souls, thank't me a thousand times for that new Life I had given him, and said so much that 'twas impossible to doubt him. I was not much displeas'd at what I saw, or heard, I had scarce the Power of speaking left me, and with a faint Voice bid him moderate his Joy, he knew not how soon it might be at an end; he presently rose with that Satisfaction in his Eyes, which none but Lovers can enjoy, and taking a cross Alley which led to that where the Earl was, we soon reach'd 'em, and

so continued together till the Night Air Com-  
manded us to withdraw ; and then we parted,  
both pleas'd with what had happen'd.

THE next Day he came to see me, I cou'd  
see a new-born Joy in all his looks, and I fancy  
he read very little of anger in mine. I repen-  
ted heartily of that silence I half enjoyn'd him,  
often imagining with my self what moving  
words he'd utter, were the liberty of speaking  
granted ; he easily perceiv'd part of that esteem  
I bore him, and therefore ventur'd to whisper in  
my Ears a thousand moving things natural to a  
passionate Lover, young and eloquent ; I heark-  
ned to all those Vows he made, with an inward  
Satisfaction, that sometimes display'd it self in  
my Eyes ; he came often to see me, protested a  
violent Love for me, and seldom left me with-  
out some new Addition to his hopes.

THINGS stood in this posture, when *Hua-  
scar* (his elder Brother) came home. The old  
Earl was beyond expression o're joy'd at the sight  
of a Son he had so long mourn'd as Dead, and  
I'm perswaded *Adrastus* was not so much dis-  
contented for the loss of that Estate he was rob'd  
of, as at the thoughts of my esteeming him the  
less ; he instantly acquainted me with it, by a  
Note he privately convey'd to my Hands, and tho'  
it was the first he ever sent me, I cannot say I  
was angry at the freedom. If I remember well,  
'twas to this purpose.

Madam,

I Have presum'd without liberty to give you  
this Billetdeux, my Brother is come home,  
and a thousand fears possess me, I put on your  
Chains

*Chains without any thoughts of your Fortune, and I hope you won't lessen that esteem you have hitherto had of me, for the loss of mine; I die with Impatiency to wait on you; pity me, for till then I think of nothing but of you, or of a dang'rous Rival newly arriv'd.*

Adrastus.

I was not sorry to see him afraid of losing that which I was willing no other should possess; I lov'd, and found nothing about him in all my search, that told me he did not deserve it; and in this thought I return'd him an answer to this effect.

Sir,

**T**HE fears that possess you are groundless, Interest has no share in my Love; see me as soon as possible, and till then be uneasy for nothing but my absence.

Timandra.

After I had writ it, I was a thousand times resolv'd to commit it to the Flames; the words were the real Sentiments of my Heart, and I was asham'd to own 'em so tender: But when I remember'd him for whom 'twas meant, I cou'd not chuse but think it well; I lov'd him, and was willing to oblige him. I fancy'd to my self the young Lover, with all his Charms about him, in that extasie so obliging a Letter wou'd undoubtedly give. He fail'd not to come that Night, tho' at an hour almost unreasonable, I was glad to see so many signs of a real Love, as his  
fears

fears then discover'd, and we parted not, till he had given me all the assurances imaginable of a tender and constant Passion, and I in Exchange had promis'd the entire possession of my Heart: Never were Days spent with greater Pleasure, and in this state of Happiness and Innocence, we continu'd for a considerable time, each Day producing new Joys, and a continu'd Scene of Love. But Fortune had betray'd her Nature, had she been longer our Friend. — I had gone out one Evening in my Chariot with a couple of Horses, to take the Air in a pleasant Field, about half a Mile from the Town, I had no Footmen with me, and was attended only by my Maid *Zibelline*; the Sun was almost set when I cou'd perceive some Gentlemen coming into that Road in which I was, but unwilling to be seen, I order'd the Coachman to chuse another, this instead of answering my design led me to them, several of them past by me, paying only those respects they thought due to a Woman of my Rank, but he who came last, and that by his Presence and Furniture seem'd to exceed the others in Quality, stop't within twenty Paces of my Coach; I soon perceiv'd it, and at first judg'd he might be of my Acquaintance, when I came up to him he turn'd his Horse the same way I drove, and looking earnestly upon me, Madam (said he) what strange accidents attend us Mortals, I went out free in the Morning, persu'd the Chase all Day, and in the Evening am become a Prisoner to an unknown Conqueror. I was about to have return'd a speedy answer, that wou'd have suited nothing with his Quality, when I cou'd perceive



perceive by the Star on his Cloak 'twas the Duke of *Minoya*; he's a very handsom young Man, Fair, and of a middle Stature, but one that Loves every where, the greatest Prince in our Country, and of no small Authority; I only smil'd at what he said, but he insisted on the Subject, swore he lov'd, and that till now he ne're had seen a Woman truly Charming. The Coach still drove on, and he still rode by it, with his Eyes fix'd on mine. When I arriv'd at the City Gates I beg'd he'd leave me, but in vain; I fretted much at the unlucky accident, I desir'd not to be known to him, and prudently remember'd how much it endanger'd my Reputation, to entertain for a Lover, a Man who had deceiv'd the greatest Ladies of our Country, often obtaining the last Favours from them without any returns. But he wou'd not be perswaded, and I was at last forc'd to tell him who I was: This knowledge added a little to that respect he pay'd me, but was much the same as if he had accompany'd me home, for there were few in *Capac* who cou'd not inform him where the Marquess of *Huyana*'s Daughter liv'd. He came next Day and pay'd me a visit, presuming either upon his Birth, or his young acquaintance, and perhaps upon both. I was but indifferent Company for a Man of his business, my stock of Love was already spent, and the Handsomest Youth in *Capac* wou'd have found me Bankrupt in all things but my Pity. He was not a whit daunted at this Reception howe'er unlook't for, his former successes encouraging him to hope the like in this. About this time the Earl of *Rucana* dy'd of an Apoplexy, leaving his eldest

Son to rejoyce in the Possession of a great Estate, and my Mother to mourn the loss of one she look'd upon as her Husband. This for some time kept away the young *Adrastus*, but cou'd not hinder the Duke from his daily visits. My Mother knew very well of it, and easily believes my Beauty and Fortune sufficient to advance me to so honourable a Match ; and having lost all hopes of Possessing the Father, she remembers the Son no more, and imployes her Interest for this new and potent Lover only. In the mean time I thought of nothing but *Adrastus*, he always writ to me, and decency no sooner permitted than he came to see me. I told him nothing of the Duke's visits, I lov'd him too well to give him the knowledge of that which wou'd have made him the most uneasie Man alive, and he parted from me with his usual Satisfaction ; our affairs did not long continue in this State, *Adrastus* having drop't a Letter of mine, which he had receiv'd privately while in the Room with his Brother, laid the Scene for most of my misfortunes that follow'd ; as soon as he could lay hold of opportunity he went into the Garden, there to read what he had newly receiv'd ; but after a tedious search, he at last concludes it lost. The Earl had taken it up, but *Adrastus*, who was very well acquainted with his Humour, knew 'twas impossible to make him own the Fact, and therefore came instantly to inform me of the accident ; tho' I was sorry my Letter had reach'd *Rucana*'s Hands, yet I cou'd not chuse but smile at that concern *Adrastus* shew'd for the loss ; the more he was vex'd methought he spoke the more of Love. *Adrastus* (said I, to

safe

ease him of his Fears) let not what has happened trouble you, your Brother has never yet seen me, nor when he does will he find me in a Humour to his Advantage. My Lover thereupon went away satisfied, tho' not before I had charg'd him not to acquaint the Earl with his loss, nor to see me that Day or the next. I commanded, and he search'd no further into the Cause of his Banishment. *Rucana*, who in the mean time had read my Letter, found it to this purpose.

**I** *Design this Night to take the Air, accompany'd only by my Maid Zibelline, at the back of the Lake Cacique, you may come attended by your Page.*

Timandra.

He had no sooner read my Name, than he knew from whom it came, he had heard me often commended for my Beauty, and found by my Style that his Brother was as happy as a Lover could be made by a kind Mistress, and thereupon resolves to supply his place, and personate the happy Man. I suspected what use he might make of my Letter, and had therefore dress'd one of my Maids in a suit of those Cloaths I often wore, with Orders to my Maid *Zibelline* to pay her the same Respect she did to my self; they were both instructed how to behave themselves upon every accident; and the Counterfeit *Timandra* had seen the Earl, was truly handsome, and every way qualify'd for that part she was to perform. I had chosen a convenient place in  
the

the Field where I might see and not be seen, and had not waited long before I saw *Racana* approach my Coach, his Impatiency wou'd not permit him to wait the approach of Night, not doubting but if I was as amiable as People spoke me, his Birth and Fortune were sufficient to mount him on his Brother's Ruins. I was beyond belief pleas'd at what I saw, he made more account of my Maid than perhaps he had done of my self, he swore a thousand times he lov'd her, while she answer'd coldly to all he said, adding that as yet she did not believe any such Passion had got footing in the World, and that for her part she cou'd ne're be sensible of any such Flame for the Handsomest Man in the World: No, Madam! (cry'd the Earl interrupting her, and pulling out my Letter) I presume you writ this obliging Billet to the happy *Adrastus*, and I see no Reason why he ought to be preferr'd to an elder Brother, to whom he is in all things inferior. *Casmia* (for that was the Maid's Name,) answer'd she had seen *Adrastus*, and that she thought him infinitely beyond him who styl'd himself his Brother, but that she ne're felt a Flame for him, nor did her Soul distinguish him from other men, and that the Letter he spoke of was none of hers; of this she gave him what assurances Oaths cou'd give; he cou'd not chuse but believe a Woman who swore so unfeignedly, and at last concludes his Brother Courted a *Timandra*, but not that one he spoke to; this thought gave him in a moment store of hopes, then address'ing himself to his Mistress with a submissive tone, Madam, (said he) I beg a thousand pardons for that unjust o-

pinion



pin on I had conceiv'd, your Beauty made me easily believe you the same my Brother ador'd; but since it is not so, let me hope my happiness the greater, because you are not prepossess'd in Favours of another; if it be my misfortune to be less in your esteem than the young *Adraustus*, I hope time and my ensuing Services may raise me some steps beyond him. *Casnia* catch'd Occasion by the foretop, and laying her indifference aside, tells him that Fame spoke sufficiently on the Earl of *Rucana's* behalf, that he was a Servant the handsomest Lady in *Capac* might be proud of, and that tho' she found her Heart nothing inclinable to Love, yet if time shou'd show his Passion the same he now swore it was, he might perhaps o'recome that indifference, which every Man had hitherto met with from her. The Earl o'rejoy'd at this sudden change, made a thousand Protestations of inviolable Fidelity, swore that his Heart was never before engag'd, and that it shou'd for ever wear the Chains of the fair *Timandra*, who alone was Mistress of those Charms that cou'd make it a Prisoner. The Coach was so nigh me, that I cou'd hear ev'ry word distinctly, and you may assure your self, Madam, I was sensibly pleas'd to see the Comedy Acted, in which my Maid perform'd her part to my wish. The Earl was proud of his imaginary success, and (she not forbidding him that happiness) kiss'd her hand a thousand times with the greatest transport imaginable, protesting he thought himself the happiest of men. While he continu'd in this extatie, I cou'd see a Gentleman attended by one Servant steal softly towards my Coach, listen some minutes, and

E

then

then retire, where he plac'd himself behind a Tree, unknown to any but my self; I cou'd have wish'd the Conference had ended sooner, the invisible Gentleman saw whose hand the Earl kiss'd, and doubtless concluded it mine, by the Livery of my Coach; and was the more Confirm'd when he heard *Zibelline's* Voice, with which he was well acquainted. I was perswaded it could be no other than the young *Adraftus*, drawn thither by his Jealousie, and whom I resolv'd to punish next Morning for his Disobedience. But I soon perceiv'd my Error; for the Earl had no sooner left my Maid (who order'd the Coachman to drive immediately home) than I cou'd see the Gentleman leap suddenly from behind the tree, and meet *Rucana* almost in the same place where the Coach had left him. Sir (cry'd he) I have been a witness of your happiness. *Timandra* prefers you to all men living. And tho' I have long ador'd her with a Passion infinitely beyond what you are capable of, yet I cou'd ne're find those returns. You are my happy Rival, and it now remains we shou'd decide with our Swords, which is he who best deserves those Favours blind Love throws upon you, without respect to merit. — I presently call'd to mind whose Voice it was, and found it to be the Duke of *Minoya's*, I was ready to run in between 'em to prevent that quarrel I already saw commenc'd; but then I consider'd how far I endangered my Reputation, shou'd it be known I was in the Fields with two such men as *Rucana* and *Minoya*, at so unreasonable an hour. However they took but little time for deliberation; for the Earl, without examining with whom he fought,

us d

us'd his utmost Art and Strength to Chastise the insolence of an Enemy, who had so boldly assaulted him. In a little time (to my infinite amazement) I saw the Duke fall, while his Servant (who fought with the Earl's) meeting with worse fortune, tumbled down dead at the feet of his Master.

*Rucana* put up his Sword, and immediately departed the Field: He had receiv'd no wounds, nor was his Page's fortune less; so that when he came home, *Adrastus* saw no signs about him of that Tragedy he had been acting. I remain'd almost motionless with fear, I repented a thousand times the folly I had committed, I wish'd I had never Written to *Adrastus*, and was even ready to dye with grief when *Zibelline* arriv'd; I conceal'd my trouble as much as possible, and she having the Key of the Back-door that gave us entry to the Garden, we soon reach'd the House undiscover'd by any. I concluded *Minoya* a dead Man, and therefore us'd no care for his preservation. I recommended secrecie to *Zibelline* and *Casmia*, as to the Interview with the Earl; but did not mention the Combat, because they knew nothing of it. In the morning *Adrastus* came to see me, and told me the Duke of *Minoya* was desperately wounded, his Servant kill'd, and both found in the Field; that it was not known with whom he fought, but that his Servants gather'd from some of his words, he had receiv'd his Wounds for a Mistress of considerable quality. I was glad at what *Adrastus* told me; because I found the Duke had not only conceal'd my name, but was likewise ignorant of him he deem'd his Rival. Thus we spent part of the morning in re-

reflecting upon the Accident; and that ended, the charming Youth began to enquire into the cause of his Banishment: I wou'd not tell him why I had us'd him so, and he departed very melancholy. When he was gone, I began to grieve for him, remembering the pains this harsh usage wou'd bring him: I straight cou'd feel them all my own, and consulting my love, not Reason I sent for him back again; he soon return'd, and found my humour much alter'd to his advantage. He was infinitely o'rejoy'd, and protested that when he went out of my Chamber, he thought to have dy'd with the thoughts of my Indifference: He went home he knew not how, and that when my message came to him he turn'd Sceptick, and doubted much if he was awake: This he spoke with an Air so passionate, he perfectly charm'd me, I lov'd and was belov'd; we were alone, and I cou'd not forbear to testifie my Joy, Love wanton'd in my eyes, and eager wishes o'rerul'd my nodding Virtue. He well knew what 'twas to be inflam'd: He told me a thousand endearing things, and printed kisses at each word he spoke. We were sitting upon the Beds side, it was yet early in the morning, and I had nothing upon me but a loose Night-Gown, and one Petticoat of a thin Silk. The amorous young Man commended every thing about me; my Limbs I must confess shone through the transparent Cloth, and fed his fancy with a thousand Charms: He clasp'd me gently in his trembling Arms, falter'd in his Speech, and swore he dy'd for me; that it was impossible to endure the violent separation from a Heav'n in view, and that now he must be bless'd or for ever wretched;



ed; that he fear'd his Brother's pretences, and nothing cou'd secure him but a flame equal to that of his own. 'Tis needless, Madam, to tell you more. I lov'd him, and cou'd deny him nothing. Desire grew wild, fears (the curs'd allays of Love) fled: I dream't of Joys and pleasures yet unknown, my loosned Soul seem'd just upon the wing, and I at last lay yielding, melting, trembling in his Arms; his Soul sat hovering o're his Balmy Lips, Love darted from his Eyes, and all the Charms of that young God were in him. Oh! kind Heav'n! let me ever remember all those tender Vows he made while he lay panting and breathless by my side, and blush'd at what was past; then strove to bring the hasty Joy again. Thus he obtain'd that favour, which ne're bestow'd in Youth, is frozen up by Icy Age, and lyes unregarded, till we are render'd incapable of those Blessings men wou'd give, and Women can receive. We gave mutual assurances of perpetual fidelity, and parted both of us satisfied of others Love.

*Some Trees seem pleasant, when they first set out,  
We give them Stays lest Winds shou'd shake the  
Root.*

*But in few days they shoot their boughs so far,  
That all the Herbs beneath them wither'd are:  
That ground which gave them Life they now de-  
stroy;*

*Stand proudly up, and in the conquest joy.  
So Love at first all gay, all soft appears,  
And next day chang'd to jealousies and fears:  
'Tis like wild fires, afar shows happiness,  
But if approach'd grows in a moment less.*

*A Pleasure 'tis before 'tis fully known,  
 And that once o're it is insipid grown;  
 It cheats the distant eye, and seems a Bliss,  
 But if 'tis catch'd we hate the by past wish.  
 Then wonder why with so much pain we sought  
 A thing, which more allay than joy has brought.  
 For that which shin'd unto the Love-sick eye,  
 Now shows all Rust, all homely, when 'tis nigh.*

These thoughts did not then possess me, tho'  
 I found the truth of them too late, and 'twas  
 when my misfortunes gave me melancholy hours,  
 that my Muse sung so gravely.

The Earl came privately, and paid his Re-  
 spects to the suppos'd *Timandra*; he concluded  
 himself happy from what the Duke told  
 him, and courted with a brisker Air than was na-  
 tural to him; I had order'd *Casmia* still to deceive  
 him. He was of a close temper, trusted no  
 Man with what was by himself reputed worthy  
 of Secresie; and when he saw his Mistress, he  
 came without Attendants. About this time *A-  
 draustus*, who lov'd not the Earl's melancholy hu-  
 mour, left his house, and chose Lodgings for him-  
 self, which chanc'd to be very nigh those of the  
 Duke of *Minoya's*, and therefore often paid him a  
 visit during his sickness. *Adraustus* was of an oblig-  
 ing temper; and so far gain'd the Duke's esteem,  
 that he could never be easie when without him.  
 While he, to repay this kindness, was seldom ab-  
 sent, but when his Love to me requir'd it. We  
 liv'd very happy, and *Adraustus* had nothing to  
 fear or complain of: He possess'd all that Love  
 and Beauty could bestow, without the prospect  
 of a coming ill. Sometimes he would tell me he  
 heard

heard of his Brother's visits to me; but I assur'd him I had never seen him, and soon calm'd those storms his growing Jealousies had rais'd.

One day when he came to wait upon the Duke, he found him worse than he had been for some days, and judging it the effect of something more than his wounds, beg'd he wou'd impart the cause. *Minoya*, after he had Commanded his Servants to quit the Room; my Dear *Adrastus* (said he) those wounds you see are nothing, if compar'd with the Torments of my Soul, I Love the Young Marchioness of *Huyana*, I saw her that night I came to *Capac*, and have wore her Chains ever since, whose weight is nothing yet diminish'd; tho' I've seen others happy, even then when she strove to persuade me she ne're had nor could love any Man. *Adrastus* was surpris'd at what he heard, and if the Duke had in the least suspected him, he wou'd have read in his face how much he was interested in the Story. He durst scarce desire him to finish what he had begun, so much he fear'd to be acquainted with the Infidelity of her he lov'd. But the other to save him that labour proceeded, and in few words told him all that concern'd the Encounter he had that Evening he receiv'd his Wounds. *Adrastus* soon believ'd 'twas his Brother, he remember'd 'twas the same day in which he had lost my Letter, calls to mind the absence I enjoy'd him; and at last concludes me guilty. When men once become Masters by Enjoyment, Mole-Hills appear Mountains, and that which before cou'd render them happy; now they look upon as a thing useless and injurious to their repose; they think Women shou'd from

that moment abandon all Appetites but those they entertain for them. And like wretched Misers grasp at all, then sigh when they can hold no more, and murmur because another may enjoy what they alone wou'd possess. The Jealous *Adrastus* hides his pain as much as possible from the Duke, and tells him that she whom he ador'd was truly the handsomest Woman in *Capac*, and one who wou'd in time regard the Services of a Prince, who merited the esteem of all Mankind; that he had several times seen me when his Father was alive, and that he shou'd not fail to do him some good Offices upon the small acquaintance he had, did not a very urgent business command his absence for some time. The Duke gave him a thousand thanks for his kind offer, and in the mean time, tho' he was sorry for his departure, wish'd him a good Journey. *Adrastus* went to his Lodgings, possess'd with Love, Anger, Jealousie, and Despair; thus passion o're-rul'd his Judgment, and in that weakness he sent me this Letter.

Madam,

**I**'M amaz'd to find in the fair *Timandra* a Woman regardless of her Vows and Honour, I leave you with sorrow, and can't longer stay in a place where I see a Woman I have so constantly lov'd, possess'd by one that cou'd never pretend to so great a happiness by his Services, whatever his Birth might be to his advantage; I will not offer to trouble you with a tedious recital how your Infidelity came to my knowledge, let it suffice that (to my infinite sorrow) I know too much,



much, either for your Honour, or my own Satisfaction:

Adrastus.

I was at first all fury, I term'd him the most ingrateful of men, my passion suggested a thousand things to me, I was sorry for the Happiness I had given, and heartily wish'd my Love had been more moderate. But Love that seldom loseth possession in an honest Heart, reassumes his Empire, and represents the mistaken Lover Sorrowful, and Passionate; Jealous by a seeming guilt, and desperate at his own loss. I considered his Letter partially, and thought there was still so much of Love in every line, that it shone through all those Clouds his Jealousie and Anger had contracted, and began in earnest to mourn his loss; grief took place of former Joys, and I have wept sometimes whole Nights, and curs'd those Stars that forc'd me to love a Man I had so many reasons to pursue with my hatred. My Mother wonder'd what might work this sudden alteration in my humour; and imagin'd my grief arose from the Duke of *Minoya's* misfortune, and doubted not but that I lov'd him; for by the help of my Maid *Zibelline*, *Adrastus* was seldom seen come or go from my House, so that she neither suspected him nor the Earl, who was still very cautious in his visits. I was willing (the better to conceal my misfortune) to let things appear the same she took them for, and in the mean time forgot not to use those ways that promis'd any likelihood of recalling the Object of all my wishes.

One

One Night while I sat all alone in my Chamber, I could hear soft whispers at the Door; my Curiosity was augmented when I thought it resembled the Earl of *Rucana's* Voice; when I had look'd through the Key-hole, I found I had not judg'd amiss. He was looking very earnestly upon his supposed *Timandra*; while she on the other hand seem'd not to curb his hopes, for he cou'd easily read a fire in her Eyes equal to his own. However she beg'd that this Night he wou'd abreviate his discourse; adding, she was afraid her Mother might find him in the House. He answered, that he cou'd not leave her so soon, her Mother was then a-bed, and that all she urg'd for his departure, was not of force sufficient to make him delay the possession of a Bliss he had so long promis'd to himself. In the end she was o'recome, and suffer'd her self to be led along the Gallery, and down a pair of back Stairs into the Garden, where they enter'd a Chamber in which I often lay when the Season was excessively hot: My Mother's Apartment was very nigh to it, and had a Balcony from her dining Room exactly opposite to the Chamber Door. I wanted to see the Earl's manner of Courtship, and long'd to know upon what terms he stood with his *Timandra*: (My grief for the absence of my Lover having long kept me from the knowledge of what I had formerly us'd for my diversion) And therefore I laid all Considerations of danger aside, and stole privately after them. They seated themselves at first familiarly upon the Bed, and I cou'd soon perceive more between 'em than a nice Virtue cou'd well allow. I was heartily displeas'd at what *Casmia* did,

did, and tho' the Earl was a close minded Man, I was afraid Stones and Bulthes might have Ears to disclose the intrigue. I wish'd he had known whom he lov'd, and was just about to show him his errour, when they arose, and went softly to that part of the Garden where she ordinarily admitted him. I enter'd the Room immediately; but good Gods! how much was I amaz'd, when I saw my Mother had got there before me; having enter'd at the same Door from which they went out: She was passionate even to madness, and tho' I knew my self innocent, yet I had scarce the power to tell her so; she told me the Bed bespoke some am'rous dalliance; that she had seen me enter, and thereupon drawing the Curtains aside, she took up the Earl's Pocket Book, which he unfortunately had dropp'd. I was a maz'd at the accident, and presently saw my Letter to *Adrastus* taken out of it. Daughter said she, (looking furiously upon me) are these the effects of that care I have had of you? Is this the Journey *Adrastus* has undertaken? Never see me more, you have abandon'd Virtue, you have ruin'd your Fortune, and, in a Word, are become the scorn of your Sex. This said, she flung immediately out at the Back door, which stood half open, not doubting but that *Adrastus* was gone that way; she found *Cassia* returning, and concluded I had sent her to show him the way. The Maid was infinitely surpris'd at so unexpected a meeting, and falling upon her knees, first begs a thousand Pardons, and then tells the whole truth of the matter. This serves her not in any stead, my Mother assures her self I'm guilty, and believes that this story had been hand-

handsomely contriv'd to be made use of upon the first discovery, and so instantly thrust her out of Doors, to find new Lodgings, and a new Mistress. When she came back to me, she found me drown'd in Tears, tho' they proceeded more from the loss of *Adrastus*, than from my new misfortune. She soon told me how she had serv'd my Confident, (as she call'd her); adding (seeing me about to speak) that I shou'd not endeavour to justify my self, because my guilt was too obvious to those of the least judgment, and so left me to my soliloquies.

I was not ignorant of my Mother's humour, and therefore (being awak'd from that surprise into which her presence had cast me) without further reflections on the matter, went to Bed. There it was that I began narrowly to search into my own Circumstances, and found that tho' I was innocent of what was then laid to my Charge, yet my Conduct had been such as deserv'd reproof. I saw no hopes of *Adrastus* his return, and fear'd the Earl might boast of an imaginary Conquest, to those who wou'd apprehend it real: These and a thousand such thoughts possess'd me; when as Day began to break, I cou'd hear some body knock gently at my Door. I soon quitted my Bed, and having open'd it (for melancholy had so seiz'd me, I ne're examin'd who it was, nor did I remember the want of my Night-gown). A Gentleman caught me in his Arms, my Charming Fair (cry'd he in a transport, and forcing a kiss from me) how oft have I wish'd for this happy minute. He said no more, his sighs, short breathings, and eager embraces serv'd to convince me how much he  
wanted



wanted that happiness he now thought himself almost Master of. However I was just ready to cry out, when my fears on a sudden interpos'd, and opportunely told me, that by so doing I shou'd confirm my Mother in her suspicions; in this thought I forc'd my self from his Arms, and leap'd into the Bed. He follow'd with the trembling steps of a burning Lover, and was beginning to undress, when I (with more moderation than the accident cou'd well allow) told him that the calmness with which I receiv'd him proceeded more from a tenderness of my own Reputation, than Compliance to his passion, otherwise he might soon have felt the effects of that rudeness of which no discreet Person wou'd be guilty. He soon knew by my voice that it was not his belov'd *Timandra* (for 'twas the Earl) and so without the least Apology withdrew.

This Accident augmented my grief; a thousand times did I wish I had ne re been guilty of that fatal interview at the Lake, it lost me the Man I lov'd, and who (notwithstanding of his ingratitude) was still dear to me as Life it self: it had brought the Duke's Wounds, and the Earl's addresses to my Maid, which now I found more dang'rous than if they had been to my self. In the Morning I told *Zibelline* what had happened, who immediately found out that Relief I so much wish'd.

She presently sent for *Casmia*, and after we had deliberately weigh'd the business, there was a Biller-deux privately convey'd to the Earl, in which he was bid come at Night, and at the usual hour. He fail'd not in his Obedience, and the time

time was no sooner come, than I cou'd hear him upon the Stairs. His Mistress presently gave him admittance, and play'd that part I had enjoin'd her to the Life. Madam, I'm so much yours that I won't offer to conceal the least of my thoughts, however faulty you may find them; I must confess, I then wish'd he had lov'd the real *Timandra*. His Words were very tender, Love bask'd and wanton'd in his Eyes, and I cou'd hear him say all those things we take for indubitable signs of a violent and tender flame. But no longer to detain you on this Subject, know, that next Morning they were Marry'd. I had so order'd it (lest a quick discovery might be inconvenient) that they shou'd for some time Lodge in my own Apartment, which in a little time produc'd a very odd Adventure. And 'twas thus.

My Maid *Zibelline* lay next door to my Chamber (which the Earl then possess'd, tho' privately) and had a Lover unknown to me, who it seems ador'd his Goddess in the dark, as the Ancients did *Bacchus* in the night. The unknown happy-Lover, that night after the Marriage, came to perform his ordinary Devotions, and being a stranger to the House, without the help of Lights stumbld into that of the Earl's. *Cassia* (or rather the Countess of *Rucana*) you may be sure was kept awake with the hopes of a coming Bliss; but dream'd of nothing more than her Husband. While he (who was accus'd to silence) leap'd into the Bed without many words. In the mean time the Earl, who had never been in his new Room (that morning in which he catch'd me naked excepted) fairly dropt

dropt into that of *Zibelline's*, and so to Bed. Thus posted, the four Lovers spent the Night happy in their ignorance. The Earl had upon him all the fervour and heat of a young Bridegroom, and the other all the Pleasures of a stol'n Bliss. But Day approaching, *Zibelline* desir'd her Lover (or rather *Rucana*) to quit the Bed. He who was now marry'd, and consequently secure of his Mistress's favours, began already to play the Husband; that is, lose all respect and good manners; swore he wou'd not, nor cou'd he then leave so many Joys unfinish'd, of that number he had promis'd to himself, without a torment equal to that of Death: And that no Circumstances whatsoever were of force enough to rob a Husband of his Wife, that Formalities were now of no use, and she might frankly own her Marriage to all the World. The Maid was beyond expression surpris'd at what she heard, and presently understood who it was that spoke, and whom he meant; but being of a prompt and ready Wit, counterfeited the voice of the Countess, and, after some few Embraces and kind Arguments, at last prevail'd. *Zibelline's* Lover, who remember'd with what hazard he stole his favours, made no delays, and came out of the Chamber just as the Earl was passing by the Door, and stumbling upon him, concludes himself betray'd, and the Reputation of his Mistress in evident danger. But endeavouring to make his escape, he was forc'd to tumble *Rucana* down stairs, to clear his passage. The Earl no sooner came to himself, than he as soon ascended, but by degrees, not as he went down; and perswading himself that he who had thus serv'd him, was some favourite

vourite of his Wife's, enters her Room in a fury, much akin to a real madness. She, who was surpris'd to see him return so soon, very kindly ask'd what was the matter? adding, that just now he had left her, without the happiness of a word at parting; and that the whole Night was spent in silence, at which she could not chuse but wonder, since it argu'd that his Lordship's Love did not suit with his past Protestations. Ha (cry'd he) did I leave you without words? No, Madam, you urg'd my departure frequently. And now it is I understand why you did so. Your Lover came too soon, and I staid too long, either for his Happiness or my own. My Mother (whom the Earl's fall had awak'd) with a Candle in her hand, just as he pronounced the last words, enter'd, crying out, Heav'ns! where was her Daughter? The Earl, raving answer'd, here! And I'm sorry, Madam, you look'd no better to her Education, since I am destin'd to be the unhappy Man, that must undergo that punishment your neglect deserv'd. She view'd him seriously, and knowing who it was, ask'd him what he meant, and if he was awake? if so, what had brought him to her House at an hour so unseasonable? He bids her enquire of her Daughter, and points to the Bed. She told him he still dream'd, and that she cou'd easily distinguish her Daughter from one of her Maids: But withal ask'd the trembling and affrighted *Cassia*, how she came there, and if she remember'd what had pass'd the preceeding Night? And thereupon (giving way to her passion) pulls the poor Countess by the Hair from the Bed, where she had lain silent, and half



half dead with fear. The Earl (tho' o're-whelm'd with Jealousie) cou'd not see his Wife so ill us'd, and therefore reliev'd her from the paw of the Lyons. In the mean time, *Zibeline* had awak'd me, and (dissembling her knowledge of the cause) told me the House was all in an uproar: I soon got up, and enter'd the Room just as *Rucana* had reliev'd the distress'd fair one. My Mother, as soon as she saw me; ask'd if I was a stranger to the cause of all this confusion, and if I held a Correspondence with the Earl, equal to that I did with *Adrastus*. I told her I had never seen *Rucana*; but was inform'd, he had endeavour'd to debauch one of my Maids; I hop'd she did not doubt my Virtue, and that my Conduct had been such, as became hers and the Marquess of *Huyana's* Daughter. The Earl (who had hearkned with wonder and amazement) soon found how he had been impos'd upon; and was at first confounded, and oppress'd with shame and anger: But then growing calm, and eying his Wife, who lay drown'd in tears with all her Beautys open to his view; his fury fled, Love pleads in her behalf, and a thousand tender thoughts possess'd his Soul. He beheld a Woman whom he long had lov'd; half naked, weeping, prostrate at his feet, and all her Sexes best bewitching Charms about her. Tears dropt from his Eyes, and all the pains of love and sorrow jointly prest his Heart. Then raising gently the afflicted fair one, he beg'd a thousand pardons for his indiscreet management, swore he shou'd ne're repent the happy mistake; kiss'd away her Tears, and sigh'd at every word. After some minutes thus spent;

he made an Apology to my Mother, for that disturbances he had occasioned in the Family; then taking the Countess by the hand, led her down stairs, calls a Coach, (for 'twas now daylight) and drives home, pleas'd because he lov'd.

My Mother was glad to find me innocent, and her self doubly deceiv'd; and by her Joy in some measure atton'd for the harsh usage I had receiv'd from her the foregoing Night. *Zibeline* was pleas'd with her own good success; and I thought my self fortunate, in seeing a business I dreaded brought to a happy exit. Thus we all went to Bed again, well satisfied with what had hapen'd, and each of us big with the hopes of Fortune's continu'd smiles.

Next Day I was inform'd the Duke had quit his Room, and was able to take a turn in the Garden. The Earl's Marriage was soon known, and as it happens in such cases, he was laugh'd at by the Wits, pity'd by the Honest-hearted, and commended by the Judicious, for that Moderation he had shown in so provoking a juncture; and I was by all concluded privy to the intrigue. *Minoya* shew'd his Sentiments in his Eyes, where the inward Satisfaction this accident gave him visibly appear'd: His flame is augmented with his hopes, and the removal of a Rival he thinks a step to his Happiness. These pleasant thoughts Contribute much to his speedy Recovery, he imagin'd I was not prepossess'd to his prejudice, and easily believ'd he had fought for my Maid.

In a few days he came to see me, and I having in some measure laid aside the thoughts of my ingrateful Lover, receiv'd him more kindly than

I had done before his long absence. This inflam'd him more; my Mother seconded every word he spoke, and 'twas impossible to hold out against two such powerful Assailants. Yet Young *Adrastus* took his place by turns; and tho' the passion I had for him seem'd sometimes dead, yet (from what thought I know not) it (like Lamps just extinguish'd) greedily catch'd hold of light, and in a moment, turn'd into a flame.

Thus divided, (after I had seen the Duke languishing for me three whole Months) I at last consented to Marry him: He was ravish'd at the wish'd-for grant; and tasted all those Joys successful Love imparts to Youth impatient of delays. On the other hand, I saw the fatal hour approach with pain, and cou'd not think of being for ever his, while *Adrastus* was in Being, tho' absent and unkind; but not knowing how to recal that promise I had given, (and the Town already too busie with my Name,) I was forc'd to confirm it by a Marriage Vow.

The Duke (now happy in the possession of her he ador'd) went seldom abroad; he was uneasy but when in my Company, and all his actions center'd in his Love. One Evening he told me, (Laughing) with what concern he had seen the Earl of *Rucana's* happiness, that Night he fought him, and wonder'd much how that Marriage came to pass, ask'd if the Countess was handsome, and applauded her management. I gave her those praises her Beauty deserv'd; and wish'd him reconcil'd to *Rucana*, because his constant Love, after so great

a disappointment, spoke him a Man truly noble of a great Soul, fix'd and steady in his resolutions; generous, good natur'd, and of honest Principles. And the truth is, so great a change was never known, as that which Love and Marriage had wrought on this Man; his Soul seem'd new-moulded, and imprinted with all the marks of Virtue, Honour, and Nobility. What ere I spoke was a Law, and if I had but the least inclination to any thing, 'twas immediately perform'd; so that my Husband next day, waited for nothing more than an opportunity of speaking with the Earl, but finding none, at last went to his House. *Rucana* receiv'd him, and embrac'd his friendship with all the Sincerity which Man can be Master of, when he pays his Devotions to Heaven. They discours'd long of things indifferent, and at last came to the Subject of their quarrel; where the kind Husband spoke so advantagiously of his Wife, that he charm'd the Duke into an extasie. She who had not forgot what once she was, kept a modest humility in all her actions, look'd sweet and languishing, and made it her only study how to please the Lord of all her wishes. With this bewitching state she enter'd the Room, where *Minoya* pay'd her those respects due to the Countess of *Rucana*, and the Wife of his Friend; from the Earl's discourse, he had form'd a lovely Idea of this happy fair one, and was pleasantly surpris'd, to see how far the sweet Original out-did that Picture he had newly drawn. He intended at first no more than a short visit; but the Earl's kindness, and the Charms of his Wife, made him forget that Resolution. When he  
came



came home, his wonted joys flag'd, his appetite seem'd pal'd, he look'd uneasie, as if some sudden illness had seiz'd him; thought much, spoke little, and the torments of his Soul (after many endeavours to hide them) were at last conspicuous. I was sensibly griev'd at this new misfortune, tho' I yet knew not what it was; I us'd all the moving Arts of Honest Love to Charm him into mirth, and wrestled even with virtue how to please.

He still continues all Ice; restless in his thoughts, divided from himself, forgetting all his former Vows and me. He went every day to *Rucana's*, return'd more cold, and all the World at last took notice of it. I knew my self Young and Handsom, fitted by Nature to inflame desire; and was all madness, at the thoughts of losing an Heart I had begun to value in earnest; but that which most sensibly displeas'd me was, to find my self abandon'd for one that had been my Servant, and whom (by my own folly) I had advanc'd to all that Happiness she then possess'd.

Things were thus, when my Melancholy and the calm Evening (the Duke being then at *Rucana's*) invited me to a walk in the Garden. There it was I began to remember my joys past, the Cypress Trees brought the fugitive *Adrastus* to my view, with all his Charms about him, and represented the Duke the most ingrateful of men; Revenge spoke Peace to my Soul, and a thousand different resolutions (the effects of my restless mind) possess'd me, and next moment were destroy'd by that same power which gave them first a Being. Thus

my Heart at last beat it self to rest; and while I lay upon a Mossy Bank, and all my sorrows chain'd in peaceful slumbers; I dream't (nay, methought it was no dream, such strong impressions the blest Vision made) my absent Lover sighing by me lay, all drown'd in sorrow for his loss, wept, then wish'd me false, so I but lov'd him now. I wak'd, but 'twas to see what my Eyes had often long'd for. The lovely Youth threw himself at my feet, gaz'd, and sigh'd, and labour'd with his pain. My sorrow equal'd his, and tho' I oft had wish'd the wand'rer back, the cruel thought of being his no more dash'd all my Joys, and turn'd them into Tears. Thus on each other for a while we gaz'd, breath'd short, and trembled while we strove to speak. At last his Courage bore away his grief, and loosened by degrees, that soft bewitching Tongue, whose Eloquence so often had undone me; and said, Can you be mine no more? Can you be cruel to a repenting Sinner, who for pardon sues, and damn me to a new Hell of absence, more lasting than the first? Is *Adrastus* quite forgot? And must the Duke possess a Heav'n alone? Ah! (cry'd I! when my Tears wou'd give me leave to speak) I Love and fear my own weakness; but as you tender my future Happiness, ask no more than a Virtuous Wife shou'd give. Has the Dutchess of *Atinoya* nothing of *Timandra* in her, (reply'd he, interrupting me) and can you resolve to see me dye? I beg'd with Tears he'd urge his Love no more; and at last, promising to meet him there next Evening, we parted.

When

When the Duke came home, I found his humour the same it had been for some Months preceeding. However, I did not lay his indifference in that ballance it formerly held; my Love grew lighter, and that esteem I had for him, became hourly less. Next Evening *Adrastus* came, and I fail'd not to meet him; his Soul seem'd more at rest, but his Love the same. After some serious discourse, I ask'd him how he had spent the time of his absence, and if no new Beauty had raz'd me from his memory. The lovely Penitent cou'd deny me nothing; and began the Relation immediately: Which, Madam, you may take as followeth, because 'tis occasion'd by the story of my Love.

**A**fter I had Written that Letter, (where Passion rul'd, and my Judgment or Gratitude were not consulted) I took Horse that Evening, and began my journey to *Chira*, (the Metropolis of *Naitrant*) where I have staid ever since my departure. I was a stranger to the City, and the first Bill I read, there I took up my Lodgings. I liv'd sometime in the House unknown, and went very seldom abroad; my grief for so great a loss hourly imploying my thoughts. But one day going to take the Air upon the River at the back of the City, I encountred some Young Ladies that walk'd upon the Banks, and ask'd, if they design'd to trust themselves to the water? Women there, tho' Virtuous and Honest, yet are not shie, and being well bred, know how to oblige strangers, and preserve their Honour. They accepted the Complement; and

having got Musick on board, we spent the day, and some part of the Evening very pleasantly; and at last began the stories of our Loves, where I related mine (but conceal'd your Name and Quality) with as much pain, as if we had but newly parted; this mov'd the pity of all the Ladies, and she who was the fairest of them (and whom we could not perswade to a relation of her Adventures) wept; and sighing, said, I deserv'd better fortune. Thus we consum'd the time, and I proffer'd to see them to their Lodgings, but was deny'd the Honour, tho' not before they had assur'd me that I might frequently see them, where we had met that Forenoon.

I found something that night at my Heart more than usual, and tho' my own misfortunes lay heavy upon me, I was afflicted for those Tears I had forc'd the fair one to shed, and cou'd have almost wish'd my self in Love with her: Her tenderness spoke good Nature, and her gen'rous pity show'd a noble Soul. Your seeming infidelity urg'd me to forget my Vows, and my griefs bid me seek relief from some kinder she. Then after a tedious contest, I was all Love, all Repentance, and every corner of my Soul was full of thee; *Timandra*, was the Object of my waking thoughts, and the last guide that led me to my rest; all Night I'd dream of her, and in the Morning mourn, because I cou'd dream no more.

Next day however, I went to renew my acquaintance with my last days walk, I mov'd without design, yet wanted to see them; I  
fear'd



fear'd, and wish'd, and wanted I knew not what ; I fled from my self, I ask'd not whither ; and when I most resolv'd to shake off my sorrows, and seek for Happiness in a new Love, I've found a pleasure in my present pain, and doated on my griefs for the sake of her who brought them. But the fair ones no sooner arriv'd, than all my cares were hush'd, sorrow slept, and no Melancholy thought disturb'd my dawning Heaven. I cou'd look on my new acquaintance with an air wholly chang'd, and observ'd that the fairest often fix'd her Eyes on mine ; and when she spoke, Love and Modesty shar'd all her words between them. But time (which to unthinking Lovers still seems short) flew quick away, and Night with all her gloomy shades approaching, the Ladies retir'd to their respective Lodgings.

The tender-hearted fair one, after some small refusals, at last permits me to wait upon her to hers. My thoughts were so pleasantly employ'd, I ne're examin'd the way she chose, and was surpris'd to see her stop at mine. I beg'd she'd allow me the Happiness of waiting upon her to hers, and she told me, I had already done so. Thus we parted, and I enter'd some time after, without acquainting her that I lodg'd in the same House. A few minutes after, my Heart seem'd entirely hers, and when it had for a while enjoy'd it self with the thoughts of a new Beauty, and judg'd the Conquest past, its first Mistress wou'd return, recall the wand'rer, and force him to obedience ; and the fair *Timandra* still possess'd a Heart, in spite of its owner.

We

We often met, and the Charming *Olmachine*, (for that was the name of this kind fair one) at last let me know she lov'd. But did it with all the modesty of her Sex, shew'd a strong and nice Virtue, with a powerful Love; paleness o'respread her Face, trembling dwelt upon her Lips, her Eyes were fix'd upon the ground, and her Words were moving, but her Beauty more. 'Twas then, that Love shew'd himself a capricious Deity; for the Maid no sooner had attack'd my Heart, than 'twas entirely yours. I had Eyes no more for her, and my inclinations being wholly chang'd, I receiv'd the tender address with more indifferency, than good breeding or gratitude cou'd well allow. However, when I had recollected my self, I gave her all that Satisfaction she cou'd justly expect from a heart she knew wholly prepossest, and now firmly fortified against a change, I see her home at Night, and inform her, that I lodg'd in the same House; she blush'd at the unexpected adventure, and tho' she lov'd, was sorry to know a Man under the same Roof with her self, that was conscious to her weakness. Next day I din'd with her, where I made my acquaintance with her Aunt; and whom I found to be the Mistress of the Family. The old Gentlewoman entertain'd me very kindly, and commended my shape, mien, and garb, with all the gallantry, of which one at twenty is capable; and I return'd her Complements with that careless gravity, to which my griefs permitted me not to be a stranger. At night she came to my Room; and under the notion of asking, if things were in that order I wish'd them, spent some hours

hours in my Company. I cou'd observe, while she stay'd, that nothing pleas'd her so much, as when the Subject was Love: The Blood sparkled through her buff Cheeks, and Love lay burning in her deadned Eyes. Next day I found her painted and dress'd, with that gallantry that only fitted Brides of fifteen, and I was a second time oblig'd to accept of a splendid Entertainment from her. Thus she continu'd kind, and every day gave me new grounds of suspecting the old Letcher inflam'd. While the Aunt made daily advances, the lovely Niece saw me but seldom; and when she did, 'twas with all the bashfulness of a guilty young sinner, whose Virtue had newly been seduc'd. I paid her all those respects she deserv'd, and gave my Pity when I had no more. She'd sigh, look pale, and gently hang her head; then leave me sad, because I cou'd not love. *Attabalippa*, (for that was the Aunt's name) in time became a perfect plague, she haunts me like a Ghost, my Will and Actions seem the guide of hers, and she does nothing, in which her hopes to please me has not a share. This made me look out for new Lodgings, and I was ready to depart, when my Servant *Curacas* came and told me, the fair *Olmechine* lay dangerously ill of a Fever; at this a sudden tenderness seiz'd me, Pity and fears lodg'd in my Breast, and a thousand Torments rack'd me till I saw her. I soon got admittance, and (having seated myself by her upon the Bed) enquir'd passionately after her health; the Charming Innocent wept, and sigh'd, then looking upon me with Eyes all Languishing, answer'd, I am———At this a new

new flood of Tears broke forth, and all the Charms of Beauty in distress assault my Heart, and mov'd a pity equal even to Love. Then taking hold of her fair hand, that lay above the Cloaths, I kiss'd it with all the Transports new-born flames cou'd give; conjur'd her to speak, I long'd to share her griefs; and almost wish'd my self the Cause, to have the Power of giving some relief. Thus while I mourn'd over her, possess'd with all the tenderness of dying Mothers, for their weeping infants, I cou'd see her Lips (like Roses pluckt) grow pale, her Heart beat thick, and night o'respread her Eyes, her Soul half fled, and she at last lay fainting in my Arms. This adds to my sorrow, and lab'ring 'twixt grief and Love, I gently rais'd her drooping Head, and strove to kiss her back again to Life; my sighs ecchoed in her ears, and my groans awak'd her from this little death. She look'd upon me with all the Symptoms of a Love-sick Maid, and blush'd to find her self lying in my Bosom, with half her Beauties open; then faintly struggling, threw her self down upon the Bed. Ah! Sir, (said she) for Heav'ns sake, think me Virtuous, tho' you've found me weak; tenderness for your loss first begot my Love, then use it as the darling Child of that generous passion, and not the effect of a mind unfix'd; pardon the excess of a flame so pure, and give me pity, if you cannot Love. I answer'd these obliging words with all the sweetness which her Charms inspir'd, and if a flame equal to that of hers did not then possess me, I told her, my Gratitude and her Beauty would assist me, and my Heart shou'd quickly bid adieu



to its old Mistress, to entertain one whose merit justly claim'd a better. This eas'd the Maid, and I left her more sound in mind and better than I found her. *Attabalippa* met me just as I came out, and forc'd me with her back into the Room. *Olmechine* blush'd at the unexpected Happiness, and was scarce able to look upon her Aunt, because her Lover look'd and was so nigh. She was glad to see her Niece alter'd to the better; and going to the other end of the Room, view'd her self in a large Glass, opposite to the Bed, and ask'd me, smiling, how I lik'd her dress? Then told me, how such a one had lov'd her, that a Lord had dy'd for her, and that most of the Youth in *Chira* still sigh'd for her, and wondered where that Beauty lay which charm'd them. I answered her dotage very modestly, and *Olmechine*, (whose Fever was now abated) took particular notice of all that past; was ashamed of her weakness, and sensibly touch'd to find a Rival where she least look'd for one. In the mean time, the old Gentlewoman, who had forgot something below Stairs, quitted the Room, after she had desir'd me to wait upon her Niece, and divert her melancholy thoughts till she return'd. I look'd upon the fair one, with an Air that spoke me pleas'd with the opportunity and imployment; and she, with a Charming Voice, told me, she was not the only Conquest I had made; and tho' she fear'd some ill Consequences from her Aunt's passion, yet she had the satisfaction of seeing Age inflam'd, and lookt upon it as some excuse for hers. I confess'd I had been long sensible of that esteem her Aunt had for me, but that it had never met with

with any Encouragement; that since her Charms had been able to drive *Amazona* (for so I had always call'd you) from my Heart, they were sufficient guards against the fond assaults of an old Woman, whom I esteem'd only, because of that Relation she had to her I lov'd. The fair one, sighing, answer'd all I said with so much modesty, she look'd like innocence her self, and told me, her past misfortunes yielded to her present Happiness, that all her losses doubly were repay'd, and she no more complain'd of cruel fortune. Her Face and Breeding spoke her Quality beyond her present Circumstances; and seeing she was able to speak without prejudice to her health, I gently press'd she'd let me know who it was had taken the happy Conquerour Captive, and if my Love was able to repay the least part of her by-past Sufferings. She, all goodness, and full of love, after a few Tears, began. Here *Adrastus* stopt, and waited my consent to the Relation of *Olmechine's* story; which, Madam, for your divertisement, I likewise send you; and if my Letter be of too great length, impute it to my Obedience, and the desire I have to serve you.

**M**Y Father was a Man well known in *Nai-trant*, by the Title of *Manco*, an Earldom which was long possess'd by a noble series of his famous Ancestors, handed down to him with additional Honours, which their Kings according to their Merits had bestow'd. In his Youth he discover'd a thousand signs of that extravagancy which possess'd him in his Elder Year's. At Masks he still appear'd with all the gallantry of

of Youth, dress'd profusely, but danc'd well, had a pleasant Countenance, but a large stock of Ill-nature, a refin'd Wit employ'd to ignoble uses; quarrel'd with all men, and seem'd a bubble to each Rook he knew. His Father (whom Heaven had bless'd with no more Children) griev'd to see that Son, from whom his Age had hop'd so many Blessings, the cause of endless fears. And to reclaim him from his wildness, thought Marriage the best expedient. *Almado*, his Friend and Neighbour, (a Man equal to himself in Birth and Fortune, the Father of two Daughters) had often propos'd an Alliance with his Family; and of this he now resolves to accept. The Match is immediately agreed upon between them, and my Father Accompanies the old Earl to *Almado's* House, where he saw the Charming *Arathea* (for that was my Mother's name) and seeing Lov'd. She, whom Fame had acquainted with his Nature, and her Father with his business, had that grief upon her Soul the accident might justly give. This languishment adds to her Beauty, and to his Flame. *Almado*, who was of a gen'rous temper, was sorry to see his Daughter averse to what he thought conduc'd so much to her welfare, and tells her all the Advantages that attend so great a match, that the Love my Father had for her wou'd settle his roving thoughts, and stay his Soul at home. Her Beauty wou'd doubtless reclaim him. That Marriage wrought such changes, was evident from every day's experience; and that Youth in that state, were oblig'd to reckon themselves amongst the number of men, and as such to live; that a lovely Woman had more Eloquence than

than a grave Philosopher, and Love to Virtue join'd, more power than Vice with all her Madness about her. The Daughter naturally Pious, knew what she ow'd to her Parents, and show'd Obedience by a quick consent. The old Earl was overjoy'd at his good success; bless'd his Friend, and the happy hour which gave his Daughter Birth. Their hopes were equal, and their thoughts flew high, and every hour of added life was look'd upon as Cyphers joyn'd to the numbers of their Blessings. But this pleasant Scene, was not of long duration; for the Brave *Almado*, had the misfortune, to be accus'd by Villains, (Enemies to Virtue) of some designs against his Prince, and was forc'd to seek for safety in another Nation, where he shortly after dy'd. Old *Manco* griev'd for the misfortune of his Friend; but more to see his Eldest Daughter ill us'd by his own Son, and the other expos'd a prey to Contempt and Poverty, because her Father's Fortune answer'd for his seeming guilt, and pay'd for Crimes not his. But as if Heaven had design'd my Mother for the longest sufferer, the Earl (after he had settled a small part of his Estate upon her Sister *Attabalippa*) dy'd, and left the disconsolate *Arathea*, to mourn a loss which Fortune ne'er attempted to repay.

*Manco* soon forgot the loss of a Father, whom he had always look'd upon as an allay to all his Pleasures; and now being entirely Master of himself and Fortune, he aims at Vice in all her pomp, keeps an Army of Footmen, plays incessantly at Cards with every Sharper, and pays a double price for every pleasure. While thus he liv'd



liv'd, I came into the World, and tho', he look'd upon my Mothers Charms and Virtue, as things not worthy of his serious thoughts, yet upon this occasion there was nothing wanting that Money, master'd by a lavish mind, could bring, and the poor Countess mourn'd in state, to see her Infant born to cruel wants. Sometime after it, he sold one half of his Fortune, to appease the rageing hunger of some gaping Creditors; the remaining part cou'd not long supply his Disbursements, and he at last reduc'd it all to nothing. My Mother wearied out with this long Scene of misery, in a short time sunk beneath the burden of her misfortunes, and smiling plung'd into the other World; while I, whom Heav'n preserv'd to sport it self withal, was taken care of by her Sister, upon whom the Earl (as I have already told you) had settled a small part of his Estate. She was not of *Arathea's* temper, Gallantry seem'd the business of her life, and tho' she was always Virtuous, yet her Conduct seldom made her thought such, for innocence it self, is not sufficient for a Woman, unless she also study to appear so; because the World, which only views the outside of affairs, seldom offers to give its Judgment of things as they really are, but as they seem to be. I had reach'd the twelfth Year of my Age, when *Marco* asham'd of what was past, and terrified with the prospect of future disgrace and contempt, (the Companions of Poverty by madness brought) abandon'd his House and Relations, and threw himself naked upon the World, in the quality of one of her beggar'd Sons, possess'd of nothing, but what in time she might

D

bestow

bestow upon him for tedious Years of toyls, and hated labour. What few friends his poverty had left him, were sorry for the accident, but none strove to give relief; and upon second thoughts, inwardly rejoyc'd to see the poor spendthrift gone, tho' they knew not whither. My few Years did not protect me from a due feeling of these Misfortunes; and that Beauty, which already began to display it self in my Face, now droopt and languish'd ere its day had dawn'd, and darkness struggled with the glimmering Light.

My Aunt still made a considerable figure in the World, and strove to maintain some part of the Grandeur of her Family, upon that small Estate *Manco* had given her; and I was by those, ignorant of our Circumstances, reputed a Woman of no small Fortune. This gave me the trouble of some Lovers, amongst whom were the Lord *Avilon's* two Sons, men of infinite parts; the Eldest was tall, of good Shapes, had an incomparable Air, danc'd well, and sung to a wonder, but addicted to Anger and Jealousie, passions of sufficient force to oppress a large stock of Virtues. The Younger was all good Nature, of a prompt and piercing Wit, Eloquent beyond expression, had the softness of a Woman in his Voice, and all the Courage of that mighty Creature Man in his Soul. I was equally lov'd by both, each strove to gain a Heart insensible of their merits, and tho' the youngest had a great share in my esteem, yet neither of them possess'd my Love. Thus for a while they Courted, the present still speaking to the Advantage of the absent, till *Duverr* (for that was the name of the Eldest) o'recome by his Jealousie,

Jealousie, quarrel'd with his Brother, (the Handsome *Sevilus*) by whom (after a few thrusts) he was kill'd, in a field adjoining to our House. The Young unfortunate Conquerour, kiss'd the wounded Clay wept over him some Hours, and then (consulting his own safety) fled. His Father us'd all his interest at Court, to obtain a pardon for his only Son; and *Canador* our present Sovereign (all Mercy) grants it soon as ask'd. But he never returning, it was useless, and the afflicted old Man (now concluding both his Children lost) in a few Years dy'd, having left his Estate to the next Heir-Male, if his absent Son return'd not.

I cou'd not longer live in the Country, where I was look'd upon as the cause of so many mischiefs. My Aunt, whose fortune now began to ebb, was perswaded by necessity, and we came to *Chira*, where unknown we have liv'd these five Years without a change of Fortune; nor have we yet heard what became of my poor unfortunate Father, or the young *Sevilus*, now (if alive) Lord *Avilon*. The Court and foreign Trade renders the City very populous, and private Families reside in it unregarded. Thus you see Sir, (continued the afflicted Fair) how misfortunes have pursu'd me from my Infancy, and I have now added sensibly to their number, by that weakness of which you have found me guilty.

Here she ended, and the story wrought that Impression, which the affliction of the fair Sex does on generous Souls. I was all pity, all tenderness, all sorrow; and each of these were swallow'd up in Love. I wish'd her all the Happiness the love-

liest of her Kind e're possess'd; swore my constant Love thou'd atone for part of her past ills, clasp'd her gently in my Arms, laid her all languishing to my Breast, and whisper'd comfort to the kind afflicted. She (whom Love had not robb'd of Modesty (reprov'd me mildly for the rudeness, and said, she fear'd I doubted much her Virtue, when I thus presum'd upon her Love. I answer'd this with words that sufficiently spoke it the effect of my passion and my grief, for a thought that differ'd so much from my real intentions or sentiments; Madam, (cry'd I) believe me I love, that I think you Virtuous, that I lament your past sufferings, and shall be ever yours. The Aunt jealous of her Niece's Charms, made all the dispatch she cou'd of any affairs that kept her from me, and enter'd just as I pronounc'd the last words. At first she stood amaz'd at what she saw, but (willing to conceal that concern she had for the discovery) turn'd it into Raillery, and smiling ask'd her Niece, if she stood in need of a Love-Physician, to compleat the Cure of her Fever. *Olmehine* only smil'd; and I, who was obliged to answer for both the offenders, told *Attabalippa*, that I shar'd in her Niece's sickness; that my Heart was naturally tender, that Women's pains (if fair) were all my own; and that I was glad of her arrival, and thereupon shew'd a Picture, (done by the best Master of the World, which I valu'd at a hundred Guineas.) This, Madam, (said I) the fair *Olmehine* at first view admir'd, but when I beg'd she'd accept the small Complement, it was answer'd, you better deserv'd it, and I swore it shou'd be ever hers. At this you appear'd,



pear'd, as if kind fortune had sent you to decide the difference. The old Gentlewoman was pleas'd to find things no worse, and decided in my favours; while the Charming Niece had Joys equal to hers, in seeing how much I fear'd, and what caution I us'd for the concealment of my flame; for Cares are always Natural signs of growing love, and our endeavours to hide any thing, a mark of that value put upon it.

In a short time the fair one was perfectly recover'd, and *Attabalippa* wou'd often call me an able *Physician*, and attribute the cure to my Conversation. But at last growing jealous to a degree of madness, she deny'd her that Happiness, and watch'd her with as many Eyes as *Argus* e're had open, when he look'd to the Rival Cow, at the command of the jealous Goddess. While I was absent from this fond tender Beauty, my Heart would struggle 'twixt the old and new, recall to view my first and latter Vows, show *Olmechine* in all her sweetness, and *Timandra* with her Honour abandon'd for my sake, then I wou'd immediately be all yours; when with your Rival I lov'd her, when absent I forgot her; and still as the moving Object fled from my sight, the flame she had kindled burnt no longer, but serv'd to add to that I had for another. The Aunt storm'd and lov'd, saw me frequently, and had always the marks of Anger, Jealousie, and Love evident in her Countenance, and forgot not to tell me, she took notice of that inclination the fond young Girl had for me, (meaning her Niece) and was sorry to see how much I contributed to the encrease of her passion. I deny'd all, and certainly had left *Chira* to be rid of so

many tortures, if the Compassion I had for *Olmechine's* sufferings had not commanded my stay. At Night *Curacas* told me she had met him upon the Stairs, and desir'd to see me next Morning at the Rivers side. I fail'd not to be there, and had not waited long when she arriv'd. We spent the first part of our time upon the Water; where we discours'd our Loves anew, laugh'd at the old Aunt, pity'd her weakness, and pleas'd our selves with the hopes of coming Happiness. But the day growing hotter, we forsook the inconstant Element for one more fix'd, and chose to walk beneath some Trees which grew upon the Bank; *Olmechine* on a sudden stop'd, and offer'd to retire, because the King was upon the place; and I, who had never yet seen this Prince, was now resolv'd to lay hold of the opportunity. But as I was about to tell her so, the mighty *Canador* appear'd, of whom Fame speaks so many wonders. He discours'd familiarly with any Man that approach'd him, look'd all Majesty and Courage, yet had Mercy painted in his Face. We stood sometime to see what Courtiers were with him, when to the wonder of all, a young Man (with his Hair cut above his Ears, imprison'd (you'd thought so at least) in his Coat; his shoes and every thing about him bespeaking his Employment, and his Gloves thrown beneath his Arm-pit) approach'd. He ask'd some Persons of Quality which was the King, and having found him, bluntly demanded if he was *Canador* the Sovereign of *Naitrant*; who smiling answered he was. The Seaman immediately pulls a Letter out of his Pocket, and presents it with that

grace

grace inherent to men of his profession. The King ask'd from whom it came? And he confidently reply'd, from my Companion honest *Villacus*, a Man who has done your Majesty great service at Sea these Seven Years past. He came on shoar some Months ago, and after he had spent his Money with pleasure, as with toyl he gain'd it, was forc'd by Necessity to reimburse with the first opportunity, and so had the misfortune in a Civil way to borrow some pounds upon the Road from a Gentleman, for which he is now detain'd Prisoner in the *Caroula*, and may shortly pay too much interest for the Mony, if your Majesty does not discharge the Sum, and relieve him speedily. The King was pleas'd to open the Letter; which we afterwards understood to be to this purpose.

Kind Sir,

**M**<sup>R</sup> Friend Pallamos (*the bearer hereof,*) can tell you who I am, and what I have done for you these seven Years. If you will not believe him, you may ask the question of Benizor our Admiral and your good Friend. I had the misfortune to be taken up for a small business, which I don't desire to hear of again, because I have heard too much on't already. I was try'd and Condem'd, and unless you look out very sharp you may come to lose a very good Subject; for I am to be hang'd to morrow or next day at farthest. And dye see, Sir, I wou'd have you Remember this in time, for the hours stay for no man, and the Gal-

*lows is ready for any man ; and look ye I cannot  
endure the thoughts of hanging.*

Sir,

Your Friend to serve you,

*Villacus.*

*Canador* taken with the Adventure, laugh'd heartily, and turning to *Benizer*, who then walk'd with him, ask'd if he knew any such? who reply'd he did, that they were two merry Fellows, had serv'd in his own Ship, and were extraordinary Seamen. While the King discours'd the Admiral, I cou'd see the Young Tarr fix his Eyes upon *Olmechine*; she blusht and trembl'd, and he show'd no fewer marks of surprise in his Countenance; when approaching, Madam, (said he) may I ask where the fair *Olmechine* lives, and what place of this City is bless'd with so sweet a Guest? This he spoke with an Air that bely'd his habit; and she unable to answer, only sigh'd. In the mean time the King ask'd for him, and bid him acquaint his Comrade with his success, adding, his Pardon shou'd be sent him in the Evening. He, who again appear'd a Seaman, bow'd to his Prince after a very odd manner, and tossing up his Hat (after a few Pray'rs for the King, and a languishing look to the fair *Olmechine*) run off, and left the Company beyond thought pleas'd with the Novelty of the address. The fair confus'd one soon quit the place, and as we walk'd homewards, I cou'd observe



observe her drown'd in melancholy, that her Soul was o'reburden'd, and she was ready to sink between two very different passions, Grief and Love. I ask'd the cause with all the tenderness of which a Man can be capable; and she answered me in the same Language she had done the lovely Seaman.

Next Morning I paid a visit to the old Woman, she was glad to see me, but the lovely Niece (no more what she had been) Sickned as I enter'd. The Aunt observ'd it, and Remembering how she had been indispos'd that Night, attributed the cause to Love, and playd upon the Subject. In the mean time one of the Servants enter'd, and whispering something to *Attabalippa*, the dejected *Olmechine* told me in a moving accent; that the misfortunes of others now press'd her Heart, and new pains had seiz'd her easie Soul; that time wou'd shew me how weak she was, and I wou'd scorn her for her past kindness. This discourse amaz'd me, and I was about to tell her so, when her Aunt cry'd *bring them in*; the Door was immediately open'd, and I cou'd see two handsom Gentlemen enter. *Olmechine* trembl'd, look'd pale, sigh'd, and in a moment fainted. The Aunt ran with open Arms, not knowing which of them to embrace first; and cry'd, Oh *Manco*! Oh *Avilon*! The Father and the Lover equally strove to assist the Fainting fair; and each regardless of *Attabalippa's* kindness flew like lightning to embrace the Lovely Niece. Both raise her up, both weep, and joyntly press her Lips. The Charming innocent lifted up her Eyes, bless'd Heav'n, then sigh'd, and fainted o're again. At this, the

Lover

Lover floods of Tears let fall, curs'd his own folly, rav'd because he had shewn too much of Happiness at once, and had not brought her Heav'n by just degrees. The Father was possess'd with all the tenderness of an afflicted Parent. He gaz'd upon her, stood motionless, and in groans spoke all his griefs. The Aunt was divided between hopes and fears, and my endeavours for her recovery, gave way to those of her first Lover. At last she spoke and Charm'd them into extasie. Not smiles of new-born Infants ever were so welcome to tender Mothers, after all their pains as the first word she utter'd. After some minutes thus spent, they at last seated themselves; and ask'd a thousand questions of each others Fortunes. *Olmechine* press'd *Avilon* to tell her if he was the Man who had address'd the King the preceeding day, for a Pardon to his Friend. *Manco* smil'd, and desir'd the Lover to satisfy her Curiosity. At this I offer'd to retire, but twas beg'd I'd stay. In the mean time the Young Lord began, and told her how he had met with her Father at Sea, that they had both serv'd together in one Ship, that a few weeks after they came to *Chira*, they went into the Country to enquire after her, where by the way the Earl was apprehended for a Robbery, because he had some resemblance of the Author, and being Condemn'd, they had made use of that Stratagem to obtain a Pardon, without discovering his Quality. That when he had left the King, he waited at the end of the Avenue and dog'd her home; and that as soon as her Father was at liberty, and they had provided themselves in handsome Cloaths, they came to wait upon her.

The

The fair one wept at the story of their hardships, thank'd the Gods that had restor'd her Parent to her, and kneeling ask'd his Blessing. The Earl, with all that gravity in his Face which Age and misfortunes commonly imprint told her that Heav'n had now repay'd all his sufferings, that he saw the Errors of his Youth, and was sorry he had been the Cause of all her past miseries. Then taking *Avilon* by the hand; here my deat *Olmechine* (cry'd he) receive the Companion of my toyls and absence, my good and bad Fortunes, look upon him as the preserver of your Father's Life, Honour, and Estate; and the Man whom kind Heaven designs you for your Husband. At this she blush'd, and the happy young Lover throwing himself at her feet, conjur'd her to remember his past sufferings, his continued Constancy, and all his Vows. The fair one fix'd her Eyes upon mine, and with Tears answer'd all he said.

In the Morning she sent for me, and after a thousand blushes and faint sighs, ask'd me if I cou'd see her Marry'd to another. I lov'd her when present, and was scarce able to answer, but upon second thoughts told her, I cou'd see her possess'd by *Avilon*, because his services best deserv'd her, and that to purchase happiness for her, I cou'd forego my own; I shew'd the handsome Young Lover in his best shapes, and forgot not to put her in mind of those obligations she lay under to him. She confess'd his worth, but doubted still the truth of what I said, and ask'd me blushing if I spoke my thoughts? I swore I did; that as Compassion first begot her Love, so it had done mine; and the cause once remov'd,

remov'd, the Effect naturally ceas'd, that I cou'd mourn her misfortunes no longer, when I saw her happily Marry'd to a Man who lov'd so well; that she should ever have the greatest share in my esteem, and in my Heart take place next to *Amazonta*; and that for my self, I hop'd time shou'd procure me that happiness, which the thoughts of seeing her honourably match'd had already begun. I cou'd read contentment in her Eyes, and she might easily have found as much in mine. When I left her, I began more seriously to reflect on what had past; and by my hopes of future Happiness I swear, in all my search, I found not one thought that was not for this Marriage; and was confirm'd in my opinion, when inform'd that *Axilon* had bestow'd upon the repenting *Manco* the profits of his Estate, which he had not enjoy'd since his Father's Decease; it amounted to a considerable Sum, and with it he was able to relieve that half of his Fortune which he had not sold, and that which *Amabalippa* posses'd became likewise his by her Death. This, Madam, I say confirm'd me much in my Resolution of seeing her Married to another. But your fair Idea which still haunted me, confirm'd me more, and finish'd what was begun, my imperfect thoughts settled there and all my wishes center'd in *Timandra*.

The day following they were Marry'd, *Axilon* posses'd the Mistress of all his Vows, for whom he had endur'd Seven Years of tedious Exile; she a Lover who had restor'd her Father to his Fortune and Honour. *Manco* saw his Daughter Marry'd to the best of men, and her self the most Charming and Obedient Nature



ere had fram'd, looks on his inclinations past, compares them with the present, and finds how far he had mistaken the Road to Happiness, thanks Heaven for all those hardships he had known, because they serv'd to show the value of his present Fortunes. *Attabalippa* was o'rejoy'd at the return of her Brother-in-Law, and the loss of a Rival, in the Marriage of her Niece, and I had all at that pleasure love and absence wou'd permit. Thus we were all happy, and a few days after began our Journey to the Country. At *Olmechine's* desire, I made one in this happy Company, and I cou'd observe how blest the fair one was; contentment and Love sat smiling on her Brow; and *Venus*, when she for the Apple strove, exposing all her graces to the Youth, was a homely Beauty, rugged and deform'd, match'd with this lovely Nymph. Joys sparkled in her Eyes, and the calmness of her Soul and Mind display'd it self in all her words. But if by chance, she fix'd her Eyes on mine, thoughts of that weakness she had lately shown, disturb'd her Peace, and fann'd expiring Fires; or if at any time they spoke of constant Loves, she'd sigh, and blush, then faintly look on me. When we had rid two days Journey, I met upon the Road an Inhabitant of *Capac*, of whom asking several questions, and at last concerning you, I was surpriz'd to hear him say, *you'll laugh when I've told you how the Earl of Rucana Marry'd her.* The words like Lightning struck me to the Heart, my Blood was chill'd, and froze within my Veins, and I had scarce the Courage to bid him tell me all: At last he did it. But good Gods!

Gods ! you only know what passions swell'd my loaded Breast ! Grief, Shame, and Repentance first took place ; then Joys follow'd, not to be chang'd for those the Gods possess Eternal springs and sweets seem now in view, the thoughts of former pleasures are no more, all past and present vanish'd, (like Birds of Night at the approaching Sun) at the coming of a new Heav'n. *Timandra* was innocent, all Lovely, all Virtue, and tho' I found too late how faulty I had been, yet to my comfort, I still remembred the Nature of the offended Fair, knew her all Mercy, and blest kind Heav'n and her. *Olmechine* no more appear'd the same, her Eyes look'd dead, her Beauties fled, and all the footing which her Charm's had gain'd, for Years of sighs, within my faithful Breast, was in one moment by *Timandra* won. I acquainted the happy Fair with my good fortune, and told her my *Amazon-ta* still was just, that her Maid had borrow'd her name, and was already Married. The kind she shar'd in my Joys, bid me post to Happiness which I oft had wish'd, and had so well deserv'd. Mounted on Wings of Love I hither came; stole into *Capac* with all the privacy and inward Joy of Misers, who at dead of Night go to view their hoarded Treasure ; and found *Zibelline* at the Garden Door, when asking for the Object of my desires, I was inform'd the Duke was possess'd of all, and I for ever damn'd, and excluded that Heav'n your Mercy had tempted me to hope. I enter'd, found you sleeping, sigh'd over you, till my trembling Soul prompted, by the Heav'n-like outside, strove

to abandon my Body, and possess it self of yours; and while thus I labour'd you awak'd, and by your griefs you taught me what to hope.

Here Adrastus ended; and, Madam, I cou'd wish you'd spare me the shame and trouble of Writing what follow'd. Yet had the *Trojan* look'd but half so fair, the *Tyrian* Queen was happy even in flames; for to live without him, had brought new pains each moment of her life, and all her Years had been consum'd in sorrow; or had he when at Sea so lovely been, the Queen of Heav'n had laid her Anger by and smil'd upon him, Winds had for ever been in Chains ty'd up, and mutter'd for new vent within their Cells. While she above in contemplation wrap'd, had seen the Waves plow'd up by *Trojan* Ships, and kept his men from danger for his sake; *Jove's* Bed for ever now had nauseous grown, and she'd have left the joys and sweets of Heav'n for the Embraces of the God-like mortal; she'd envy'd *Dido*, and her place supply'd, and had by flames extinguish'd raging fires. Virtue and Marriage Vows had fled before the happy Conquerour, and *Cynthia* her self, with all her coldness and indifferency about her, had smil'd, if this young Man had seen her in the Water, naked she'd stood and gaz'd upon his Eyes, and caught by Love, forgot to seek Revenge, then in the heat of wild desire, expos'd to view what happy streams had hid, to tempt the Youth into an equal flame. Wonder not then, Madam, if I confess my weakness, and tell you, that I yielded, that he possess'd what was anothers right,

right, and weigh'd the Blessing in the Scales of Love.

That night he went to the Earl's (who yet knew nothing of his being in *Capac*) 'twas there he found the Duke, and was, by both receiv'd with that joy natural to a kind Brother, and a constant friend. I had complain'd of *Minoya's* unkindness, and he forgot not that Night to observe his behaviour, and found the Countess shew'd no compliance to his Passion, but what good Manners and his Quality commanded from her. When he came to see me next morning, my Husband fond of his Company would not live without him, and he accepted of an Apartment in our House.

You may condemn me, Madam, perhaps, because I did not oppose this, and shun'd the Man that made me betray my Honour, and my Marriage Vows. But I must plead the force of his Love, and my weakness for an excuse; and I hope you are no stranger to the force of the Young Deity; for had *Apollo*, with all his curls, locks that wanton'd in the Wind, and all the Charms his Musick e're had wrought, been half so taking, half so gay, the lovely Virgin ne're had fled before him; the Gods had laugh'd when she for pity cry'd, and all the Goddesses had envy'd her Happiness, her Heart so long cou'd not have flinty prov'd, she'd turn'd, and look'd, then lov'd, and yielded.

*Adrastus* thus happily posted, enjoy'd his Mistress and the friendship of her Husband, and beneath that shade the Serpent lodg'd, that stung his Honour when he seem'd secure; in  
the



the mean time he goes often to *Rucana's*, and assaults his Wife with all the Arts of Love; but she (too modest, and fortified with a stronger Virtue than I was ever Mistress of,) withstood this growing Malady, and hop'd to cure him ere her Husband took notice on't.

In the Evening *Adrastus* came into my Room, and there spent some hours; our security made us careless, and our repeated Joys had lull'd our wearied Souls almost into a Lethargy. I was sitting in a Chair hard by him, and my Head rested in his Bosom; the young Lover wou'd sigh, and eagerly press my hand, look languishing upon me, and tell how much he lov'd, then wonder how the Duke became so blind, and saw not Charms of force enough to move a frozen Hermit, drag him from his Religious Cell into the World again, make him lose what forty Years of cruel penance gain'd, and pull him back from Heav'n when almost enter'd.

As he pronounc'd the last words, the Duke came into the Room, he look'd furiously upon me, his Eyes plainly speaking his thoughts, and going to the other end of the Chamber, seated himself in a Chair opposite to me. *Adrastus* was confounded at the Accident, and only griev'd for me. Then rising up, he embrac'd his friend, ask'd the cause of his sudden melancholy, from whence his frowns, and swore his Wife was Virtuous even in thought. *Minoya* gave him small encouragement to plead for me or himself, and wou'd have forc'd himself from his Arms, when *Adrastus* (after he had given me a sign to retire) threw himself upon his knees, and (to

E

save

save my Reputation or at least my griefs) swore  
 by that friendship which he had always profess'd  
 towards him, *Timandra* was innocent, that 'twas  
 true, she had laid open her sufferings to him,  
 in hopes he might prevail with her Husband  
 to abandon that passion he had for the Countess  
 of *Rucana*, and that he cou'd do no less than  
 speak passionately, and with tenderness, to ease  
 her present griefs. The Duke, whether it was  
 because he saw his Love to his Sister-in-Law  
 taken notice of, or if he really believ'd what was  
 said, I won't determine; but after a short pause  
 he seem'd on a sudden pleas'd, and begg'd a thou-  
 sand pardons, for that unjust opinion he had  
 conceiv'd of his Friendship and my Virtue. Then  
 taking *Adrastus* by the hand (after they had  
 embrac'd) he led him into the Room where I  
 was. I had thrown my self upon the Bed all  
 drown'd in Tears; in this condition he found me,  
 and falling down by me, he clasp'd me in his  
 Arms, kiss'd me, and smil'd, Ah my dear *Timan-*  
*andra*! (cry'd he) Pardon the first Crime of  
 this Nature I e're committed, and accept of an  
 unfeign'd Repentance. By all the pow'rs in  
 Heav'n I love thee to distraction, and wou'd  
 not again be doubtful of thy Virtue, to be Mo-  
 narch of the Universe, curs'd be the thought,  
 and may Love and Peace be ever strangers to  
 my House, when e're I think the just *Timan-*  
*dra* false. *Adrastus* who saw with what tender-  
 ness he spoke, how good his Nature, and how  
 great his Love, almost repented what he had  
 done in prejudice to his Honour, and abhorr'd  
 his own Treachery. But then looking on me,  
 these Virtuous qualms forsook him. Sorrow mixt  
 with

with Jealousie took place ; he saw the Woman whom he first had lov'd, now kiss'd and ruffled in anothers Arms, and she by Vows to base compliance ty'd. This shook his Nature, made his Soul unfix'd, and almost turn'd his passion into madness. So mighty *Jove* from distant Heaven look'd down, and saw *Alcmena* whom he long had lov'd, now prest and folded in a Mortal's Arms, a while with Love and Jealousie he burns, and to himself he mutters sweet Revenge, swears by his God-head, when *Amphitrion's* fled, he'll lay his Thunder and his Scepter by, descend, and in the dull Phlegmatick Husband's place, lay both a burning Lover and a God.

For some days after the Duke forbore his visits to *Rucana* (or rather to his Wife) and *Adrastus* and I cou'd both of us have wish'd him oftner abroad, we began to fear that absence might lessen that flame he had for the Countess, and that which (before the return of my Lover) was my greatest torment, now became my blessing ; and nothing possess'd my Mind more, than the doubts I had, of being eternally deny'd the Happiness of entertaining the fond young Man. These fears did not last long, but gave the way to new ones built upon better grounds ; for the Duke went as frequently abroad as ever he had done, but then he stay'd not long, or if he did, 'twas when my Lover was with him, who griev'd for this violent separation, and had no comfort but what stol'n looks bestow'd. One Evening while the Duke sat by me, he dext'rously convey'd a short *Billet-deux* into my Pocket, some minutes after I read it, and found it to this purpose.

Madam,

**T**O morrow the Duke designs to hunt the Stag in the Park at Affapan, whither I design seemingly to wait upon him, but with the first opportunity to lose him, and return to Capac; doubt not the success, for I shall be happy if Timandra Loves.

Adraustus.

*Minoya* according to his Resolution went, and I doubted not but that the Earl of *Affapan* wou'd detain him till Night, if not longer. He was a Man of a great Estate but of mean Extraction, possess'd every thing that makes an accomplish'd Gentleman; was a Batchelour, seldom given to extravagancy, lov'd Hunting, and fitted the Duke's humour exactly.

I had waited but a few hours when *Adraustus* came; the danger added to the wish'd for Bliss, and I like the constant *Hero*, took the bold *Leander* in my Arms, wip'd his cares from him, laugh'd at Honour, and possess'd my Love. While thus we lay in fast embraces twin'd, dreamt of no Danger but of present Joys; my faithful *Zibelline* came running in, half dead with fear, and almost out of breath, Madam, (she cry'd) the Duke! The Duke! Prepare,—now save—your Lover—and—your ruin'd Honour.—*Adraustus* (careless of himself) starts up, unsheaths his Sword, and points it to his Breast. This! This! (said he) shall find an entrance here, and pierce my panting, loving, tender



tender Heart, when *I* abandon the too kind *Timandra*; the Duke shall bleed, and she shall still be safe; if now he come this Steel shall give him welcom. Trembling *I* caught my Lover in my Arms, bid him remember all his former Vows; when sighing at my feet inflam'd he lay, by all our hopes of Happiness, I swore *Minoya's* death shou'd bring *Timandra's* too. The Lover now no more of Courage knew; his Love for me a thousand fears begets, and plung'd in grief, all motionless he lies, thinking on me, but not my present danger. Then on a sudden leaping from this Trance, he cry'd, Speak! Speak! I'm yours, command me where you please. *Zibelline* half recover'd from her fright, within my Closet hid the hot young Man, my Husband ent'ring just as he was gone. My careless posture as in bed *I* lay, deludes his fancy with the hopes of Bliss; and my Maid (who saw a fire in his Blood, and how he sigh'd, and faintly spoke my name) retir'd, and left me in his loathsome Arms. *Adrastus* heard with sorrow all that past, yet pleas'd to know how faintly *I* embrac'd, each sigh *I* gave, he thought it meant for him, and all my actions spoke the joy unwelcome. So *Proserpina* when by *Pluto* caught receiv'd the Person of the ravishing God, with all those fears which tender Virgins know, and all the loathings of a lovely Maid, who had been blest with better sweeter loves; but at the last, comforts her self with this; that as she was to Hell and *Pluto* ty'd, for half the Year to share unequal pleasures; the other half was to be spent in Heaven.

When the Duke was gone, the Lover straight appear'd, grief press'd his Brow, and anger glow'd in his Cheeks. So *Mars*, when taken in another's Bed, storm'd when he saw the Gods look laughing on; but more when *Vulcan* stood before his Eyes, and *Venus* blushing for her Lover lay. My dalliances with the Duke had added to my Beauty, Blood sparkled in my Face, and the marks of past loves shin'd in my Eyes. So in the Morning wat'ry Suns appear, and speak that rains were either past or coming. *Adrastus* smil'd to see the Danger fled, thank'd me, and swore he never shou'd forget those fears and hazards I had lately known, to give him Heaven and Happiness in love. Then falling on his knees he kiss'd my Hand, and stole from that low step of Bliss unto the last, we renew'd those Joys we had not finish'd, and which my Husband had almost lost us by his sudden arrival; nor did we part till we had sufficiently repay'd the injury he had done.

Some days hereafter, *Adrastus* told me he had newly come from the Earl of *Rucana*, that he was Jealous of the Duke, because of some words he had accidentally let fall, and of his frequent visits; that he swore revenge, and rag'd like *Hercules* in his Poyson'd Shirt, or the unfortunate *Bajazet* in his Iron Cage. This gave me a thousand fears; I knew *Rucana* brave, lov'd much, a Man that wou'd not always be impos'd upon, and had taught the Duke once already what to expect from him. I must confess I lov'd *Adrastus* much, but withal cou'd not chuse but fear for a man who was my Husband, and who

still

still doated on me when in my Company, manage all those Charms his new Mistress possess'd. I charg'd *Adrastus* to run and seek him, and prevent (if possible) his visit to the Countess that Night. The Lover flew to obey me, and I rested impatient of his stay, longing to know the success of our project. In the mean time my Husband had gone to *Rucana's*, where after some words had past between them, (of which few were Witnesses) they went into the Garden to begin that Tragedy which I so much fear'd; for *Minoya*, after he had receiv'd three Wounds, run the Earl thorow the Body, and left him dead upon the place; that done, he leapt over the Garden wall, and coming hastily thorow the Streets with his Cloak muffled about him, in the dark and without Attendants, he was met by *Adrastus*, who seeing he came from his Brother's steep close up to him, and suddenly cry'd *Your Grace has been last with Rucana*. The Duke terrified with his guilt, dreamt of nothing less than his friend; and judging him who ask'd the question privy to what had past, drew his Sword, and at the first thrust run him into the Arm. *Adrastus* surpris'd with this return, concluded the Duke had a design upon his Life, and in his own defence us'd all the Arts of a good Swordsman, and left my Husband's Soul taking its flight from that passage he had given it in his left Breast. The noise of Swords had drawn a considerable number of People together, and several had seen the Duke the first aggressor, so that none offer'd to seize him. He came straight to me with his all bloody in his hand, and throwing himself at my feet; he fix'd his Eyes upon me, set the

point to his Breast, and cry'd, Here I must receive my doom for that Crime I have unwillingly committed; if *Timandra* acquit me, I am able to defend my innocence before the Gods themselves, but if she do not, then *Adrastus* falls to appease the angry Ghost of his Friend. I knew not what to think, the Duke, the Earl run equally in my Mind; his Cloaths and Sword besprinkled both with Blood, taught me to fear the worst; and I cou'd hardly say, speak on, is the Duke my Husband well? He all sorrow started up, stared wildly upon me, and cry'd *Minoya* was no more; at this I fainted, and when I came to my self again, I found the lovely Murd'rer at my feet weeping and begging hard for Mercy; he show'd me his innocence, swore he wou'd love me to death, tho' extended on the Rack and all his joynts dissever'd; that, if I remembred him as the Author of my Husband's death, he'd own it to the World a base treacherous Murder, and throw away a Life that was not worth his keeping since undervalu'd by me: Then ask'd me if I cou'd see that Neck stretch'd out under the hands of a common Executioner, that I had so often embrac'd in my longing Arms, or his Body hung in Chains like the loath'd Carcase of some wild Ruffian or base Malefactor, expos'd to contempt, and be the Object of each raskals mirth; conjur'd me to remember all our Joys past, his present Grief, and constant Love. Then raising himself up again, he laid hold of his Sword, curs'd his Stars, his Fortune, and Himself; Swore he'd end his Life that moment, pointed it to his Bosom, then look'd again on me, threw it from him, fell at my feet, groan'd and melted into a Woman's weakness,



weakness, and faintly murmur'd, can I leave *Timandra*? No! No! I cannot, that were to lose Heaven and Life too. In the mean time the Officers came with a Warrant to apprehend him. I heard the noise upon the Stairs, and desir'd him (but in vain) to provide for his safety. When they enter'd he arose and told them if they wanted the Man had kill'd *Minoya* he was ready to answer for him. Then looking back on me, he ask'd me if he shou'd preserve his Life, or if he was indifferent to me, if the last, he knew what to do, for he cou'd ne're resolve to Live, unless *Timandra* Lov'd him, and seeing I did not answer, come (said he to the Officers) let us go where Justice calls for us, 'twixt grief and Love I faintly look'd after him, and bid him remember that *I ne're was cruel*.

When he was gone, I began to know some respite of my sorrows, and in that state cou'd consider the nature of the Accident, and my own Circumstances. I remembered the Duke's Love when I marry'd him, his good Nature and fond Compliance with every thing I desir'd. Then call'd to view *Adrastus*, saw him my first Lover, Constant to a wonder, that had conceal'd those favours from the World which I had bestow'd upon him, had kill'd his Friend in his own defence, full of Repentance, but more of Love; despising his Life for my Love, and setting that value upon things, just as he found I esteemed them. Then I was all fear for him; I saw the Duke's Friends already his Enemies, and knew how Justice might be wrested. But still my cares give place to flattering Hope; I remembered we were now both single, that Heaven seem'd to have

have ordain'd us for one another, because of that Sympathy between our Hearts and Natures, and dreamt already of a Heav'n to come ; for fear is but the prospect of a future ill, which pain'd we view and yet might shun with ease, cause when our thoughts on Phantoms are employ'd, Giants are made, which the next moment annihilates.

• While thus I strove to delude and cozen my self, it was told me the Earl of *Rucana* was found dead in his own Garden, that some People had seen the Murderer make his escape over the Wall, and had pursu'd him so close, they saw him assault the Gentleman by whom he was kill'd, and punish'd for that Blood he had so lately shed. I was heartily sorry for the Accident, and equally griev'd the loss of that good unfortunate Man and his fair Countess, who felt double torments, because she knew (tho' innocent) her self the cause of this great mischief. But then to allay my sorrow, I look'd on *Adrastus* as Earl of *Rucana*, and imagin'd Heav'n had wrought that unlook'd for Happiness, because it design'd to give me joy in full ; scorn'd a scanty Bliss weigh'd out by Drams and Scruples, and threw upon me what my ambition scarce durst hope for.

The Duke's Relations came frequently to see me, and to condole with me that loss, which upon second thoughts I scarce esteem'd one. I cou'd have wish'd them less kind, or at least less formal ; and 'twas a hard task for me to dissemble my real thoughts, and feign a sorrow equal to my loss. But harder when they prest me to inform them if any words or actions proceeded the Duke's death, from which they could infer premeditated

meditated Murder, and construed all *Adraftus* e're had done to serve their purpose; and I had it (by some of my best Friends) privately told me, that they suspected me conscious to the design, because I had always shown a more than common esteem for the Murd'rer. This most of all afflicted me, not that I fear'd any present danger from their Malice, but because I look'd upon it as an impediment to that Marriage I had already promis'd my self with *Adraftus*, and considered how evidently I ruin'd my Honour and Reputation, if I took to my Bed the Man who had kill'd my Husband, and whom too many judg'd the wilful Author of his death, to promote and secure his own Happiness.

While I was thus distracted between the distant prospect of future Happiness and present Cares; *Zibelline* told me that *Curacas* had something of Consequence to impart to me. I long'd to know what was become of his Master, if he bore his confinement patiently, and if he still lov'd me. The faithful Servant answered me with sighs, and delivered me that Letter which confirm'd all my fears. The words were these, if I remember.

**T**His day I come to my Tryal, and am already assur'd that Banishment is my doom. 'Tis impossible to find me guilty of *Minoya's* death, but (to satisfy that number of Enemies this accident has brought me) I am charg'd with Crimes of another Nature. I live for *Timandra*, and in whatever corner of the world I spend my days, there I shall find happiness if she prove constant. Let me find her alone to night, for I have

have no doubt of obtaining immediate liberty, in order to a longer and worse Imprisonment, made so by its distance from the Object of all my wishes.

Adrastus:

This Letter gave me all the sorrow imaginable, I had lost my Husband, and was then convinc'd I shou'd lose my Lover too. I knew part of what the World thought of me, and found I shou'd be left to mourn my Misfortunes by my self. My Mother was dead several Months before that time, and whether she suspected the frailty of my Virtue or not, I am not positive, but there wanted not those who said she did, and that it made too deep an impression upon her Heart, and conduc'd to her speedier Journey into the other World.

At Night the mourning Lover came, I receiv'd him with that sorrow which our mutual Misfortunes had taught me; and he unable to speak, embrac'd my knees, wept, and look'd upon me. Thus for a while we continued dumb, and experienc'd the Truth of that Maxim, that Wounds are deepest and most dangerous that Bleed inwards. But at last this Lethargy which often attends immoderate grief, was by degrees weakned, and the lovely Youth could faintly pronounce these words. Can the merciful *Ti-mandra* be my Enemy? Can she consent to my Banishment from *Capac*? And shall I be blest with her presence but three short days? (for no more have my Judges allow'd me) And must the remainder of my Life be spent in absence, a Hell sufficient for the Punishment of Parricide? Nay  
broken



broken Vows or inconstant Love, a Crime yet greater, and known only amongst Infidels. I shar'd all his pains, and after I had ask'd him if he had stol'n with privacy enough to my House ; I caught him in my Arms, kiss'd him, and spoke all that my tender Heart could dictate to give him ease. He still urg'd his Constancy and Love, his present misery and prospect of a greater, conjur'd me to be yet more kind, and since he could not permit me to go along with him into a strange Country, beg'd I'd consent to Marry him and tye my self for ever his. Time, his innocence, and his Friends might have his Sentence repeal'd, and he doubted not if I lov'd him now, of being more happy in his own Country, than ever he had yet been. He set before me a full Enjoyment of that Heaven in Love which hitherto we had only tasted ; that his Innocence was evident to every Man, whose opinion was not prejudicated, that none wou'd condemn me, but those who envy'd my Charms and Happiness ; that Honour at best was but a *Chimera* invented to please giddy fools, and perswade them into a belief of their own worth, merit, and judgment, e're the pleasures of Love were fully known ; and preach'd up by Women in Years, to keep younger ones from sharing the Blessing. That nothing was more Honourable (if I worship'd that shadow) than a constant passion. It spoke us fix'd in our Choice, and by consequence of a good Judgment, that enabled us at first to make that Choice of which we had never repented. That we were born to love, that without it we were meer pieces of moving Earth, dull Phlegmatick lumps, fit only for the Conversation,

on; or at least the Company of Brute Beasts, that it could ne're be known, (meaning my Marriage) that he knew how to value my Beauty, and, that even when old Age seiz'd me I would be still the same to him; he'd call my first Embraces back to view, remember what I then was, and again think me the same, for tho' he graspt me cold and wither'd in his Arms, he'd delude himself with the fancy or Idea of my Youth, imagination shou'd supply what Years had lost, and I shou'd be still the Charming, Gay, the Young, belov'd *Timandra*. In short, Madam, I was again o'recome by this invincible Lover; and tho' *Minoya* had been buried not above eight weeks, I gave my hand and with it my Heart to this Young graceful Man, tho' not before we had brib'd a jolly Priest with a handful of Pistols to a silence equal with that of the Grave, and I had obtain'd my Husband's promise not to depart the Kingdom, but to live privately with me till Fortune shou'd be as much his friend as Love had been. We spent the Night with that pleasure known only to happy Lovers; some fears and cares we had which serv'd to give it taste, but none sufficient to destroy the Blessing.

In the Morning he waited upon his Friends, who all sincerely griev'd his Misfortune, and he seemingly prepar'd every thing for his sudden departure. Three days thus spent, he took a solemn farewell of them all without sorrow, because in me he found all that made him happy, for the possession of those belov'd is at any time a double recompence for the loss of Liberty.

It is not, Madam, the custom of our Country, to mourn the loss of a Husband above a week, and the gravest Matrons are satisfied with the long penance of Fourteen days in Tears. So that I was already Courted by several who had envy'd the Duke's Happiness; and that Beauty which prov'd always fatal to my self and others, in a short time got me a new crowd of Adorers, and tho' I was not look'd upon as a Woman nicely Virtuous, yet still my Eyes atton'd for that defect, and the more solid part of Mankind judg'd (because I was Young) that a Grave Husband and good advice might reclaim me, and work wonderful changes and effects upon my easie Nature. Amongst the first that claim'd my Love *Affapan* appear'd, I have already, Madam, given you the Character of that Man; but shall now add that Love had transform'd him, for tho' he was every way a Man truly taking, and one that well deserv'd a Lady's good opinion; yet this passion to which he had been mostly a stranger, wrought great alterations. For whereas he was formerly addicted to Hunting, Riding, and such Manlike Exercises; he became now tender in his Nature, gentle and Complaisant, spoke passionately, lov'd dancing, Poetry, Romances, and had all the softness and inclinations of a Lover. He griev'd the loss of his Friend *Minoya*, but had too great an esteem of me, to believe what some People spoke of my betraying his Honour or my own.

*Adrastus* (who mov'd no farther from me than into the Garden or another Room) knew all that past, and was the more happy in his Confinement, when he saw others labour to obtain

tain what he unknown and with ease posselt;  
For if the Addresses of a Gallant serve often to  
reclaim the Heart of an indifferent Husband;  
much more must the real passion of another in-  
flame a Man that lov'd so violently. But For-  
tune that was never my Friend, at last betray'd  
the secret Lover. For *Assapan* (one day as he came  
to my House) met the happy Man at the Garden  
Door. They were equally surpriz'd and equally  
griev'd the unluckly encounter. *Adrastus* however  
embrac'd him, and told him he had not yet departed  
*Capac*, because Love had been his Friend, and had  
till that time protected him. That his Life and  
Honour were now in his hands, and he dreamt  
no danger from a Man of *Assapan*'s merit. The  
Earl answered with that Discretion or Judgment  
which was natural to him; but withal let him  
know he had been unkind, in not trusting to his  
Friendship before Necessity (not Choice) had  
taught him so to do. *Adrastus* alledg'd for an  
excuse, how much I was concern'd in his Conceal-  
ment, and that it was not Honourable to betray  
a Lady's secrets, especially those of love, without  
her positive command for it; and hop'd he wou'd  
Pardon a Crime of which love not want of Friend-  
ship was the Author. *Assapan* smil'd, and gave  
him all those assurances of his safety which Oaths  
or words could yield; and after they had dis-  
cours'd some time about the injustice of his Sen-  
tence, they came to see me. I was amaz'd at the  
unlook'd for Accident, and had almost fainted  
with the sudden Apprehension of my Husband's  
danger. When *Assapan*, who saw my fears, ap-  
proach'd, and begg'd a thousand Pardons for be-  
ing the Author of my griefs; Swore he was glad



to see his Friend happy, commended my choice, and added, he wou'd not disturb my happiness, (tho' he lov'd much) to be Master of the World. I return'd him those thanks his kindness merited, excus'd my self for not having sooner acquainted him with my Circumstances, that it did not suit with my modesty, and that I was not sorry for his knowledge, because 'twas what my heart wou'd willingly have inform'd him of before. He answer'd, that my Honour and his Friends safety should be his greatest Care, that it was not convenient for my interest, that he shou'd leave off his Suit so suddenly, because the World had already seen him my Lover, that while he continued his addresses, none could suspect him conscious of my real Fortunes, and he would for the future proclaim to all, my virtue, as hitherto he had done his Love.

I was o'rejoy'd at this Resolution the more, because I did not think he would have born the Misfortune so patiently, or the Affront I put upon him with so much Moderation. When he was gone, *Adrastus* (who had dissembled his real Thoughts) began to let me know his Fears, that he doubted *Assapan's* virtue would not be proof against so many Charms; that Love and Beauty had often destroy'd the most settled Resolutions, and trampled Honour under Foot: that he was a dangerous Friend, and knew the Arts of Love, and all the weakness of a Woman's nature. I found the aim of all this Discourse, and cou'd almost have reprov'd him for his fears. But then considering his Jealousie as the Child of Love, I smil'd, and embrac'd him, gave him all the Blessings mighty Love bestows, and lull'd his fears asleep.

F

*Assapan*

*Assapan* came frequently to see me, and I could observe nothing in his Words and Actions, that was not quadrant to those Promises he had lately made me. But at last, prevail'd upon either by the heat of his Love, or the hopes of my weakness, he made those Addresses which did not at all please me, and swore *Adrastus* was too happy, that he could no longer be my Friend or his, but a Lover to the one, and a constant Rival to the other. This cruel and sudden change gave me inexpressible sorrow, and taught me to fear a thousand Mischiefs; then, as an addition to my Affliction, I saw it was what I cou'd not safely communicate to the lovely Partner of all my Cares, for when mighty pains are in one Bosom found, 'tis over-charg'd and may in time be rent, but having got a breast that shares the load, they straight take Wing, and leave the oppressed Heart, the o'reburden'd Soul mounts upwards, joys in its new Liberty, and finds its Weights remov'd.

In the mean time the Earl continued his Visits, and fail'd not to urge the violence of his flame, in words that never express'd a modest Love; and one Day (the most unfortunate I er'e had seen, or now can know) told me, if I was not marry'd to *Adrastus*, I was not virtuous, and if I was, it spoke me regardless of my Honour, if I consider'd him as the Author of *Minoya's* death, and remembred what the World thought of me in that Husband's time.

You see, Madam, how Men are converted by Love into as many different Resolutions, and Humours as *Proteus* e're knew shapes; he who a few Days ago was all Love, all Friendship and

and Tenderneſs, now became ill-natur'd, indiſcreet, and unkind. I was about to let him know how much I reſented what he had ſaid, but then I remembred the weight of that ſecret with which my ill Fortune had intruſted him, and with grief and anger painted in my Face, told him, he ſpoke not like the gen'rous *Aſſapan*, for he was my Friend, nor could I believe the words meant to the Dutcheſs of *Minoya*, becauſe I was aſſur'd he once lov'd her, and had a better opinion of her Virtue. When he ſaw me ſo mo-deſt and calm in my Answer, I fancy he was at firſt ſorry for his indiſcretion; but when men once doubt a Woman's virtue, 'tis impoſſible they ſhould Love, and where there was Love in the beginning Luſt ſupplies its abſence; though her faults have make her too deform'd for a Wife, yet her Beauty ſerves to make her good enough for a Miſtreſs; beſides, thoſe who are known to have yielded to one Man, are often (if not always) by the uncharitable World ſuſpected of the ſame weakneſs towards another.

Thus it was with the unkind Earl, for (after he had pauſ'd ſome Minutes) he told me I muſt conſent to his Happineſs, or begin my own Miſery. This ſentence flaſh'd like lightning to my Heart: I remain'd ſilent, anger and ſorrow ſhar'd my Thoughts, and all my Courage was ſcarce able to ſupport me. He ſaw my Countenance, but miſtook my Paſſion, and from my ſilence drew Conſent, caught me in his Arms, kiſs'd me, and aſk'd if I was yet reſolv'd to bleſs him with Enjoyment? All his words were wounds, each of them reach'd my Soul, and I ſtill continued dumb. This he concludes a

faint denial, embrac'd me in his Arms again, and when I offer'd to resist, or call for help, he swore *Adrastus* should answer for my unkindness with his Life. Fear made me weak, and the sudden assault bore my Virtue head-long before it. Weeping I lay beneath the treacherous Mass, and wish'd each moment he consum'd in Joy, might bring whole Years of cruel deadly Pains. The gods look'd on and saw *Lucretia* ravish'd, no wonder then they had no Thunder bolts in store, to relieve one who so often had offended.

While thus in height of Pleasure he lay drown'd, remembred what had pass'd to move a new desire, rov'd wildly and immodestly o're each part to kindle expiring Flames, and surfeited with Joy still sought for more. The unlucky *Adrastus* (led by wild Chance, or by unerring Fate) enter'd the Room to find his lov'd *Timandra*. I saw him first, but gods you only know what torments seiz'd my Mind, and rack'd my guilty Soul! A while he stood immovable and gaz'd, then fury enter'd, and his judgment fled, all thoughts of mercy from his nature were excluded; revenge (the darling of his Soul) grew high, and in that frenzy drawing nigh the Bed, with one dire stroak (as swift and sudden as if from Heav'n it had come) he stab'd the guilty Ravisher to the Heart. Curs'd be the hour (he cry'd) when first I lov'd, but doubly that in which I first betray'd *Minoya*! Heav'n! just Heav'n! has now repay'd that injury I did him. The Earl groan'd, grasp'd at his Sword, and in that Action dy'd. Besmear'd with Blood all mixt with briny Tears, trembling and fainting from the  
Bed



Bed I rose, then threw my self half dead upon  
 the Ground, weakly I grasp'd the Murderer's  
 shaking Knees, and in my Arms with dying  
 fervour hugg'd them, beg'd as he still had lov'd,  
 he'd now prove kind, and if he thought my  
 Heart had given consent, he'd tear it panting  
 from my treacherous Breast; or if he'd make me  
 Mistress of that Steel, that smok'd with a  
 Letcher's Blood yet hot upon it, my guilty Arms  
 or Limbs that grasp'd the Ravisher, or in the  
 least contributed to the advancement of his  
 Pleasure, and spurr'd his trifling Lust to greater  
 fiercer Flights, Thould in a moment be divided  
 from my Body, even that tender Body which  
 he had so oft embrac'd, and thrown away as  
 things of dangerous Consequence to the rest,  
 now grown infectious base and useless. Con-  
 jur'd him to remember, how at my Feet he  
 sighing lay, when just return'd from *Chira*,  
 how he had beg'd and lov'd that Night I re-  
 ceiv'd him for my Husband, and how for his  
 sake I had abandon'd Honour, Virtue and my  
 Vows, and all that peace of Mind which inno-  
 cence bestows, and those who deviate from the  
 right ne're know. Trembling he held the fatal  
 Dagger up, view'd me with rolling Eyes, and  
 wildly cry'd, Ah Heaven! Must she dye, and  
 must *Adrastus* be the Author — No! —  
 Oh *Timandra*! Why wert thou not less Fair,  
 or more Virtuous? And I, unhappy I, less in  
 Love. This said, he kneel'd and clasp'd me in  
 his Arms, bid me farewell, and remember him  
 no more; then starting up, he exclaim'd against  
 Heaven and me, rav'd for some Minutes, then  
 again grew calm, bid me again farewell, and

beg'd I would forgive what he had said ; then forc'd the bloody Dagger to his Heart, and falling by me on the Floor expir'd, I shriek'd when that sad stroke was given, strove to recal his parting Soul, and stop its flight to Heav'n. I pull'd the dreadful instrument of Death from that Breast; where I had so often rested my welcome Arms, when wearied with excess of Love, and that so often equally shar'd my Joys and Cares, kiss'd his pale Cheeks, and wash'd them with my Tears. I remembered all his kind Looks, his sweet Embraces, his moving Words, his Charms, and constant Love ; and to sum up all my griefs in one Word, *Adrastus was no more, for me he liv'd, and for my Crimes he dy'd.*

The first who enter'd the Room were *Zibeline* and *Curacas*. The sad Object mov'd both their pity and wonder ; the faithful Servant embrac'd the dead Body of his once kind Master, and (if he had not been prevented by my Maid) had certainly posted after him into the other World. This would have added to my grief, if it had been capable of Addition. I told them the whole series of this Tragical Story, and *Affapan's* Body confirm'd the Truth. Then after I had long deliberated on what was to be done, and consider'd the shame and hazard that attended my stay, I took what Jewels and Money I had, and that very night (attended only by my faithful Maid and the Servant of my departed Husband) I began my Journey, fortunate beyond my hopes, since it made me known to you. I need not, Madam, tell you, how after I had travell'd eight long Days and  
Nights

Nights o're-whelm'd with grief, and surrounded  
with deadly Fears, and having lost my way,  
my pitying Stars directed me to your House.  
Let it suffice, that when I left you I went with-  
out any danger beyond Seas, where I have con-  
fin'd my self to a Monastery, and tho' I am dai-  
ly oblig'd to attend Religious Excercises, I have  
nevertheless found a time to give you that sa-  
tisfaction you desir'd, and shall be glad to re-  
ceive that faithful Journal of your Amours, which  
you have promis'd to send me. I shall end with  
the following Lines I made at Sea in my Voy-  
age hither, when I have confess'd my self  
your Debtor for your Cousin the Abbess of  
M——s kindness to me.

*Men needy grown, wish for their Fortunes past,  
Which, if obtain'd, they think wou'd always last.  
The Lover mourns, when Sylvia proves unkind;  
And Seamen fear, when threatned by the Wind.  
The married Man forgets his once lov'd Bed,  
And blushing Maids think Men forget to Wed.  
He that's grown Rich still sweats and toils for  
more,*

*And Quality in private wou'd be Whore.*

*Give to the Spend-thrift back his lost Estate,  
And he forgets those wants he knew of late;  
His posting Years in Riots shou'd be spent,  
Grow poor too soon, and then too late repent.  
Should Sylvia smile, her Lover streight is cloy'd;  
Begins to hate, because she's half enjoy'd:  
Forgets her Charms, and damns his former wish;  
And flies 'cause 'tis an easie purchas'd Bliss.  
Should Winds on Seamen always fairly blow,  
Reliev'd from hazard they wou'd Atheists grow.*

"Continu'd pleasure tasteless comfort bears;  
 "Joy is not Joy, if 'tis not mixt with fears.  
 Restore the Husband to his freedom lost,  
 He now affects what once he hated most.  
 Wearied with change of Loves, at last he's wife,  
 Longs to be that which once he did despise;  
 And Lust no sooner falls than Virtue has its rise.  
 Give to the Maid her wish, a married Life;  
 That got, she grieves the cares attend a Wife:  
 Hates what she has, and wishes Time recall'd,  
 And often weeps to see occasion bal'd.  
 If he that's Rich should still encrease his Wealth,  
 Yet double that, when sick it buys not health:  
 The more it grows, his pains with it encrease;  
 His Cares grow greater, and his Pleasure less.  
 To nodding Virtue wish'd enjoyment give,  
 And Tears take place where Joy began to live:  
 She feels that Bliss she ne'er can know again,  
 A pain in Pleasure, and a Joy in pain.  
 Thus still we live, and long to be undone;  
 Restless in ease, to toils and cares we run.  
 Strange! Nature prompts to every thing forbid,  
 Shows flowry Banks, in which are Serpents hid.

Your, &c.

Timandra.

---

FINIS.



THE  
Unhappy Mistake:  
OR, THE  
FATE  
OF  
CROSS'D LOVES.  
A  
NOVEL.

---

Written by Mr. D. Cr—rd, Gent.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Job Austin* in *Fleet-Street*, and  
sold by the Booksellers of *London* and  
*Westminster*, 1700.



---

T H E

# Unhappy Mistake, &c.

---

*Sirena to the Lovely Timandra.*

**T**H A T Journal you sent me of your Amours, has confirm'd me your debtor: I grieve your Misfortune, and the death of that constant Lover *Adraustus*, and am sorry that *Minoya* fell by the hand of a Man he had so long honoured and esteem'd. But to repay part of that Sum I owe, take the following Account, with the Truth of every Accident, as far as my memory could serve me. And as I believe you have conceal'd nothing from me, so you will find me a very plain dealer in mine, and my order the same, in which you deliver'd yours, without the tedious preambles of Birth, Education, &c. with many other trivial Circumstances, which relate not at any time to the story of my Love, or to your Divertisement, which is my only aim.

My Father (the Duke of *Xenfa*) wearied out with the weight of several Employments, in which he had long officiated, and after several Services done to his Prince and Friends, at last retir'd to his

his pleasant Country Seat, situated near a calm Sea, but distant Seven or Eight days Journey from *Coloa* (the Metropolis of *Fabria*) made rich, by the constant Court and Bounty of *Ziphares* the present Sovereign. At this time I had reach'd the thirteenth Year of my Age, and you may think perhaps, I was too Young to be sensible of that mighty Passion, Love. But this I know, that for two Years before my Father had abandon'd the Court, I felt a certain tenderness for the Young *Martius*; and if I had not all those little cares and pleasant pains which ripen flames inspire, I knew nevertheless what it was to grieve at parting. His Father (the Duke of *Mangroa*) had lost a Brother (the Count *Torruasco*) by *Xenfa's* hand, from which an irreconcilable feud had commenc'd between our Families. But Heav'n (that often Blinds and infatuates those whom it designs to punish) permitted the Children to be possess'd with thoughts quite different from those of their Parents; for the Charming *Indoretta* (*Mangroa's* only Daughter) had already made my Brother a Prisoner to her Beauty. I was too sensible of this seeming union, and (tho' Young) forbore not to flatter my self with the hopes of coming Happiness. The Lovely *Martius* fail'd not to contribute to the deceit, and to give me a Charming description of the World, e're my Journey in it was half begun; and show'd me all the sweets of Love, without its bitter allays. His Sister spoke for him, and by the same Priviledge and Example, I recommended *Artaxus* as my Brother, and her Lover.

What opportunities we had were stole with hazard, consequently short, and imploy'd to the best



best Advantage. Our Mothers were both privy to what past, and equally favour'd our growing passions. This was a Heav'n of pleasure to what I felt, when I saw my self confin'd to a Country House, and all those Blessings lost; I valu'd each moment of the time past at a double price, and imagin'd, that whole Years of Conversation wou'd impart the same Joys those stol'n hours had given. My Brother felt an equal pain, the fair *Indoretta* was the Object of all his thoughts, the Mistress of his Soul, and the end of all his wishes. He wou'd often (sighing) complain of that Obedience, he was forc'd to pay to his Father. Ah *Sirena*! (wou'd he cry) were thy Charms as powerful, as those of the lovely *Indoretta*, the gen'rous *Martius* had e're now follow'd us into the Country, and tho' his Father (stubborn as my own) is averse to any alliance with our Family, he had certainly found out a time to see us, and I had known what thoughts the Charming Fair had of me. But sure he loves not! and forgets to plead my Cause. I had all those pains for the absence of *Martius* which my Brother express'd, but hid them so carefully, that he thought they proceeded only from a sense of his Sufferings.

In the mean time my Father had other resolutions, which he strove speedily to accomplish. Count *Bonzeda* liv'd in *Mangroa's* House, which was divided from ours only by our adjoining Gardens. And tho' *Xensa* hated his friend, he had no aversion for him; because he was a Man of a vast Estate, much in his Princes favour, and had all those Advantages, which in this Age serve to recommend a Husband. He had been a  
Widower

Widower five Years, but more remarkable for being the Brother of the Lovely *Manderina*. The Count had seen me, and lov'd; my Father (because it serv'd his interest) was pleas'd to see that Passion he had for me, and without consulting my inclinations, the Match was immediately resolv'd upon. *Artaxus* (who fear'd nothing more than the loss of his *Indoretta*) was sensibly afflicted at these proceedings, and saw how far this Marriage wou'd make against his interest that way. He complain'd of me, and of his Fortune, and us'd all the Arguments that could perswade a Young Heart (fond of another Man) to disobedience and hatred. My Father fail'd not to observe my indifferency, but mistaking the Cause, attributes all to Modesty, and flatters me into compliance. I begg'd some time to consider of it, and he (without thinking it severity, or opposite to my real sentiments of *Bonzeda*) allow'd me only fourteen days; and with a serious Countenance told me, he expected then an answer that shou'd speak me an Obedient Daughter, and if otherwise, I might for ever look upon him as my Enemy.

I acquainted *Artaxus* with what had pass'd, and he (no longer doubting his own misfortune) Swore *Bonzeda* shou'd bleed to prevent the mischief; he still hop'd that *Martius* lov'd me, and believ'd, if once I was Marry'd to another, he shou'd lose all reasonable pretences to the Charming *Indoretta*. His grief added sensibly to mine, and tho' my fears told me that Young *Mangroa* had forgot me; I endeavour'd nevertheless to perswade *Artaxus* to write to him, and to acquaint him with the state of affairs. He was at  
first

first unwilling, because it argu'd weakness to desire an Alliance of this Nature, with a Man that had by his long silence shown his aversion, (or at least indifferency) but then remembring, that I advis'd him mostly (as he thought) for his own quiet and satisfaction, and that the esteem I had for *Martius*, was founded upon that relation he had to *Indoretta*, but above all, rememb'ring the Charms of that Fair one, he was at last o'recome, and sent him a Letter to this purpose.

**H**Ad Sirena been but half so fair as the Lovely *Indoretta*, or had *Martius* Lov'd like *Artaxus*, *Coloa* had e're now been without the best of men, and *Mangroa's* House had not been possess'd by *Bonzeda* alone, who in this fatal absence, has prevail'd upon my Father's easie Nature, to bestow his Daughter upon him. Haste then to the Country, to redeem a Mistress almost lost, and to save a Friend, who lives only for the Divine *Indoretta*, and for you.

Artaxus.

The Letter was sent to a Friend of my Brother's at *Coloa*, and we numbred the Minutes of each day, in expectation of an Answer, and to our grief, saw the end of those prescrib'd me; but no return from this absent Youth. My Brother was all rage, mutter'd Revenge against *Martius*, and Swore the affront shou'd never be forgot.

In the Evening, the Duke (accompany'd by *Bonzeda*) came to my Chamber, and ask'd how

I had entertain'd that proposition he had made me, and if I was dispos'd to show my Obedience, by my ready consent to the Count's Happiness? I blush'd and trembl'd at the unwelcome sound; yet even then I had all that aversion for *Martius*, which love neglected could inspire; I imputed all my present torments to his infidelity and unkindness, and was even ready to pronounce his Name, so much he possess'd my Soul, when *Xen-sa* (who from Silence argu'd the instability of my mind, and concluding it convenient to apply mild Arguments to my stagg'ring resolutions) in kind words, set before me the Advantages that attended this Match, the Count's Love, and every thing that might prevail with a Woman of my Years. Then seeing me still silent, come (said he, and taking *Bonzeda* by the hand,) we must not expect too much from a Young maid; Silence is a Woman's best Rhetorick, and their eyes ought to express the Sentiments of their Hearts, especially in affairs of Love. My Daughter (no doubt) knows what value to set upon your merit, and has sufficiently weigh'd my Commands, a few days shall compleat your Happiness, and in the mean time leave the Burden of the management to my Strength. This said, he left me, and I cou'd observe the Count well pleas'd with my seeming modesty.

*Artaxus* enter'd as soon as they were gone, and I (drown'd in Tears) told him my liberty wou'd shortly be no more; and I was doom'd a Victim to my Father's Ambition, or mistaken judgment. He sigh'd, and faintly said, Oh unkind *Martius*! Oh my Divine *Indoretta*! Wou'd to Hea-

ven



ven I cou'd love thee less ——— yet thou deserv'st greater services than I am able to pay thee, tho' for thy sake I parted with my life. We complain'd of Fortune, of our Stars, and spoke every thing, grief, love, and anger could inspire. I wish'd for the happiness of seeing *Martius* once more languish at my feet, that I might have the power of Revenging that injury he had done me. And *Artaxus* swore he'd ride Post to *Coloa*, that with his Sword he might teach him to remember him.

While thus in pain we consum'd the tedious hours, my Mother enter'd. She discover'd in our Faces too many signs of our inward thoughts, and (after she had kindly chid us for concealing our Cares from her.) offer'd all she thought might give us some relief. *Artaxus* threw himself at her feet, and conjur'd her to have pity on his weakneis, and to remember, that Love he had for the Fair *Indoretta* before he left *Coloa*; that it was what he could not o'recome, to lose her was to be eternally miserable, and that to prevent all that mischief which threatned destruction to his Love, nothing was more expedient, than to put a stop to my Marriage with Count *Bonzeda*. The tender Mother was sensibly griev'd for the pains of her Children; she knew the Duke's humor, and how little power she had over him, but willing to contribute all she cou'd to our happiness, she bid us rely upon her Conduct, and in the mean time not to be distracted, with a confus'd prospect of what was to come, for that was to weave a long and tedious Web of Cares, which one thought, or kind word, was able to unravel, and we wou'd afterwards laugh

at those Bug-bears our fears had made. Her words obtain'd that end for which they were design'd; and we enjoy'd that peace of Mind, which much hope in midst of danger can bestow.

Night had her Curtains half asunder drawn, and that faint light appear'd, which speaks the coming of the welcome day. The longing Birds were flutt'ring from their Nests, and labourers weary with their former toyls, began to think of others now at hand. When *Artaxus* (whom Love had robb'd of sleep) sent to me, and acquainted me, that he design'd for *Zenitha*, (a small Village three Miles from our House) and therefore desir'd me not to expect his Company till Night. He often went to this pleasant little Town, and the Duke (though bred a Courtier) had that regard to Religion, which men wise and honest (without Biggotry) ought to have, and told him, he shou'd be glad to see him often pursue the same road, because in the morning I might hear a Mass or two, and in the Afternoon spend some hours in Conversation with the Abbess, who was his particular Acquaintance, and a Woman that deserv'd that imployment (or Post) in the Church, to which his friendship had advanc'd her. Madam, that I may give you the story in that Order in which 'twas acted, permit me to tell you what happen'd to *Artaxus* before he return'd.

When he had drove about half way, he enter'd into a pleasant Wood upon a River's side; it was yet early day, and the Dew lay shining on the mossy Banks. No noise was to be heard, but that of a gentle Wind which ruffled 'mongst the  
 Leave's

Leaves, and play'd with every tender yielding Bough; the place (you'd thought) for happy Lovers made, and so much sweetness Charm'd each sense, 'twas of force enough to inspire those with a certain desire, who had ne're been sensible of a flame, and made them wish for something which they would possess; even when they scarce knew what it was they wanted.

My Brother having seated himself, (after he had forbidden his Servants to enter the Wood) began the faint remembrance of his past Happiness, and then form'd a lively Idea of his present miseries. He complain'd of Young *Mangroa*, and sigh'd for the Charming *Indoretta*. That Silence which reign'd in the place, contributed to his melancholy, and every Shade which was within his view serv'd for so many Charms to inflame and heighten Love. While thus he sat and mourn'd his cruel destiny, begging of Heaven a quick relief, and making Vows unto the Gods, as if on Love all happiness depended. He heard a faint groan which seem'd but a few paces from him. This accident surpriz'd him, but more when he perceiv'd at the Root of a rugged old Oak (which extended its Arms to welcome the noble guest) a Man nobly dress'd and asleep. His Curiosity tempted him to stay, and having posted himself behind an opposite Tree, he had not waited long before the stranger awak'd, who (after a few deep sighs) with a Voice that Charm'd the very Heavens, and set the Gods a list'ning, sung to himself the following Lines.

## 1.

*Ah! too fond Youth! Why dost thou mourn  
 For one that loves not thee?  
 Her Heart does for another burn,  
 Ah! happy! happy! He!  
 Oh! lovely Maid! couldst thou but know,  
 How much for thee I undergo!*

## 2.

*Could'st thou but see how Martius lies,  
 Beneath this lonesome Tree,  
 No other Covert but the Skies,  
 And all for love of thee.  
 Sirena sure shou'd kinder prove,  
 And give me pity, if not love.*

'Tis impossible, Madam, to express my Brother's thoughts upon this occasion; but having considered them since, from that account he gave me, I find joy was the o'reruling Passion; for a sudden faintness seiz'd him, and he could have remain'd immoveable upon the place, if he had not perceiv'd his long-wish'd-for Friend (who yet had not seen him) about to depart. This awak'd him from his extasie; and having caught my Lover in his Arms, Ah! *Martius* (cry'd he) are not my Eyes deceived? And do I really Embrace the Brother of my Lovely *Indoretta*? The handsome Youth (surpriz'd with the unexpected happiness) was at first unable to reply. he hugg'd his Friend, gaz'd upon him, embrac'd again, and said, Oh! *Artaxus*, Can you pardon



don my long absence, and seeming infidelity? Is *Indoretta's* Brother welcome to *Sirena's*? Is the Lovely Maid well? And can Count *Bonzeda* be prefer'd to the Constant *Martius*? Young *Xenxa* (after he had again embrac'd him) in few words related what I have already Written, and begg'd he'd repay the Complement with one of the same nature; the Youth told him, that his present happiness so Charm'd his Soul, he cou'd not admit the remembrance of past ills, without a palpable abuse of that present favour his relenting Fortune had bestow'd upon him. But that the Brother of *Sirena* shou'd not command any thing which he would not obey; he thereupon began as followeth. Where by the way, Madam, you may observe in his haste, that impatency which possess'd him, till he reach'd the end.

When you left *Coloa*, all that was pleasant in it fled; *Sirena* was no more to be seen, and consequently nothing to which I had not an aversion.. The Duke observ'd my melancholy, and often ask'd the Cause; but seeing no hopes of discovering on't that way, he complain'd to a Young Lady who was always with my Sister. She was a Woman of a piercing Wit, violent in her Inclinations, given to Jealousie, and would stick at nothing, (how dangerous soever) if it conduc'd to her pleasure, or in the least serv'd her ambition. But to atone for these faults, she was Beautiful to a wonder, could dissemble to a miracle, and had all those Arts the most subtle of her Sex e're knew; add to these seeming Advantages, Quality, and a vast Fortune; for the

was the Earl of *Sirama's* only Daughter, who dying in her infancy, had left her an Estate sufficient to support her Rank in the World, e're she was oblig'd to't.

*Ericis* (for that was the Lady's Name) was glad of this opportunity, and fail'd not to let my Father know (for *Indoretta's* confidence in her seeming Friendship, had made her Mistress of the secret) what otherwise *I* had eternally kept from him. This sensibly displeas'd him, and having found me in the Garden, (after he had by his looks taught me what to fear) *Martius* (said he) must my Enemy still Triumph over me? Have I no other to betray me but my own Son? And must the Author of *Turrucco's* death, ruin the Honour of his Brother? No, Young Man! Yours nor your Sister's madness has not yet infected the Father, and the Event of a few days shall let you know, how far your Love is inconsistent with your Reason and Interest. This said, he left me in that amazement the unlook'd-for discovery justly gave. I suspected the weakness of *Indoretta's* tender Nature, and judg'd he had by threatnings drawn this confession from her. But as *I* was about to conclude her guilty, she enter'd the Arbour where the Duke had left me. Tears trickled from her Eyes, her Beauties languish'd, and the lovely kind *Calisto* felt not half her pains, nor blush'd so much, tho' when in Streams amongst the happier Nymphs, she bath'd and wanton'd 'till her fault was known. I soon guess'd the cause, and told her how far I had shar'd in all her Misfortunes, and was not wanting in my part of this.\* Ah! Brother (cry'd she) can you forgive me? 'Twas *I* betray'd the secret, in trust-

ing

ing to the perfidious *Ericis*, she alone knew it, and 'tis she only that has ruin'd us. My grief for the accident, had not banish'd my pity from an affectionate Sister; to ease her therefore, I conceal'd a great part of my pain, and perswad-ed her to have the same esteem in appearance for the Young Countess of *Sirama*, she had formerly shown in earnest.

Some days after, the Duke told me he had consider'd my weakness, and was now resolv'd to provide for me a Wife, that (tho' Young) was acquainted with the World, and would study to preserve the Honour of his Family, which I had so evidently endanger'd, by a passion of which none but Madmen would be guilty. This discourse almost o'return'd my Obedience; and I was ready to return him an answer, that had spoke the lessening of my Duty, when he (who already perceiv'd the effect it had wrought) deny'd me the liberty, and on a sudden cry'd; Son remember who lays this Command upon you, that in the Afternoon you wait upon the Countess of *Sirama*, look upon her as the Woman I have design'd for my Daughter, her Fortune exceeds your Merit, and consider I have mine at my disposal. This most sensibly afflicted me; she was the Woman who had begun my misery, and whom I now saw destin'd to prolong the Scene. The Dutchess remain'd passive in the affair, and griev'd nothing more than the affliction of her Daughter, who yet believ'd her *Artaxus* innocent, and lov'd as much as Virtue could allow.

In the Evening I waited upon my new Mistress, who (tho' she was perfectly skill'd in the

Art of dissimulation) receiv'd me with that satisfaction, which discover'd it self in most of her Actions. After some discourse in which Love had the least share, she (with a seeming and feign'd tenderness) told me, she had seen the Duke very much out of humour for some days past, that she was sorry for his mistake, because she was perswaded I had never entertain'd any thoughts for *Xenfa's* Daughter; who besides her Father's hatred to our Family, had departed from *Coloa* too Young to be sensible of any such flame; that she hear'd some days ago that she was Marry to Count *Bonzeda*, and the Young Duke was passionately in Love with his Sister the fair *Manderina*. Tho' I suspected the Author of Malice, yet the story carry'd so much of a seeming truth and probability in it, I was unable for some time to answer. But at last recollecting my self, Madam, (said I) you hold a Correspondence it seems with *Mangroa's* Daughter; for *Bonzeda* (tho' my Relation) has not yet acquainted me with as much. However I'm glad to hear of his prudent Choice, and that *Artaxus* weighs his own interest and his Father's Commands; for I must confess I harbour not one thought for that Family, which is not exactly correspondent to the height of Friendship. The dissembling Fair seem'd satisfied with the Truth of what I said, and we parted for that time, I full of grief, and she of hopes.

At night I felt all those pains unhappy Lovers know, I griev'd my Father's ill nature, but more the lots of *Sirena*; I look'd on *Artaxus* as a Man unjust and no more my Friend, and tho' I did not simply believe all that *Ericis* had told me,



me, yet it gave sufficient ground for doubts and fears to grow upon; and to doubt the loss of what we Love, brings more of Torment, than a real privation of all we possess besides. To this I added, that *Bonzeda* had conceal'd his happiness from me by *Mangroa's* order. In the Morning I saw *Indoretta*, but as yet conceal'd from her my new griefs, and resolv'd to compleat my ruine, or begin my better Fortune, by a sure knowledge of what had past. I Writ to you (my dear Friend) a Letter, the words of which I still remember.

**T**His unkind silence favours the report (now current in *Coloa*) of your Addresses to the fair *Manderina*, *Bonzeda's* Sister and your happy Neighbour. I live for the Lovely *Sirena*, and if she is now possess'd by another, confirm the truth by your answer, that I may be certain of my doom. I shall no longer complain of *Mangroa* or *Xensa*, and especially of the first, whose aversion to your Family seems justly grounded, since *Artaxus* is become guilty, and shares in his Father's Nature. *Indoretta* (if you regard the news I know not) still remembers you.

Martius.

Just as I had Writ it *Furinus* enter'd, I need not tell you, my dear *Artaxus*, the esteem I had for this Young Man, let it suffice, that he possess'd that place in my Friendship, which was next to that I always kept for the Brother of *Sirena*; and tho' he was something related to *Erica*, and high in her favour, I had nevertheless all that confidence

dence in him which I then Judg'd his merit claim'd as due. He soon perceiv'd that Grief under which I labour'd, and offer'd all those Remedies I could expect from the best of Friends. 'Tis natural to all men oppress'd with grief and sorrow, to communicate their pains to others, either because the burden seems divided when another feels a part, or else because we are ready (like sinking Mariners) to hope for some relief, and grasp at any thing that first presents itself, without examining if it can contribute any thing to our ease or safety. Thus I deluded my self; and the Young Man (when I had told him all) with a seeming kindness, offer'd to convey my Letter to a trusty Friend of his at *Zenitha*; who would undoubtedly put it into your hands, with that secrecie and conduct which the affair requir'd. I was heartily pleas'd with the opportunity, not knowing whom to trust, and after I had conjur'd him to remember how much my Happiness depended upon what he had undertaken for me, we parted.

A few hours after, the Duke sent his Page to acquaint me, that the Young Countess was with my Sister. I knew the weight of that Message, saw it impossible to shun her Company, without a manifest token of disobedience; and went into the Room with all those pains which *Dedalus* e're knew, when through the Air he boldly took his way, and saw the Object of his hopes behind, unwing'd and sinking, and all the pleasures of a dear bought Liberty, dash'd by the absence of his better part. — *Indoretta* (who knew how much my Nature was averse to this dissembling Fair) strove to give me all that  
ease

ease which was within her Power, and forgot not to entertain my unwelcome Mistress with a thousand little indifferent Stories, to divert that necessity which had otherwise fal'n upon me, of entertaining her with another Subject, to which I had no inclination. *Ericis* fretted much at my Sister's seeming kindness, and could have been satisfied with half that care she shou'd to please her. She often fix'd her Eyes on mine, and wou'd, with a smile (mixt with Jealousie and Anger) frequently tell me I was a constant Lover, or a Man altogether insensible of a tender flame, and that perhaps I mourn'd a loss which might with ease be repay'd. I answer'd coldly to what she said, and often let her know by my looks, that all she spoke was unwelcome. This vex'd her to the Heart, she knew her self handsome, of a sufficient Fortune, and was Distracted when she saw her Charms neglected by a Man, for whom she had us'd so many Arts to please, and I found by the Duke's frowns next day, how far she had resent'd my indifferency.

Thus I liv'd for some time, felt a present pain, and had but a very confus'd prospect of a kinder Fortune. When *Furinus* (for whom I oft had wish'd) came to see me, and gave me that Letter, from which I long had hop'd for some relief.

**T***hat story which has reach'd your Ears at Coloa, is a part of that truth which is acting at Xensa; and errs in nothing, but that Sirena is not yet possess'd by Count Bonzeda. As for that aversion which Mangroa entertains for our Family, 'tis no more than what Artaxus ought to have*

*have for yours, if he be sensible of his own Merit,  
and your Treachery.*

Artaxus.

'Tis impossible, my Friend, to express all those different Passions which possess me, when I read this counterfeited Mark of your sudden Change. I thank *Furinus* (who was seemingly sorrowful for me) and own'd my self his Debtor for that care he had shown; swore *Sirena* should possess my Heart no more, that it had been too long a Slave to that false Fair One, who had so soon forgot my Services, and whole Years of Love; and that *Artaxus* should bleed, and with his Life atone for his fault.

I acquainted *Indoretta* with the Misfortune, and she bore it with that patience which becomes a Virgin Love. However I had not fail'd to acquaint you how sensible I was of the injury you had done me, and had at least been satisfi'd how I became treacherous to a Man I had esteem'd so much, if a sudden Fever had not put a stop to my Resolution, and prevented my intended Journey. *Mangroa* (tho' fix'd in the pursuit of any thing he had once begun) was nevertheless affrighted with my Danger, and almost repented the unkindness done me. But my distemper at last encreasing, he (now full of Fears) seated himself upon my Bed's side, and (like a tender Mistress weeping o're her wounded Lover) confess'd his Cruelty, and begg'd my Pardon, with a thousand Assurances, that (if kind Heav'n restor'd me to my health) *Sirena* shou'd be mine. He'd humble himself even beyond



yond his Nature, and beg for Friendship from the Man he hated ; that former quarrels now shou'd be no more, and all his interest shou'd yield to my future happiness, than which he knew not a greater. The Brother's unkind Letter had rais'd my Anger, and mov'd my sleeping Griefs, but had not weakned or destroyed my Love, and the fair Sister still possess'd my heart ; for when most I strove to raze her from my Soul, the all-conquering Maid with double force return'd ; wonder not then if this restor'd my health, for hope from Love can never be divided, and *Indoretta's* Tears kept back my Soul, when on the Wing and eager for its Flight.

When I was recover'd, a new Misfortune befel me ; for *Mangroa* suddenly lost the best of Wives, and I the kindest Mother Nature e're had made ; my Sister had all that sorrow e're possess'd a tender loving Daughter, who griev'd the death of a kind Parent, and the Countess of *Sirama* was the only Person that rejoyc'd ; for in her she lost an Enemy, and one who had favour'd my Passion for the lovely Daughter of cruel *Xensa*, her Rival in all her Virtues, and one who notwithstanding of her absence and seeming Cruelty, was dearer to me than health to those who suffer deadly Pains, a calm to Seamen wearied with the Winds, to Travellers rest, or Men condemn'd Reprieves. Had *Paris* lov'd his *Helena* so well, or had she been but half so sweet, so good, as blest *Sirena* to my view appear'd, a thousand Years of Famine and of War, Rapes, Butcheries, continued Scenes of Blood, with the Destruction of his House and Country,

Country, had prov'd a price too low for so much Beauty. The gods themselves had fought for happy *Troy*, and the young Man successful prov'd in Arms, old *Priam's* Seat immoveable had been, his Household gods and Children had been safe, and *Agamemnon* had return'd with loss. Those hopes the Duke had given me, were as so many Arrows from the God of Love, and Grief (a mighty passion in it self) serv'd now to raise a greater in my Breast.

*Ericis* came frequently to see my Sister, and tho' *Mangroa* seem'd inclinable to favour that Passion I had for the Daughter of his Enemy, yet he had not fully laid aside his first Resolution; and judging that a present Beauty, and long absence wou'd work my Cure, he made use of gentle Remedies, and told me it was not honourable so soon to abandon a Lady's service, after I had confess'd her my Mistress; that it was convenient I shou'd often wait upon her, lest *Xensa* or his Friends might apprehend the cause of this sudden alteration in his humour, and think his friendship the effect of Necessity not Choice. Where the power of being Active or Passive is left to our selves, how far so ever the thing be opposite to our Inclinations, we perform it with ease and some pleasure; and this proceeds from that aversion we have to restraint, and our Love of liberty; for we are all born Free, and have a right to all things, and not to continue in this State, is a privation of our own Strength, and argues our weakness in not being able to surmount, or remove that difficulty or impediment, which denies or bars us from Enlargement. Besides we naturally have some  
respect

respect for those who contribute to the success of our Love, tho' they did it without design, or with an intention wholly to destroy it. Think it not strange then that I could now look upon *Ericis*, with an air much differing from that she had formerly seen. The false Fair seem'd pleas'd with this change, and concludes the answer of my Letter had wrought it; and fail'd not to acquaint the Duke how much I obey'd, who every Day by his looks confess'd his Satisfaction. These I took for so many natural Signs of his kindness, and fail'd not to flatter my self, so far as to believe he wou'd forget nothing, that might advance that friendship he design'd with *Xensa*; and as 'tis impossible to Love where there is no hope, it followeth that to hope much is to feed the Flame, and make it rage to more unruly Fires.

Things were thus, when a Happiness I ne're had hop'd beset me; for one Night as I came from a Ball at Court, (where my Friends had detain'd me too long) I saw at a small distance (by the help of his Flambeaux's) the rambling *Fernanthus* Duke of *Meroa*. I knew his humour, and (not resolv'd to turn Scowrer that Night) endeavour'd to avoid him, and therefore softly plac'd my self, at the first door which offer'd; but as I began to rest upon it I found it fled, and gave me access to the House unlook'd for. I was at first surpris'd, but more when I heard a Woman, in a low Voice, cry, Sir, Sir, are you come? I presently recollected my self, and answer'd *Yes*, ere she had fully pronounc'd her last Words. She took me by the Hand, and (without any Lights) led into a Room, where  
another

another leaping from the Bed caught me in her Arms, and cry'd, *Ab my dear Youth! Why have you staid so long? Know you not how much these unkind delays shorten the Scenes of Love, and Day appears e're you have trod the Stage?* I made no reply, but seem'd impatient of the coming Heav'n, half naked on the downy Bed she lay, her Arms expanded ready to receive me, breath'd short and sigh'd, then ask'd me why I staid, and by a rapture known to burning Youth, anticipated what shou'd be jointly shar'd, and give to both an equal part of Heav'n. I soon undress'd, and kiss'd the longing She, ran o're the Field of Love with eager transports, melted with sudden Pleasures and too much of Bliss, and languish'd e're my Joys were half begun. The kind one smil'd, and sigh'd at what was past, and us'd those ways which kindle or excite to a new Love the drowsie fainting Soul. She caught my trembling Body in her Arms, kiss'd me, and said, Can you be kind no more, has too much Love destroy'd our mutual Bliss, and has *Furinus* no more Joys in store? Thus wou'd young *Martius* with *Sirena* done, the sudden leap to happiness had drown'd his Soul in Extasie, and made desire weak. But those to whom long practice gives the art of taming by degrees unruly Flames, shou'd know the way to better, longer Loves — Yet stay, my Dear, (added she in another tone) what effects will that counterfeited answer produce, does he forget *Sirena* now? And does the Countess of *Sirama* triumph o're that successful Beauty? Her immodesty had mov'd my wonder, but these last words surpris'd beyond belief; and

'twas



'twas no longer in my choice to doubt whom it was I had embrac'd, and to prevent that discovery which a longer Discourse had certainly produc'd, I renew'd those Joys for which she long'd, and by my Love supply'd the want of Words. While thus we dallied, and height of Pleasure fill'd the Fair Ones Soul, I stole a Ring, and for it left my own. Then leaping from the Bed (with a Voice much differing from that of *Martius*) I bid the Maid farewell, and tho' she knew not whom she then had blest, I left her nevertheless satisfied, that she had bestow'd her Favours upon a Man, for whom she had not meant them. Her Woman, who waited upon the Stairs, knew nothing of the matter, and with soft steps taught me the way, whispering in my Ear that I had not staid my usual hour, yet hop'd I was in health; as she open'd the Street Door, a Man muffled in his Cloak rush'd in, caught *Pandora* in his Arms, (for that was the Maid's name) and cry'd, Is thy Mistress well? Why was the Door no sooner open'd to an impatient Lover? The Wench, without any surprise ask'd him what he meant, and assur'd him he had mistaken the House, adding, her Mistress was a Person of Quality, knew him not, nor would she be disturb'd at an hour so unseasonable. Ha, (reply'd he with a louder Voice) is *Furinus* already forgot, and is it for this, I have betray'd young *Mangroa*? At this I suddenly leapt forwards, and drawing my Sword, Know Sir, (said I) *Martius* has a Friend shall punish this Treachery. He (without any reply) retir'd into the Streets, I follow'd, and after a few thrusts had past between us, his perfidious Soul at last

H

ow'd

ow'd its passage to my Sword, and left his body motionless behind.

When I came home, the Duke was gone to Bed, and none were witnesses of my long stay, but those of my own Servants who waited for me. 'Tis impossible to express those Joys this Night brought me. I saw *Artaxus* still my Friend, was perswaded *Sirena* had not then forgot me, and doubted not but that the answer of my Letter was forg'd by *Ericis*, with the assistance of that young Man whom I had now punish'd for his Perfidy.

In the morning the Fair One came to see my Sister, and I was surpris'd to find in her Countenance, not one sign of grief or inward Disturbances. The Duke soon after enter'd the Room, and I was oblig'd to a greater Complaisance than any I had yet shown; she was heartily pleas'd with my looks, and if she had any real Torment for the loss of her Lover, she let me know by her Behaviour, she enjoy'd a pleasure that o're-rul'd her Grievs, and hopes of possessing a new Lover of greater Quality, and (as she thought) Master of more Charms, was able to atone for the death of one, whom frequent Loves had rendred stale and homely to the view. But that which most she fear'd was, that he who had supply'd his place was not ignorant of her Quality, and might disclose the secret, for the loss of her Ring could not be easily digested. But this trouble also fled, and the present appearance of better Fortune, (like the Sun-shine of a new Day) dispell'd from her thoughts, the remembrance of that Storm and Horror which had rag'd the preceeding Night.

In

In the mean time, credit this sudden Change in my Fortune which followeth.

My Father (now a Widower) began to entertain some thoughts, to which he had been long a stranger, and eas'd me of my feign'd Courtship, by the reality of his own; he forgets to bid me wait upon *Ericis*, atones for my indifferency by a passion truly violent, and practis'd all those little Arts, which are inseparable Companions of growing Love. I observ'd this Change, but conceal'd my knowledge from him as much as possible, and the kind *Indoretta* who was pleas'd with the fidelity of *Artaxus*, and his continu'd Friendship to me, upon which she knew the success of my Love depended, thank'd Heav'n, and her kind Stars, for this new addition to my Happiness. The Countess, in whom ambition was always prevalent, wanted only to be a Dutchess; and tho' she saw no hopes of seeing her Son a Duke, (if Heav'n should send her one) yet she was pleas'd with her Fortune, when she consider'd, she might certainly possess the Father, and had only hop'd (and it may be upon small grounds) the possession of the Son. Thus we liv'd all happy, hoping each Day might bring us some advancement in Fortune's Favour; I never prais'd the lovely *Sirena*, but when I found *Mangroa* pleas'd with the subject; nor did he ever mention the Countess of *Sirama*. My Sister was wholly devoted to my Interest, and always found her happiness in mine.

One Evening the Duke sent for me to his Chamber, and after he had made me sit down by him, *Martius*, (said he with a kinder air

than usual) I have long observ'd that indifference with which you treat the Countess, and have consider'd that Love which has always possess'd you for *Xensa's* fair Daughter ; and tho' I confess she deserves all that passion you have for her, I see it with sorrow, and could wish your judgment might present to your View those difficulties which are to be o'recome, ere this Match can be perfected, the hatred that Man bears to my House, and how far my Honour is concern'd in the resentment of Count *Torrusco's* death. Here he paus'd some time, but seeing I did not reply any thing, he proceeded and told me, That, to ease me of one Pain, that I might the better endure another, he was resolv'd to marry *Ericis* himself, for the next morning should finish the Work, if *Coloa* was not destitute of Priests ; that he had made it a secret till now, because good things unlook'd for impart most of pleasure, and consequently this news would bring me more of happiness. This said, he expected my Answer and Thanks, instead of which I threw my self at his Feet, and conjur'd him to remember that promise he had once made me ; that *Xensa* had kill'd *Turrusco* Honourably, and that his hatred to our Family proceeded only from that which he saw *Mangroa* had to his. As for the Countess of *Sirama*, he should add infinitely to my Misfortunes, if he marry'd her, for she was a Woman virtuous only to those who had not carefully examin'd her Conduct ; and thereupon told him the whole story of that night's Ramble, as I have already related it. The Duke was infinitely surpris'd, and for some time remain'd silent,

then



then on a sudden throwing his Arms about my Neck, he swore he deserv'd not a Son so dutiful; that he had hitherto us'd me unkindly; but that his future Actions should atone for those past, and if I wou'd promise to abandon the bewitching *Sirena*, to whom *Bonzeda* was to be Marry'd, I might begin my Journey for the Country when I pleas'd. I return'd him that answer my Duty and his Kindness requir'd; and withal assur'd him the Count's happiness should not be disturb'd, that I would endeavour to Love *Manderina* as much as I had done *Xensa's* Daughter, and should make it my Study to preserve by merit that place in his good opinion, to which his goodness without that had advanc'd me. He was satisfied with what I said, and for that time left me without any diminution of my hopes. In the Morning he writ the following Lines to his Bride.

Madam,

**I** must confess I'm sorry to lose the Countess of Sirama, but not the Mistress of Furinus. To unriddle the meaning of this. Remember only, that another Man made happy by chance, that night you lost your Lover, has sufficiently inform'd me of your double dealing; and that I am no longer in a condition to be impos'd upon.

Mangroa.

The detected Fair One was o'rewhelm'd with sorrow at the first reading of the Duke's Letter, and after she had for some time given way to Tears,

(sometimes in Women the natural signs of grief or pain) Anger and Revenge (the darling passions of that tempting Sex) took place, and she imagin'd with her self a thousand means and ways to bring distraction to our Family. But willing first to use the force of her Charms, she came to our House dress'd in smiles, and modest looks. My Father waited upon her, and show'd more of sorrow for his loss, than Pride or Resentment for the misfortune of this cunning Fair. She talk'd a while of things indifferent; and at last fell upon the Subject of that Letter he had sent to her. At which time the Duke gave the sign, and I (as he had commanded) enter'd. She soon perceiv'd her Ring, (for I had put it on for that end) and with tears in her Eyes withdrew, confirming sufficiently the truth of all I had said. In short, my dear Friend; I began my Journey that Evening for *Zenitha*, tho' not before I had receiv'd your kind Letter, and had assur'd *Indoretta* of your Constancy. The Duke gave me some Letters to my Rival *Bonzeda*, whom I am resolv'd not to acquaint with my arrival, 'till I have seen the Mistress of my Vows, the Charming *Sirena*, a happiness I must expect from your Friendship, not Fortune or my Merit.

Here *Martius* stopt, and *Artaxus* (who lov'd no less than he) took him again in his Arms, Swore he'd serve him with his Life and Fortune, and that very Night bless him with *Sirena's* Company. Thus having spent part of the day, they at last chose different Roads; *Martius* back to *Zenitha*, and *Artaxus* home.

In the mean time I knew nothing of my Brother's happiness, and when he came home (tho' he strove to hide it, because the Duke was present) I cou'd read in his Eyes some signs of those hopes and motions of Joy which had wing'd his Soul. *Xenfa* was no sooner gone, than he embrac'd me. Ah! My Dear Sister (cry'd he) I am still happy, *Martius* proves a just Friend, and *Indoretta* waits for the Fortunate *Artaxus*. These words pleasantly surpris'd me; I lov'd too much to be disinterested in the Story, and begg'd with impatency he would let me know where he had this account of his and my good Fortune. Then it was, Madam, he related the Story of my Lover's absence, the same as I have already Writ it; adding he had given him the Key of the Garden-Door, and we might meet with all the privacy imaginable. Love, not he, perswaded, and I thought time mov'd backwards till the hour arriv'd.

It was when every Creature seem'd a-sleep, the heavy Waters murmur'd as they went, and mov'd as if they shortly meant to rest; the adjoining Shoar no raging Billows knew, and every Fish dreamt in his Oulie Bed. The Earth seem'd all one Cave, the Heav'ns one shade, and dying Stars did the new light invite. All happy Lovers lay in slumbers chain'd, and *Cynthia* to her *Damon* seems forgot. The waking joys of mighty Love were fled, and *Morpheus* reign'd when that Young God gave way. Sometimes a Bird half waking took the Wing, and with slow motion reach'd some neighb'ring bough, then faintly murmuring hush'd it self to rest, and sleeping bill'd as if its Mate were nigh. 'Twas then, I

say, Madam, *Artaxus* and I stole gently forth, to meet the wish'd for welcome gen'rous passionate *Martius*. As we enter'd the Garden, the Lovely Youth rush'd in; Fancy (that erring guide where Judgment's gone) paints him with all his Charms, and perfect thoughts suppli'd the want of day. I saw him kneeling, begging at my Feet, grasping my hands, and sighing as he spoke, his Eyes (at least I thought so) darted Love, and all his trembling touches reach'd my Heart. Faultring he cry'd, *Sirena!* Lovely Fair! Now all the pains of absence are repay'd, and present Blessings banish rooted cares. *Artaxus*, thou best of Friends, to thee I owe this mighty happiness, and if the Charming Mistress of my Vows had any favourable thoughts for the constant *Martius*, of which her Brother's Love is not the Cause, even that Joy which those thoughts wou'd impart to me, I'd own the effect of his Friendship, or her Mercy, without respect to Merit on my part.

My Heart was seiz'd with tenderness and joy, I long had lov'd him, and had mourn'd his absence, and all his words (like Arrows shot from Love) dart to my Soul, and kindle dying flames. Night made him bold, and Passion spurr'd him on, and in this rapture rising from the ground, he clasp'd me in his Arms, sigh'd deep, and kiss'd me with an eager action, and almost banish'd Virtue from my Breast. After we had seated our selves in an Arbour, we discours'd of Love, of the pains that Passion brings, and day arriv'd ere we had thought it nigh.

In the morning he waited upon the Count, and was by his Sister (the Fair *Manderina*) receiv'd



ceiv'd with that Modesty, which Young Women generally profess, especially before those whom they see design'd their Husbands. *Xensa* was soon acquainted with the arrival (as he judg'd him) of his Young Enemy; and waited impatiently for *Bonzeda's* visit, who no sooner came, than he inform'd him of his fears, and to prevent future danger, resolv'd to see me speedily married. The hated Lover was o'rejoy'd at the proposal, and the third day following was prefix'd for that, on which this Gordian Knot was to be ty'd. My Mother acquainted me with the unwelcome news, and I fail'd not to beg that assistance she had often promised; and with Tears in my Eyes let her know how much I hated *Bonzeda*, and what thoughts I had for the Young *Mangroa*. She sighing told me, That things were now come to the last extremity, that I had been married some weeks ago, if her Friendship had been wanting, or diligence asleep. That the Young Duke's Arrival gave the Count and my Father so many fears, that Arguments were become useless, and my Marriage alone was able to secure them. But that one Remedy, or at least a Reprieve, offer'd it self, which was to be purchas'd thus. I should immediately feign my self indispos'd, confine my self to my Chamber for some days, and if the Duke still continued resolute, at last to my Bed. But withal, that I should not attribute my Distemper to that Storm which threaten'd me, and if 'twas ask'd me, let him know, that nothing impeded his Friend's happiness, my Sickness excepted, that my Soul already gave consent, and my Body would in time obey.

I comply'd so readily with this relishing Counsel, that when the Duke enter'd my Chamber I immediately fainted. He call'd for help, and the Dutchess (who knew my Distemper) came running (drown'd in feign'd Tears) to my Assistance; telling him, I had been under this indisposition for some days, that she wonder'd at the cause, and fear'd some dangerous consequence. *Xenfa* was surpris'd with what he heard, and the Count (who was with him) had only this Satisfaction, that he saw me incapable of holding any Correspondence with his Rival. However they both departed without acquainting me with what they had design'd the preceeding day. *Artaxus* was perfectly vers'd in the Plot, and told me *Martius* would wait upon me at Night; that I must not deny him that happiness, that none could be conscious to the interview, and every thing conduc'd to promote the design. I lov'd, and a few Arguments serv'd to perswade; the Youth possess'd my Heart, and all my thoughts center'd in forming lovely Ideas of the bewitching Conquerour. He had free access to *Bonzeda's* Garden, and by a small Ladder of Ropes (made for the purpose) he easily got into ours. His Servant (as soon as he had ascended the Wall) was order'd to Withdraw the Pliant Stairs, and retire to his Master's Room, lest his continued stay had occasion'd a discovery; for *Bonzeda* had many Windows opposite to that place. My Brother waited at the Window (to which a second Ladder was fastned) and receiv'd him. The Duke lay in the next Room, and you may believe we forgot not to tread softly. The happy Youth caught me in his Arms, gaz'd, and sigh'd,

sigh'd, as if this had been our first meeting, since my departure from *Coloa*. He swore no time or accident shou'd weaken his Love, that he wou'd show the Constancy of a Martyr, who suffer'd for Eternal Joys ; Nature shou'd start, and all things suffer change, the Frame of Beings inverted, the Earth turn'd into its primitive Chaos, e're he forgot my Charms. That if the Globe shook beneath him, or gap'd so wide, it shou'd the infernal Powers, howling and grinning, ratling in their Chains, and all the Souls of damn'd departed men ; or if the Skies shou'd sink by slow degrees, until the Crystal Arch press'd down his Head, he'd not fear or dream of coming death, his thoughts shou'd then pay homage to his Love, and in this vast and terrible Confusion, he'd clasp the Fair, the lovely, blest *Sirena*, lay her all trembling to his faithful Breast, and then possess'd of all Heav'n could bestow, he'd smile, and sinking kiss the precious treasure, laugh at the angry gods, and bless his glorious fall.

Thus we spent the few hours; he still swore he lov'd, and my Eyes inform'd him how readily believ'd. But the Servant returning gave the usual sign, and we parted, tho' not before we had made a new Appointment.

The following day appear'd to both an Age, and Time seem'd drowsie by his tardy flight ; at last the hour much wish'd for took its place, and brought the Welcome Lover to my Soul. My Brother (if by design or chance I know not) was absent, and we enjoy'd a Heaven without disturbance. For tho' he was much esteem'd by *Martius* and belov'd by me, yet we were both  
glad

glad of his absence. We spoke a thousand extravagant things, and Love to us appear'd the darling Virtue of the World, the end for which we were made, and the very Cause of our Creation. He sigh'd, and gaz'd upon me, spoke sometimes faintly, and in a Minute would grow silent, grasp my hand, kiss it, and almost breath out his Soul in raptures. I felt a sick'ning pleasure at my Heart, a longing joy distracted my Soul, and I wanted something to compleat the Bliss, yet knew not what it was; my Blood flush'd to and fro, seem'd all in every part, and in no part to stay, but spoke my Nature toss'd 'twixt fear and gladness. While thus we sat blest with our present fortune, yet uneasie in the anxious wishes of a better, losing the present sweets in thoughts of more; a sudden noise surpris'd us in this Lethargy, and wak'd us from an extasie of Love. My tears on this occasion were inexpressible, and (knowing it too late to make use of our hempen Stairs) I caught my blushing Lover by the hand, conjur'd him to save my Reputation and my quiet, which were now evidently in danger, made so only by my Love to him. He who knew how to Obey, smil'd, and plac'd himself behind my Bed, where he remain'd unseen. The Duke soon knock'd at the Door, and I as expeditiously opened it. Ha! Daughter (cry'd he) I'm glad 'tis no worse, I heard some small noise in your Chamber, and was concern'd for your health. This I took for my Cue, and with a faint voice answered; that I had been ill most of that day, but that I was now grown better, Ah! reply'd the Duke (who stood shaking in his Night-Gown) you've been



too long from your Bed, 'tis there you must expect rest, for sleep to the Sick is a reprieve from pain. This allarm'd my Soul, and I made use of all the Arguments I could invent, to show the inconveniency of that Method he propos'd to perfect my recovery; but 'twas in vain; he call'd for the Dutchess, and she (not knowing the Circumstance of affairs) confirm'd him in his Resolution. He withdrew into the next Room, and she staid by me, as if I had stood in need of her Assistance e're I could be undrest. Thus I was oblig'd to obey; and the Duke returning took my Mother by the hand, and so left me, having first wish'd me good health, commended *Bonzeda*, and order'd one of the Maids to remove the Candles. My Charming *Martius* thus reliev'd, threw himself upon his knees, clasp'd my hand, and sigh'd, as if his winged, slippery Soul, had sought an opportunity to escape its Prison; his continued silence, and eager grasps spoke him languishing for a Joy unknown, and I (divided between Love, Fear, and Honour) found my self unable to speak my thoughts. Sudden motions of alternate Passions stopt my faltering Tongue, and my bosom ecchoed moving sighs to his. While thus our Souls and Nature seem'd at War, he gently mov'd and caught me in his Arms, laid his Head to my panting Breast, trembl'd, breath'd quick, and kiss'd me with the eagerness of departing Lovers. Then giving way to a flash of Love inflam'd, he reach'd too soon that pleasure which he sought, and in the search of the unbounded Joy, he lost the present transports of the mind.

'T was

'Twas then, Madam, he spoke, and begg'd a thousand Pardons for the indiscretion he had committed, swore he lov'd me yet even to madness, and would not for a thousand Empires quit the Room. I begg'd (but 'twas faintly) he'd leave me; I told him his Servant no doubt waited for his return, because the time appointed was elaps'd, and if he walkt too long in the Garden, it might discover what our mutual interest oblig'd us to conceal. He made no reply, but stopt the sound of Arguments with kisses, Love reasum'd his Throne, and set his Soul on Fire. He claspt me again in his Arms, finish'd our imperfect Joys, and I could say no more than — Ah my Honour — Will you Love — Oh kind Heavens! The Night was spent with all the pleasure Love could give, he swore eternal Constancy, I believ'd all, lov'd all, and dreamt my self in Paradise. Sleep was to both a stranger, and coming Day prov'd hateful to the sight, we shrinkt and smil'd and wish'd a Night like that, in which great Jove his dear *Alcmena* blest, inverting order to promote his Joys. At last we parted, but with those pleasant desires which Men enjoy, when dreaming of a Heaven they ne're possess, or know but faintly in a tempting trance, they grieve their judgment was no longer hush'd, and wish and long to see the Scene again.

In the morning the Duke came to see me, the Count was with him, and both of them alledg'd I had not slept last Night; that my eyes verifi'd this truth, and I was unjust to my self in not having a greater regard for my Health. The fresh remembrance of what had past made *Bon-*

*zedas*

*Bonzeda's* visit more unwelcome than ever, and my aversion for him almost cast me into a Fever. *Xenfa* who observ'd my disorder, but not the Cause, presently left me, after he had told me, that he hop'd a few Days would bring me perfect ease, and give him that happiness he had so often wish'd, of seeing me married to his Friend, a Man who well deserv'd my esteem, and lov'd me passionately.

A few minutes thereafter *Artaxus* enter'd, and told me he had been at *Bonzeda's*, had seen my favourite Lover, and was resolv'd to go to *Coloa*; that he could live no longer without his *Indoretta*, and he'd rather chuse to forfeit his Father's kindness and fortune, than endure the loss of her he lov'd; adding withal, that *Martius* had perswaded him to't. These last words gave me a vast deal of Pleasure; 'twas an argument of his Love, and spoke the last night's Joy's had rather fann'd than extinguish'd his Flame. This made me (besides the help of my natural inclinations that pleaded powerfully for him) easily resolve to see him again at the usual hour. In the mean time my Brother ply'd the Duke for his consent: He weigh'd not at first the Cause of his Journey, and *Artaxus* (promising to return in a few Days) easily obtain'd the favour desir'd. But as he was ready to take Horse he receiv'd new Orders, for *Xenfa*, upon second Thoughts, began to suspect the business, and therefore charg'd him not to think of going to Court, 'till my Marriage with the Count should be accomplish'd. *Artaxus* storm'd and rav'd at this sudden change of his humour, and remembering Love more than Interest, took Post immediately

diately for *Coloa*. The Duke was then confirm'd in his suspicions ; and swore this manifest token of his disobedience should never be forgot ; that he'd remember him no more as his Son, and damn the hour that brought him first to light. The Dutchess forgot nothing that might excuse his fault ; she insisted on the force of Almighty Love, on the number of his Years, and how insupportable 'twas for Youth to be mew'd up in a Castle, or confin'd to the narrow bounds of a Garden : But her Arguments were of no strength, and *Bonzeda's* Agents in the Family added matter to the Fire of the Duke's wrath.

At night my Lover beat his usual Road, and enter'd my Chamber with that joy in his Face, which spoke his Soul at ease. I receiv'd him with that fondness which my Love inspir'd, and we consum'd the hours in amorous Sighs, languishing looks, firing Touches, melting Glances, and eager Wishes. He long'd to renew those joys which rowling moving Nature taught to both ; and I, who doated too much, (yet willing to preserve his Love in health) deny'd him the opportunity of a surfeit, made the Heaven almost inaccessible, yet allow'd him those priviledges which serv'd to kindle his Soul, and make it burn for more. Thus, Madam, we liv'd happy, by starving our selves in midst of Plenty, and heightning the appetite by scanty Joys, to a mad hunger for a waste of Pleasure. My Marriage was still deferr'd, and *Artaxus* sent me a perfect Journal of his proceedings by every Post. But wearied with my continued Confinement, I sometimes (and at the Duke's desire



desire too) walk'd abroad : The Sea-shoar was the place I commonly chose, which at last produc'd this adventure.

All silent were, no Beast was seen to roam, his panting Flocks each Shepherd homewards drove, the Labourer left his Plow and wisely sought for shelter from that heat which scorch'd the Earth. I sat beneath a mossy Rock, on each side Cliffs and frightful Precipices, dark Recesses and solitary Caves, not made by art but ow'd their form to Nature. The bubbling Streams with noise came tumbling down, dashing from Point to Point their scatter'd Parts, then meeting roar'd and rush'd into the Main ; who all receiv'd next minute tost 'em back, and kept them in perpetual motion, till the Sun's attractive rays exhal'd the foam from much concussion wrought, and suck'd the stranger body from the rest. This melancholly retreat gave me inexpressible Satisfaction, I view'd the irksome Shades with greediness, and languish'd with the pleasure. My Maid was silent, and nothing offer'd it self to disturb my contemplative Soul. While thus I sat and gaz'd upon the Waves, who now appear'd like Ice or Crystal Fields, (not one breath of wind dividing the united Element) the Skies (quick as thought) grew black, the fluces of the burden'd Clouds flew open, and you'd thought the Heavens had melted into Rain. The Birds who sought their Prey upon the Waves, found a new fresh Sea above them, and sunk beneath the smarting weight into the briny old. Thunder soon follow'd the amazing change, and bursting Clouds shook the tottering Globe. Fire flash'd through  
the

the thickned Air, and show'd the gaping Heavens, the Skies in labour, and the jarring Elements at a dreadful War. The scaly Monsters show'd their awful Heads, and rous'd from the bottom of the boundless deep, howl'd, and threw up floods of gorging Waves to quench the distant heat, then grinning plung'd to hide themselves from Heaven. The distant plains seem'd all a heap of Rubbish, forsaken by every Beast, and cover'd with the Wreck, which rowling floods from neighbouring Mountains brought. To encrease the frightful Scene, the winds grew high, tore up the stubborn Oaks and yielding Pines, ransack'd the plains, and swept off the budding Corns, levelling the superb Palace with the humble Cottage. The wondering trembling Swains dejected stood, and saw their Huts transported from their Seats, and plac'd on Rocks, or on some rising Grounds, whose height secur'd them from aspiring Streams. In a word, Nature seem'd mad, the Elements in a freak, and the Earth grumbld as if a fatal Collick had rent her peaceful Bowels. You may believe, Madam, my Soul was surpris'd with the amazing sight, and I dreamt of nothing more than present ruin. My Maid fell upon her Knees, begg'd the protection of the angry gods, and swore eternal constancy to Heaven, if once reliev'd from these distracting Fears. While thus she was employ'd, I could perceive a large Vessel tost by raging Billows, labouring to reach the open Seas, yet forc'd on shoar by Winds. Pity on a sudden fill'd my Breast, and I had so many anxious Thoughts, for the safety of those in a more imminent danger than my self, that

my

my past fears vanish'd, and all my cares and wishes were for them. Just now you'd thought the floating Castle stood on a high Mountain, making War with Heaven, and proudly threatening to assail the Clouds. Then in a moment all its height was lost, and sinking Seas would plunge it deep as Hell. At last the crowding Waves rush'd doubly on, and forc'd the moving Palace against a Rock. The Seamen shriek'd aloud, struggl'd for parting Life, and the next moment vanish'd. The sad Object mov'd my Tears, and I could have fainted under the weight of other People's Misfortunes, if a certain joy (at that time not known for such, but arising from a sense of my own safety) had not supported me. The greatest part of Mankind loves to see his fellow Creature in evident danger; and tho' he views him with trouble, yet if he examin'd himself narrowly, he'd find the remembrance of his own Condition, (when compar'd to that of the other) gives a certain pleasure that counterballances the Pain; else why should we at any time flock to see Executions, Combats, Shipwracks, raging Fires, and such horror-giving Objects; for Nature is averse to its Enemy, and grief no doubt is such. — But to return, the Clouds who had now shak'd their dropping Wings withdrew. The dismal Curtain furl'd up, and Heaven show'd a smiling Countenance, as if a Sacrifice of so many Lives had asswag'd its hungry fury. *Eolus* founded a retreat to the raving Winds, who grumbling retir'd to their hated Prison, and *Neptune* (reliev'd from his old Disturber) slept as if the past toils had forc'd him to a Peace. The

joyful Birds came fluttering from their Nests, sprung through the Air, and trod the Boughs again, then Sung, and mounting spread their matted Wings. In fine, every thing seem'd at liberty, but *Sirena*, my grief for what I had seen sunk my Soul into a demi-trance, and left me not the power to move. I consider'd the quality of that inconstant Element, the Cause of Winds and Rains, how far Chance, the gods and Nature, shar'd in what befel us; and if Heaven (which we paint all Goodness and Mercy) could have a hand in the destruction of so many Creatures, which it self had made, or took a certain pleasure in the punishment of Offenders, whose Actions were so inconsiderable and seemingly below the notice of the Almighty Mind. Thus my Soul travers'd a Labyrinth of mysterious Problems, my Reason exerted its Power, and almost shook off the Yoak of Imposition, searching into the truth of things, which believ'd bring no ill consequences, if not a real happiness, and if rejected or discredited, give Nature her sway, and set the World loose, break the hinges of humane Society, and set up an Insurance Office for Villanies and Bloodshed.

At last, Night approach'd, and I was oblig'd to abandon my solitary Tent. Eut, oh kind Heavens ! how was I surpris'd, when on the Sand two Shipwrackt Bodies lay, in fast embraces lockt, as if the dead Clay had retain'd a perfect remembrance of that Union which was between their Souls. Coming nearer, their Cloaths inform'd me they were of Quality, and I stood sometime motionless, and gaz'd upon the moving



ing Object. where the ruines of so many Beauties so sweet appear'd, you'd thought death had been a gentle sleep, and cruel Waves been soft as Summer dews. In this juncture the Duke (who had dreaded the effects of the past Storm) appear'd; and tho' naturally hardy and of a rough disposition; his Soul melted at the sight, and his Eyes confess'd the trouble of his Mind. He presently order'd his Servants to convey the dead to his House, and having seated our selves in the Coach, drove straight home.

Some hours after, one of my Maids came running into my Closet, and with gladness told me, that the Lady whom I found on the shoar was yet alive, that her Soul was loath to abandon so fair a body, and they had some hopes of her recovery. But the Man was lost beyond redemption, for not one sign or Symptom of coming Life appear'd. This news banish'd that grief which had lately possess'd me for the unfortunate Fair; and I flew between hopes and fears to give that assistance in my power. When I enter'd, the sick one lifted up her Eyes, look'd fix'dly upon every Object, mov'd her Lips as if she had strove to speak, then sigh'd and fainting shut them both again. The Dutchess us'd her utmost Art, and drove back the passing Soul when almost gone. But having spent the greatest part of the Night in this Charitable Employment, we withdrew; leaving the care of our Charming guest to my Mother's Maids and mine.

The joyful Birds had scarce usher'd in the coming day when I arose. I had dreamt of this unfortunate Fair One all Night, and my wishes for her safety became the employment of my

anxious Soul. Nor did I Petition Heaven in vain, for when I enter'd the Room, she mo'vd her Head from the Bed, and in an almost-dying Accent, begg'd Pardon for that trouble she had given me, thank'd me for my assistance, then ask'd me the place and time in which I found her, if I had seen her Husband on the Shoar, for now all her fears were for him, and if he was lost, no Art, no Argument, or Cause could save her Life, her Soul was incorporate and mix'd with his, and both should wander in the other World, if not united there like Bodies here.

That tenderness her loss inspir'd, drew Tears from my Eyes, and I faintly answer'd, — I had seen none such, that she alone had reach'd that part of the Shoar where I had been, but that orders should be given to enquire of all the straggling Shepherds, and watchful Fishermen for him she wanted, that Heaven no doubt had preserv'd him, and she would soon be happy. The distress'd Fair One sigh'd, conjur'd me to use my utmost diligence in the search, and to remember her life depended on the success. In the mean time the Duke order'd the dead Body to be interr'd, according to the custom of our Country, where nothing was wanting, which Quality have bestow'd upon them, as the last mark of Honour. For by that account which the Fair One gave of him, we perfectly knew him for her Husband. The Dutchess (whose grief upon this occasion was in nothing inferiour to mine) advis'd me to acquaint the ignorant Widow with her state, to prevent a double pain, which the certain knowledge of her Circumstances would doubtless give. I obey'd, and in the Evening enter'd her

er Chamber with a Golden Cross (beset with small Diamonds) in my hand. The mourning Fair no sooner espy'd me, than starting, (she cry'd) is he alive? Has he sent me this pledge which has cost me so many Tears? Am I happy? Or must I dye? Tears rush'd into my Eyes, and sudden grief deny'd me the use of Words. I stood some minutes silent, and at last confess'd him dead. At this unwelcome sound the unhappy Fair (with a Countenance pale as death) leant her declining Head upon the Pillow, lifted up her hands, and cry'd, O! Unhappy *Delia*! thou hast lost ——— and then fainted. I apply'd those Remedies commonly us'd on such occasions, and by the force of Spirits deny'd a sight to hers. Oh Gods! when she lifted up her Eyes again, how my Soul sorrowed for her. So dying Roses covered o're with dew, look gay, and fresh, and tempting to the sight; yet move the Heart, because their sweets are flying. Ah! Madam, (cry'd she) Pardon this undecent, but just grief, let not my Tears disturb your Peace, for a few hours will give me rest for ever. My Soul murmurs at its tedious imprisonment, rouses and shakes it self beneath this load of Clay, longs to be gone, and flutters in its Cage; 'tis now a traveller wrapt in contemplation, surveys the happy state of separate Beings, Chalks out the way to Heaven through open Air, and longs and seeks *Valentio* as it mounts. — Oh my Husband! — Oh unfortunate surviving *Delia*! — This said, she sigh'd, as if her heaving Breasts had prest her rising Soul, and I (now a sharer in her sufferings) wept, and in my silence express'd the pains that rackt my easie Heart. She

who amidst her own troubles forgot not mine, conjur'd me to leave her, and to forget I ever saw her; begg'd my Pardon again for those Tears her misfortune had brought me, and swore that no temptation should fool her into a love of Life. I set before her (with more affection than Art) the inconveniency of immoderate grief, taught her to hope a better fortune, and rely on Heaven. But she (dumb with excess of sorrow) made no reply, prest my hand between hers, sigh'd, and cry'd *Valentio!* Unwilling to be gone, I seated my self upon her Beds side, and with Tears besought her to remember the present state of her health, the impossibility of retrieving what was past, and that her Stars, though cruel in other things, had been kind in bringing her to a House, where she might freely command as at home. She who was no stranger to good breeding, and in the depth of affliction show'd a ready mind, when able to speak, gave me an obliging return; adding that my cares augmented the weight of hers, and serv'd to hasten the o'reburden'd Soul to an end of all its Labours. But that to repay part of those kindnesses I had shown, she'd acquaint me with her life on whom they were bestow'd, that the recital of her past adventures, or emergencies of Love, was now the only pleasure of which she was capable: For the remembrance of Joys long fled, brought back the happier State of Life, and match'd it with the present; then show'd how far we fell, how low we sunk, and Charm'd the melancholy Hypochondriack Soul with a full taste of misery; the sweets of the one encreasing the sense of the other's bitterness. I endeavour'd to divert her resolution, and defer that

account



account she offer'd till her Health could consent to the labour; but 'twas in vain, for the harass'd Fair, after a few deep sighs and dying looks, began as followeth.

THE Kingdom of *Marintba* (to which I owe my Birth) was long distracted with the fury of a Civil War, the two pretenders to the Crown (*Othar* and *Decius*) divided the Nation, and he who signalized himself for neither of the Parties, was liable to the outrages of both, and judg'd a common Enemy, or at least one that had no regard to the welfare of his Country, but to his own interest; and waited with a semblance of quiet, till Fate should decide the difference, and Crown the Conquerour, to whom he might safely pay homage, and secure his Fortune. In the mean time my Father, who was naturally Loyal, sided with *Decius*, whose Party then was weakest, while his Younger Brother (to whom *Mony* was a God) fled to *Othar's* Camp, and there was receiv'd as a Man who brings supplies of Gold to a Prince in wants. The two Young Kings (for both were Crown'd, and maintain'd an equal Title to the Throne) impatient of delays, and fond to reach a Diadem in view, at last encamp'd in a large Plain, where each of them waited for the nearer advances of the other. In a few days the eager Armies met, Victory hover'd o're their Heads, view'd the terrible Combat with a secret Joy, then clapt her bloody Wings, and perch'd at last on cruel *Othar's* Standard. Here poor *Decius* fell in search of Power, and my Father (whose Quality and

and Post in the Army advanc'd him to his Princess Person) lost his Life in his defence.

Thus *Othar* Conquer'd, Fame flew before his Arms, and brought the sad news to, that part of the Country, which had own'd the deceas'd for their King; and my Mother, who soon became acquainted with her loss, fled into the other World to secure her self from an Addition to her misfortunes in this. My Uncle, (the unkind unjust *Arates*) now Master of the new Monarch's favour, forgot that respect he ow'd to the memory of his Elder Brother; and having purchas'd with a bribe the gift of his Estate (which the King had now taken into his own hands as a forfeiture upon the score of Rebellion) he possess himself of the House, discharg'd the old Servants, and kept not one in his Family but my self, that e're had seen or known the kinder Master. I was yet too Young to be sensible of my own misery, and smil'd and play'd about this Author of all my following ills. But reaching too soon the Fourteenth Year of my Age, and my Face promising a larger stock of coming Beauties and good Nature, the Neighbouring Youth began to take notice of me, to speak kindly to me, pay me much respect, covet to be nigh me, and sighing, often inform'd me of my Circumstances, and that my Eyes would purchase more than cruel fortune had robb'd me of. *Arates* observ'd my budding power, and wisely foresaw that if I should marry to a Man of a good Estate, I might (assisted by the help of Wealth) lay a claim to what he possess'd of mine, and to prevent that Misfortune which his guilt taught him to fear;

he

he confin'd me to my Chamber, appointed me a stern Governess, and propos'd to my Lovers the advancement of two hundred thousand *Malors*, a Sum that exceeded in that Country the value of any Estate posses'd by a Subject. Thus he inverted the common Custom; and instead of giving a Portion, he set his Niece to Sale, yet half assur'd that none would buy her at a price so large.

My Lovers in shoals withdrew; at Night no musick reach'd my longing Ear, no sighs but those the old Matron vented for her decay'd Beauty, and chill'd Blood. In the Morning the decrepid old Hag awak'd me, and with eyes distilling scalding Rheum, taught me how to employ mine, on Books of dull Morality, and duller Rules for Life and Conversation, then mumbl'd Praises to the Almighty Power on my behalf, that sent me such a Friend as old *Arates* (for now he had past his great Clymasterick Year, yet still a Batchelour). Thus the ignorant (with the height of Devotion) blest Heaven for a Mischiefe, and when infernal Powers send a Plague, they thank that greater Power, whose Anger for committed Crimes, only permitted the ill to be, to punish stiff offenders. Thus we spent the tedious day, and my long imprisonment had almost taught my Soul to forget the thoughts of Liberty; when the dear, the loving, but the lost *Valentio*, (who still had shown a Love beyond what mine, or the noblest Beauty could claim as due) at last offer'd the payment of the Sum propos'd. The old Miser was startled with the News, and told him since his all was spent in the pursuit of a Woman, he must expect to live a marry'd beggar.

gar. The young Lover laugh'd at coming Poverty, and swore Hell it self should not fright him, or shake his Soul resolv'd, he lov'd to madness, and he'd rather beg with *Delia*, trace the open Fields for Bread, and seek shelter in a Clift beneath some hanging Rock, (where bleak Winds grumbld round his careful Head, and Waters murmur'd in the hollow Chasms) than live in Courts without her, where Wealth, Pomp, Pride, Luxury, and Ease, with the gaudy shows of Honour, tempted the Mercenary Soul to abandon that settl'd peace of Mind, which the Company of her we love, and a moderate fortune never fails to bestow. My Uncle now saw 'twas too late to raise Objections, and unwillingly consented to the Match on these Conditions, that I should show no signs of aversion for his Person, (for he had the goodness to pretend to a Love of my welfare) and that upon the first Day of the second Year after his Marriage, he should add fifty thousand to the number of *Malcors* already given.

Thus *Aratus* secur'd himself, for by the continued Poverty of my Husband, he weakened the power of Revenge. For, Madam, the form of Government in *Marintha* differs from that of *Fabria*, and there Men often do themselves Justice without having recourse to Law, while the Prince (whose Authority is limited by the People, or a chosen number invest'd with the power of the whole) winks at these Outrages, and sees the strong o'rethrow the injur'd weak, without offering to disturb the course of either.

In the mean time I was kept wholly ignorant of these Transactions, and was strangely surpris'd



pris'd when (after a confinement of two long Years, where I was seen by none, but my old Governess) the Gay, the Joyful, blest *Valentio* enter'd. I thought he too had forgot me, and those sparkles of Love he had kindl'd in my Breast e're my Imprisonment, were now almost extinguish'd, or at least burnt so faintly, I scarce perceiv'd the flame. The amorous Youth fell upon his Knees, darted his Eyes on mine, sigh'd, and (with a voice that would have charm'd a departing Soul back to Life) said, does the Divine *Delia* remember her slave *Valentio*? Can she believe I love her? That my long absence was an effect of necessity, not the will of my Heart? And that now she has liberty, if she can but Love. My surprise at the unexpected accident made me uneasy, I felt a new Pleasure, and had a perfect remembrance of my past troubles, knew not what to answer, and wish'd he'd consult my Eyes, for the resolves of my yet wavering Soul. In this confusion of the mind he grasp'd my Hand, forc'd it to his Mouth, and kiss'd it with the Feaver of a violent Lover, conjur'd me to remember how I had been us'd, to consult my reason before I spoke, and to make use of that opportunity which kind Heaven lent me, lest my Uncle's humour alter'd to the worse, made him for ever Miserable, and gave me no hopes of better Fortune than I now enjoy'd. As he spoke, *Aratus* enter'd, and with a fowre Countenance told me he had always shown himself a kind Parent, and he came now to give me (in his consent to my Marriage with *Valentio*) a sensible mark of that affection he ever had for me. This pleasant turn of sporting  
Fate

Fate elevated my Heart, joy sparkl'd in my Face, and tho' my reason could not find the Cause of this quick change, yet I was eas'd, because I had no ground to doubt the validity of that Proof, which fell within the Cognizance of my senses. Then looking on him I lov'd, I blushing answer'd, his Choice was to me a Guide, and I should not be wanting in my endeavours to esteem the Man he design'd my Husband. The surly old Man seem'd pleas'd with what I said, and calling my Gouvernantée aside, they both withdrew.

When he was gone, the wonderful *Valentio* fail'd not to thank me for my compliance, and spoke all that a Man who lov'd to excess could utter to the Mistress of his Soul, and I forgot not to weigh his Merit. You may wonder, dear Madam, at the easie conquest, and that not having mention'd this God-like Youth during my Confinement, I should now so suddenly resign my Heart, and doat upon his Charms. But to remove that, consider my Years at parting; that from my infancy, I had more tenderness and esteem for him, than for the rest of Mankind, and that he being then very young, his person and the beauties of his Soul, were better'd in the space of two Years; of this last, I modestly inform'd him, and he (who never spoke otherwise than he believ'd) swore mine surpris'd him, that I was ever the wonder of my Sex, and that Nature had spent the time of my long imprisonment, in perfecting that noble Work she had begun with so much Art.

In a few days we were marry'd, and my Uncle (who could dissemble handsomely) seem'd well

well satisfied with all that past, while I (who was wholly ignorant of what my *Valentio* had done for me) promis'd to my self an age of Joys, and eternity of Peace and Happiness to come: My young Husband's Love encreas'd with the number of his Days, and time that wastes all things, serv'd to augment the force of his flame; for me he seem'd to live, and if at any time my nature was disorder'd, it wrought that effect upon his Soul, which Minds united for each other know. His humour spoke his heart susceptible of Love, and capable of any tender impressions, subject to anger, to revenge a stranger, and form'd by bounteous Nature for a Lover. In the day time he was ever nigh me, sigh'd and swore he ne're could Love too well, that I deserv'd the esteem of all Mankind, and had Eyes of force to melt a savage Heart, teach those inclin'd to War, practis'd in deeds of horreur, and conversant in blood, to long and languish after softer Pleasures. In the Night he seem'd uneasie for nothing but the privation of Light, and when the Sun appear'd he'd gaze upon my Charms, and bleis the day that brought us first together. Then surrounding my panting Body with his trembling Arms, he'd smile upon me, and swear by all the Powers above, and by my self, that no time or accident should e're deface my lovely form which the young god had rooted in his Heart; if withering Age came on, and Nature fail'd, or laid waste the field of Beauty, he'd call to mind the present happy minute, fetch it back from the boundless heap of Years long fled, and place it before his Eyes, renew his weaken'd Love, and doat upon his charming

charming *Delia*, with all the longings of a hot young Lover, who can ne re be blest enough ; my Eyes should kindle dying flames, we should embrace like Youth, and burn with equal Fires.

Thus have we lain and blest our mutual Fortunes, heard the cold North Winds battering against the Windows, and shivering Oxen lowing in the Plains, the Birds chirping on the Battlements; and bleeting Lambs proclaiming double wants, the Trees crackling against each other, and tender Blossoms wasted throw the Air. Then have we shrinkt, lockt our selves together, breath d quick and low, and laught at distant Storms, forgot the chilling Airs that rag'd abroad, and play'd and wanton'd on the yielding Downs.—But ah ! this charming Scene how soon it fled ! How quick time flew to finish so much Bliss ! He show'd his hoary Head, and mov'd like Age, to make us think he would have longer staid, but while we lookt about and dreamt no loss, he mounted streight and left us in distress. For six Months had scarce elaps'd, when my Husband began to droop, sigh when he lookt upon me, frequent the solitary Walks, and languish under a Disease unknown. This gave me a thousand Fears, I lov'd as when first the Priest saluted me a Wife, and wish'd me happy in a marry'd State, and that melancholy which posselt my dear *Valentio* became Epidemick, the Servants lookt like Ghosts of Men, and I seem'd the reverse of Woman, or something on this side or beyond Humanity, my curl'd Locks hang d loosely in the Air, no smiles adorn'd my brow, my Beauties fled, and Love seem'd



seem'd just a dying. A thousand times I askt the Cause, and with Tears in my Eyes conjur'd him to lay open his Heart, to hide none of his thoughts from *Delia*, whose very Soul he knew devoted his ; that if he lov'd me not, why would he not tell me so, and make me happy when he meant me ill, for the killing sound would reach my fore-boding Heart, and like sudden Thunder fright and strike me dead. He still swore he lov'd me, that his melancholy proceeded from some indisposition of his Body, and begg'd I'd inquire no further into the Cause ; with Tears in my Eyes I left him, and all my looks spoke my Soul uneasie.

In the mean time, my poor *Valentio* became a shadow, his Heart was in perpetual agitation, and heav'd his anxious Breast, as if the mighty secret had struggl'd for a Vent. I observ'd this with incredible Pain, and us'd all the arts which Love inspir'd to extract the hidden Mystery. At last (when even Nature you'd thought nodded, as if the Globe would have slipt through her Fingers, and crush'd our sleeping Antipodes) as in Bed we lay, I urg'd my griefs again, bid him remember how I still had lov'd, the joys of that Night, when smiling Hymen gave his wish'd consent, how I lay fainting in his Arms sick with pleasure, yet willing to advance his, and wellcoming the new Joy whose fierceness almost drown'd me, how eagerly he graspt me, how he prest my Lips, and set my Soul on fire, when past flames had half consum'd its strength. He (who now consider'd, how constantly I shar'd in all his wishes) melted into Love, laid aside the Heart of stubborn Man, took me in his Arms,

K

sigh'd,

sigh'd, and cry'd, Ah *Delia* I am ruin'd! —  
Thou undone! — And curst *Valentio* is the  
cause of all!

'Tis needless, Madam, to repeat what follow'd, besides my strength at present tells me, I must be concise. He inform'd me of what had pass'd between him and *Arates* before the Marriage, that his Creditors were become uneasy, that his Friends had abandon'd him, because he had acted in that affair without consent or advice, and nothing could secure him but a speedy flight. I believ'd my self miserable, fall'n low from the height of happiness, and spent the tedious Night in Tears, while he (whose cares were equal to my own) conjur'd me by that Love I bore him, to undergo patiently that load of Poverty, to which his indiscretion had brought me, to forget the scenes of past Loves, and to rely upon *Arates* (who could not chuse but relent) for a return of Fortune; Love was the cause, and the Crime was easily pardon'd; the weight of his griefs lessn'd the sense of my own, and the throbbings of his oppress'd Heart, stunn'd my Soul almost into a Lethargy. I embrac'd him a thousand times, swore the possession of his Heart repay'd the loss of Wealth, and I'd show the Courage of an *Amazon*, under my new Misfortune; begg'd he'd tender his own safety, and remember that when *Valentio* dy'd, his *Delia* too was lost.

At last the unwelcome Day appear'd, and the afflicted youth seem'd plung'd in an abyss of Despair. O gods! How often he did clasp me in his Arms, gaze upon me, and sigh as if he would have sunk into Eternity, his rack'd Soul  
shook

shook his tender frame, and in the labour forc'd  
Tears from his eyes, which the manly Youth  
strove to hide, and tost in a Sea of o'rewhelm-  
ing cares, remov'd the signs of weakness from  
my sight. Then starting from my embraces  
he'd cry, must I leave my *Delia*? Must I be  
damn'd to the boundless pains of an eternal Ba-  
nishment. — Oh can I abandon Heaven in  
view? And shut my self for ever from the joys  
of Paradise? — Oh my Guardian Angel, take  
me once more into thy Bosom, give a new life  
to my fainting Heart, and teach me to forget  
my past happiness, or at least to be insensible  
of my coming torment; hush my warring Soul  
to rest, and let me dream no more of what I'm  
doom'd to suffer. — But ah, my *Delia*! My  
all! Thou better part of divided *Valentio*, I  
must leave thee, the curse of Poverty drives me  
from thy Arms, and the jealous gods have en-  
vy'd my past happiness. I must wander from  
my self, for if I retain my strength of judgment,  
I carry Hell about me — But sure my kind Me-  
mory won't in this exigency forsake me, she'll  
stand the first shock of Fortune's Malice, and  
prompt me on to madness, awake me from a  
Lethargy of sorrow, and by presenting thee to  
my view, give a new edge to my Afflictions;  
divide *Valentio* from the Husband, and oppress  
me with a double load, send me raving into the  
other World, cursing my Stars, my Fortune,  
nay — the gods, but most of all my self —  
yet blessing thee.

In this afflicting juncture my Courage fail'd  
me. I saw misery before me, and thought my  
self already condemn'd and trampil'd upon, by

every Fool, whose Fortune (not Merit) had bestow'd upon him a larger stock of Wealth than mine; for Virtue when o'reclouded with Poverty gains no esteem, and he that's poor may speak like an Oracle, yet unregarded, while the rich (whose wit will hardly allow him the title of a Man) speaks weighty Sentences, is applauded by cringing fawning Knaves, and bubbl'd into a Love of his own ignorance. Poor *Valentio*, read my thoughts in my Eyes, and (after a deep sigh that exprest sorrow to the life) he fell into a new Delirium, exclaim'd against just Heaven, and wish'd for Thunder from the gods incens'd, to drive his tortur'd Soul unto the shades; that the Centre would open and swallow down his Body, or falling Mountains hide his guilty Head. Then reflecting on what he had said, he begg'd Heaven's pardon for himself, and protection for his weeping *Delia*; took me into his Arms, laid my Head to his beating Heart, and conjur'd me (in the name of all the gods) to forgive him, to Love him much, or else forget him soon.— Now, divine *Sirena*, let me drop the Curtain, and hide a Scene so moving, that my frighted Soul starts at the view. *We lov'd and parted,* and let that express the whole.

When he was gone, my cares for him increas'd, I had forgot a thousand things I had to say to him, nor could I tell to what Country he design'd to commit himself. My Uncle (by Nature cruel) smil'd at my misery, and I had no comfort but the Tears of my Servants; of that too I rob'd my self, and discharg'd them all, excepting one Maid who had been with  
me



me from my infancy. His incens'd Creditors seiz'd upon his Estate, and I withdrew to a humble House (some days Journey from that place) where I liv'd unknown, and secur'd from sharpest wants by Jewels of considerable value, which my *Valentio* had left me.

In a few Months I brought a Son into the World, and tho' I saw not a Fortune sufficient to maintain him like the Heir of the great *Valentio*, yet I was o're-joy'd at this Gift of Heaven, and methought I read already in his Face the features of his Godlike Father; yet this comfort was scarce able to allay my griefs; I sigh'd for my absent Husband, and consum'd whole Nights in Prayers for his safety. Thus I liv'd without any change of Fortune, till one Morning as I sat by a River's side, and recounted my past ills, I espy'd on Horseback one of my old Servants. This sharpened my memory, and brought *Valentio* to my Soul, with all his graces and ravishing looks about him. But as I began to create this soothing Phantom, the Man approach'd; and with a merry Countenance told me *Arates* was dead. That to me he had left his Fortune, and that Heaven thought it fitting to reward my Virtue and Constancy. This News brought more grief than joy; for I no sooner remembred my sudden flight to Happiness, than I considered my Husband's absence. If he had been present how blest'd we had grown, Friends had encreas'd with our Fortune, and Love had Crown'd our joys.

In a few days I possess my Fathers House, where his Brother had made me so long a Prisoner, and was visited by most of the Quality in

the Country, and among'st those *Valentio's* Relations, all wish'd the Youth at home, but none yet knew that Kingdom in which he resided. Amidst this pomp I found my Love for him held the first place in my Breast. Musick encreas'd my melancholy, and Scenes of mirth fann'd the passion to a height. At last another change besel me, which in short was this.

My Son was indispos'd, and I had laid him upon the Bed, where soon after falling asleep, I was oblig'd to endeavour the same state of silence to secure his; so that in a few Minutes (my Maids having quit the Room for fear of giving disturbance) my senses were partly hush'd, and I lay by him in that Condition, which speaks the Soul not perfectly awake, or capable of producing a series of coherent thoughts, yet not wholly o'recome with the weight of drowsie Nature. I had spent five tedious Years alone without any real comfort, but the smiles of my Lovely Infant, and therefore dreamt my poor *Valentio* dead. Methought I saw him pale and trembling at my Bed's side, accusing me of that I ne're committed, then threatening sad revenge for injur'd Honour, yet in his fury still with-held by Love. This suddenly rous'd my wandering Judgment, and starting with the quick return of scatter'd thoughts, I leapt from the Bed, call'd for *Valentio*, sought him through the Room, as if I had really seen him, then laughing at my own frenzy, I retir'd into my Closet, where (to my infinite surprize) a Cavaleer (nobly drest) caught me in his Arms, and cry'd, Oh *Delia*! *Delia*! — I have thee — I see thee — my Reason runs to madness with excess of Joy, and I could

could sink beneath the vast load of soothing pleasure. The Charming voice soon inform'd my watchful Soul. — Oh gods! — Oh too kind Heav'n! (I cry'd) my Husband! — my *Valentio*! — my Love! Oh what shall I say? gladness confounds me, and I am dumb with extasie. To express this meeting, Madam, I need say no more than that our Tears of Joy were as numerous as those of sorrow at our parting, when we never dreamt of being blest again. My hasty impatient fancy started a thousand questions, which spoke my love out-run my tardy Judgment, and he (who had as much to ask as my self) answer'd in one word, and made new demands in the next. We gaz'd on each other, then embrac'd, kiss'd the dear pledge of our Loves (who was now awake) sigh'd, and bill'd again like cooing Turtles in a shady Grove, where peeping lights inform them storms are past, and they may perch again on loftier Boughs. When the first transports were over, I inform'd him of my Fortunes, and he (to oblige me) gave this succinct and Cursory account of his absence.

**W**hen I left thee (my lovely *Delia*) I felt all those pains which could possess a tender Soul; one who had lov'd, and made the Centre of his wishes miserable, while her goodness (that permitted her not to complain) shew'd (in more lively colours) the horror of his guilt. I had not before that time examin'd my own resolutions, and being wholly indifferent in what Country I spent the remainder of hated life, I rid some days rather a confus'd Wanderer, than

a formal or resolv'd Traveller. At last I arriv'd (after 7 Months spent on the way) at a Frontier Town of *Peru-alta*, and there having learnt the Language of the Country, I went to the Camp, where the present King *Pharnaces* resided in Person. I had not stay'd long, e're opportunity offer'd her self to my advantage, *Fortune* courted my wishes, and presented the Enemy to our view. We encounter'd, and (my losses having taught me how to value my Person) I did more than solid Reason could assent to, and had the honour to save my General when dismounted, and almost trod to death by the Enemies Horse, who rush'd on in joyful crowds at their seeming Victory, not coveting blood so much as a noble Prisoner. This piece of service gain'd me his acquaintance and esteem, and his Kinsman (the haughty young *Antharsus*) show'd me not a few signs of his good will. But Winter soon follow'd the Battel, and the Scene (where honour was to be got) withdrew, and left the impatient Youth of the Army in their Winter Quarters, wishing a return of the Year, that *Mars* would again show his Head, and rouse their dying Spirits. When that time came, my grateful General, who remember'd my past actions, gave me the Command of five hundred Horse. And having receiv'd Orders to view the posture of the Enemy, I found my self encompass'd in a Wood by a greater Number. My men shrunk when first assaulted, and offer'd to secure themselves by flight. But seeing that resistance I made with the remaining few, and finding the way stopt, they became more resolute, and turn'd to sell their lives for dear-bought honour. In this Engagement I lost three hundred and fifty Soldiers.



diers, kill'd of the Enemy seven hundred and nine, and return'd to the Camp with fourscore Prisoners, of which he that commanded the adverse Party was one. The General (who was more o're joy'd at my success than my self) swore such an Action as this deserv'd to be eternally remember'd, and next day presented me to the King, at which time I had the Honour to kiss his Hand, and to be stil'd the Soul of his Army. *Reduan* (for that was the General's name) extoll'd my Valour to the Skies, and the Queen (who was present) readily answer'd the believ'd all, for the Countenance of the Noble Stranger spoke his Praises to the World, ere he opened his mouth. I thank't her with that respect her Quality inspir'd, and her Daughter (the Princess *Almeria*) whose Eyes were fix'd on mine, blush'd as I spoke.

Fortune (not yet wearied of doing good) brought me once more into the Field, where I sav'd the King's Life twice in one hour, and was at Night prefer'd to the Post of Captain of his Majesty's Guards, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, and Knight of the *Dacian* Order. *Almanzor's* Fortune never equall'd mine, for in less than six weeks after my Advancement, I beat the Enemy thrice; and at last drove them to the necessity of suing for a Peace. The old King still entrusting me with his Army, while the generous *Reduan* (wearied with the Toyls of War) attended his Prince's person, and saw the youth of *Peru-alta* sweating in blood for the smiles of that airy Mistress, Honour, of who's favour and friendship he himself had been long posselt.

Things

Things being at last compos'd to *Pharnaces* advantage, he abandon'd the hardships of a Camp for the softer pleasures of a Palace, and fix'd his moving Court on the Banks of the River *Sapbo*. I had a stately Apartment assign'd me within the Gates, and at Night felt my self a Prisoner in a gilded Cage; thou my Dear *Delia* fill'd my Soul, I thought I saw thee pensive and alone, despis'd by all, and shun'd by those who knew thee, without Friends and without me, reflecting on thy past happiness, and mourning the present state; I've sigh'd for thee till my heaving Heart has shook the tottering Bed, and waking implor'd the Pity of the Gods, or if I dreamt, my Soul was with her I lov'd, survey'd her Charms, and return'd to glad my longing Heart, which too soon found out the tempting Cheat, and weep'd because it no longer cozen'd.

One Night while I lay in this Melancholy condition, a small noise on the Stairs surpriz'd me, immediately after my door was opened, and I could see the Queen enter my Chamber with a light in her hand. I feign'd a dead sleep, and she who took it for real, approach'd my Bed without any signs of fear. Stood almost motionless, gaz'd upon me, sigh'd, and then retir'd. This odd sort of visit very much affected me, and tho' I had some grounds to suspect the Cause, yet it gave me matter enough for a great many reflections. But while I div'd into this Mystery, my Door was a second time set open, and I could hear a Woman's Foot press the floor, who after a short stay withdrew, and suddenly re-enter'd with a Candle, coming to my Bed's side, she

show'd

show'd the Beauties of an Angel. She had a loose embroider'd Night-Gown about her, which sometimes flew open, and discover'd to the View a thousand ravishing Charms, her tender Shapes glanc'd through the fine wrought Shift, and almost gave Enjoyment by the sight, and I had no doubt shown my self awake, if she had not in a few Minutes abandon'd the Room. When she was gone, how soon did *Delia's* lovelier form check my wandering-fancy, and I damn'd my past wishes when I thought of thee. Thy Beauties still surmounts hers, and that of all Women, and *Almeria* (for 'twas she) soon vanish'd from my Soul.

Next morning the King, Queen, and Princes went a Hunting, attended by most of the Nobility. As we pass'd a spacious Heath some Miles from Court, it was my Fortune to ride next to her Majesty; she ey'd me with a pleasant Countenance, and told me she presunt'd by my looks, I came abroad to catch Hearts, that my Eyes had tenderness in them, and I could not fail of gaining some Fair Prisoner. This obliging discourse put me to the Blush, and I was at a loss for some time what to answer. While she, who was no stranger to intrigue and Gallantry, reassum'd the discourse, and told me that I was not oblig'd to study for an answer, since one kind look, or bewitching smile, was enough to repay a thousand such complements. Adding, she suppos'd I was Born a stranger to *Peru-alta*, I ow'd my Birth to some colder Climate, where Love was not the grand business of the Nation, that with them such addresses were common, that she was not yet very old,

old, and the King already doated. Believe me *Delia* I knew not how to answer ; the Letchery of the Royal Baud exceeded what I e're had seen in all my travels : But just as I was ready to speak, (and the sparkling of her Eyes inform'd me she wanted a return) the King approach'd, and I blest my Stars for the lucky hit. With the first opportunity I chose another Road, and fell into a new snare, studying to evite the old. For *Almeria* (who had seen me with her Mother) smiling ask'd me, if the Charms of a Queen had gain'd my Heart, if Majesty and Power could do more than Youth, and a moderate portion of Beauty. This strange Method very much surpris'd me, I had consider'd but faintly the natures of these Ladies, and almost fancy'd the King's Jealousie the cause of all, that they flatter'd to try me, and seem'd fond to advance my ruine. However as I was about to reply, *Antharsus* came galloping up, and I was opportunely reliev'd from a second *Dilemma*. He show'd a vast submission to the Princess's Commands, and the least of his Actions spoke his care to please, yet he did all with an Air that spoke him inwardly proud, and of a surly disposition. *Almeria* fretted at the accident, and by her Conversation gave him undoubted marks of her displeasure. The haughty young Souldier easily observ'd it, and guelt the cause. The Natives of that Country are generally blacker than those of *Merintha*, and a Man of my Complexion seem'd a Demi-God amongst them. Next day I had a Note sent me to this purpose.

*If*



S I R,

*If you are the same you'd have your self esteem'd,  
meet me two hours hence, (arm'd only with your  
Sword) on the Meadow by the River's side, where,  
in the same Condition and without Attendants, you  
will find*

Antharus.

This did not much surprise me, I knew the Cause, he envy'd my Fortune, and judg'd I had robb'd him of his Honour, and that esteem the King and Army had of him, but most of all he grudg'd me *Reduan's* favour and *Almeria's*. In the mean time I fail'd not to wait upon him, and without a recital of Particulars, know, I got Victory on my side, for after he had receiv'd three Wounds, he fell with his Sword in his Hand. I soon order'd the Body to be taken up, and in my Coach (which waited at a small distance) sent him to his Apartment in the Court. Then going straight to the King, I fell upon my Knees, begg'd his Pardon, and confess'd the truth of what had past. The old Man weigh'd not the Challenge sent me, and giving way to his passion, commanded me instantly to Prison. I laid my Sword at my Prince's Feet, and without murmuring obey'd. At Night (when all was hush) *Almeria* came to see me, she urg'd her Love, the hazard she run for this dear Visit, bid me hope for sudden Freedom, and swore she'd abandon the prospect of being a Queen, rather than I should suffer. While she spoke  
the

the generous *Reduan* enter'd, and seeing the Princess, was about to retire; but she kindly call'd him back, told him she was fully assur'd of his Honesty and Friendship, and would conceal nothing from him; my Friend begg'd her Pardon and mine for the indiscretion of his Kinsman, and (knowing the Prince's mind) added he was glad of that choice she had made, for no Man could better fill the Throne of *Pharnaces*, than the Warlike *Valentio*, (for I had not chang'd my Name, because assur'd none knew from whence I came) that my Conduct spoke my Quality answerable to my Fortune, and my Courage fit for Empire. The Royal Maid was pleas'd with what he said, and in the mean time ask'd him what expedient he could propose for my Liberty? he (who ever esteem'd me beyond my Merit) advis'd her to confess to her Father that affection she had for me, which in the first place would secure my Life, if his Kinsman (who was dangerously wounded) dy'd; and *Pharnaces* having no more Children, could not (with reason safe) cross her inclinations too far, lest he should endanger her Health. Kind *Almeria* at first was silent, but consulting Love, she gave consent; desiring *Reduan* first to speak favourably of me, and give him a hint of her passion, that she might not have the first shock of his fury, which would undoubtedly follow the unlook'd for News.

The General fail'd not to obey, and *Pharnaces* (naturally hasty) storm'd at what he heard, wonder'd he should favour the murderer of his Kinsman, and a stranger, and swore my Life should

should answer for the Crime committed. My good old Friend alledg'd, he ought not to consider *Valentio* as a Foreigner, but the preserver of his Life and Honour, and one who possess the affection of his Souldiers and Daughter; as he pronounc'd these last Words the Princess enter'd, and by her Tears mollified the stubborn old Man; (for those subject to sudden anger are easily perswaded) you may believe, my *Delia*, I long'd to be inform'd of the success, and was pleasantly surpris'd when my Lieutenant enter'd, show'd my Keeper his Orders, restor'd me my Sword, and told me I was again a Favourite. I knew this sudden Change an effect of *Almeria's* Love, *Reduan's* Friendship, and the Queen's Dotage, for as I was inform'd afterwards by her self, she forgot not to intercede for me with her easie Husband; *Pharnaces* receiv'd me with a calm brow, the Daughter blush'd, and the Mother bid me by her looks consider her as the Author of my Liberty. I was divided amongst them, thou (my Dear) possess my Heart, *Almeria* my esteem, *Reduan* my Friendship and Gratitude, and the Queen my pity with a mixture of aversion. In the evening I went along with the General, and saw *Antharsus*, show'd my grief for my own good Fortune, begg'd he'd believe me his well-wisher, and swore I was ready to serve him at all times, and upon all occasions.

A few days after the King took me aside, and having call'd for *Reduan*, we enter'd his Closet, tho' not before Orders given to acquaint the thronging Courtiers, that he was not

to be seen. *Valentio* (said he with a kind air) my Daughter loves you too much, and though I have that esteem for you which all good Men have, yet I should be sorry, if I were oblig'd to give my Crown to a Man who has none of my Progenitors blood in his Veins, besides my Subjects will never submit patiently to the Government of a stranger. Advise with your Friend and mine, and (if possible) find a method by which I may be secur'd from my just fears, and *Almeria's* too violent passion may be kept a secret. I readily propos'd my absence, to which he and *Reduan* seem'd much averse, and forc'd me to second thoughts. I had conceal'd my Marriage from them both, and was now irresolute if I should inform them; but finding no other way to escape, I confess'd the truth, told them, I had a Wife with the Face of an Angel, and the perfections of a goddess, one whom I could never cease to Love, and for whose sake I would abandon more than Empire. *Pharnaces* rejoyc'd at the Discovery, and generous *Reduan* was rather pleas'd than incens'd, because (as he said) I had Courage without extravagant Ambition, and a real Love without the base alloy of Interest. The King (who was not long a plotting what next to do) conjur'd me to bring thee to Court, that nothing would sooner quench *Almeria's* flame, than to see me fond of another, whom I was more powerfully oblig'd to Love; that I should ever be Master of my present fortune, and as opportunity offer'd, he'd advance me to a greater, that he was loath to lose so good a Friend and Souldier, and if I left the Court



Court without designing a speedy return, his Daughter would think it an effect of his Commands, and would for ever impute the loss to him, languish for my absence, and murmur at his cruelty; that if my *Delia's* presence did not convince her of her error, he'd afterwards bestow upon me a competency for Life, and I should retire to what corner of the World I pleas'd. I left thee without a Fortune, I was ignorant of what Heaven had done for thee, and in a word, I embrac'd the offer. I kiss the Queen's Hand, and that of the amorous young Princess, promis'd to return in a few Months, saw *Antharsus* in the way to perfect Health, and left the constant, kind *Reduan* sorrowful for my absence. On the road I had a thousand Fears for thy safety, and when I dreamt thee Well, I joy'd because my relenting Stars had made me Master of a Fortune suitable to thy Quality, tho' not Merit.

When I cross the River of *Tara*, which divides *Merintha* from *Amula*, I was inform'd of *Arates's* death, and coming straight to this House, I was told by your faithful Maid *Melissa*, that you was in this Chamber alone, concealing the Story of my little Son, that you might glad my Soul with the welcome News. When I enter'd, I found you upon the Bed, and espying the Hat and Feather beyond you, (the obscure light, for the Curtains were drawn, denying a full view of his Face) I had a thousand sudden Fears, I thought thee false, and in a height of unaccountable passion drew my Sword, with a design to punish the Treachery. — But

L

oh,

oh, ye merciful gods! how ravish'd I was to know my self deceiv'd; for while I struggl'd between sudden Passion, Love, and the weak remains of dying Reason, the lovely Boy mov'd. Pardon, O my *Delia*, (continued he, and taking me in his Arms) this Crime, which nothing but excess of Love can excuse, and believe, that, satisfied and perswaded of thy fidelity, I retir'd into the Closet, with that joy at my Heart, which none can know till doubly blest'd like me.

Here he ended his Relation, and I felt the motions of my Heart, which are not easily express'd. I griev'd the easiness of his Nature, that by a seeming guilt suffer'd his Reason to be dispossess'd, that unheard, he could resolve to punish, and without Tryal pronounce my Doom. Yet these thoughts were soon remov'd, when I remembred his constancy, how for me he had renounc'd the hopes of a Crown, and for the smiles of a Wife, abandon'd courting Majesty. But that which most rack'd me, was the necessity I lay under, of travelling to *Peru-alta*; I form'd to my self a frightful *Idea* of the Court, dreaded the Queen and Princess, and thought *Valentio* already forc'd from my Arms between them. But then remembering how far his Honour was engaged, how gratitude forc'd his return, and that he'd forfeit life sooner than his Promise; how the King esteem'd him, how *Reduan* lov'd him, and the interest his eminent Services had gain'd him in the Nation; I began by quick degrees to change those thoughts, for  
others

others more agreeable. In a word, Madam, after a few Weeks we began our Journey, and because nothing of consequence hapned on the Road, (excepting that *Melissa* lay three days sick) I shall change the Scene, and in a minute, place my self at the Court of *Pharnaces*. The King swore himself o'rejoy'd at my Husband's Arrival, *Reduan* shew'd a constant Friendship, the Queen smil'd, and *Almeria* alone seem'd dejected. She upbraided *Valentio* with Treachery, because he had dissembl'd his real Circumstances; yet said she forgave him, seeing the Charms of his happier *Delia* sufficiently excus'd the Crime. The Youth at Court came frequently to see me, and *Antharsus* (who by the King's special Command was reconcil'd to my Husband) made always one in the Crowd. He seem'd very much to affect my Maid, and believe me, Madam, she out-did all the Beauties at Court. The Princess, 'tis true) was lovely, and had a singular Majesty in all her Actions, yet not so powerful in the assault of a Heart as *Melissa*.

Things stood not long in this Posture, for my Husband's ancient Enemy still retain'd a perfect remembrance of the affront put upon him, and studying revenge, at last this opportunity offer'd. The General and *Valentio* were discoursing concerning the Natures of Women, the constancy of some, and the weakness of others, if the Causes proceeded from the disposition of the Body, or the Mind; and if any Man could assure himself of his Wife's fidelity, *Reduan* (according to his usual goodness) swore my Hus-

band was happy, that he believ'd his *Delia's* Virtue proof against the strongest Temptation, and *I* seem'd Mistress of a Judgment of force to beat off those assaults, which (with incredible ease) would o'return the resolutions of others. *Valentio* thank'd him for this Complement; and *Antharsus* swore all Women were fickle as the Winds; he'd debauch her, that pretended most to Chastity, and banish Virtue from her thoughts in less than three Days; that modesty with our Sex, was but a Cloak to private Sins, our Nature's wavering (or rather veering) towards the point of Vice, and with-held only by a fond Love of Reputation, which exactly weigh'd, is rather innate Pride. The General show'd his dislike of what he said, and calmly bid him consult his Reason e're he spoke; but my Husband who took impatiently every thing that came from him, and who knew the words levell'd against himself in particular, told him (with anger in his looks) that *Delia* was proof against him and all Men, that he should have access to his House, and if *I* chang'd my Love, or endanger'd his Honour, he'd forfeit his Life. *Antharsus* suddenly reply'd, 'twas too great a Wager, but he'd lay his Fortune at stake, (a common Bet in that Country) that *Valentio* should absent himself for three Days, and at his return receive undeniable proofs of his error in trusting to a Woman. Honest *Reduan* chid his Kinsman, and oppos'd the budding mischief. But my Husband (confident of my Conduct) was resolute, and swore he would not upon any terms desist; and that a few Days would



would experimentally teach the young Man, not to trust too much to his Merit, or to over-rate his Person or Parts.

*Valentio* soon writ to me, by which I was inform'd, he had receiv'd sudden Orders from the King, that he was oblig'd to visit a Town some Miles distant, and I should not expect his return till the fourth Day following. *Antbarfius* (already half assur'd of success) came immediately to see me, and took care that most of his acquaintance should have notice of his Visit, he frequented the Windows, and upon every trivial Occasion fool'd me thither, that all might know us together: At Night he enter'd privately, and finding *Melissa* in her Chamber, he renew'd his Addresses to her, she (whom Ambition had blinded) had scarce the power to deny him any thing. He swore boundless Love for her, and seem'd to desire nothing more than a speedy Marriage between them. With this bait he easily deluded the credulous Maid, and gave her large presents to confirm her in the mistake. On the other hand, he propos'd no other proof of her affection, than the delivery of that thing which her Mistress most esteem'd, and which she knew *Valentio* had given me. She readily comply'd, and (while I slept) stole the Key of my Cabinet, taking from thence this Cross which now you see, and which my Husband had given me when he fled from *Merintba*. The young Man (glad of his feign'd Victory) gave her a Jewel of a considerable value, conjur'd her to conceal this Transaction from all the World, and retired to his own Ap-

partment, eas'd because he had begun his Rival's ruin.

When *Valentio* return'd, he saw too soon the stoln mark of fictitious Conquest, and believ'd me base. He dissembl'd all when in my Company, tho' not so well as to blind my fore-boding Soul. I askt the cause of his discontent, and he reassum'd his old excuse, want of Health. Thus we liv'd, I was ignorant of what had past, he jealous and tormented, *Melissa* glad of her coming Fortune, and *Antbarfus* fond of his own Villany. The Nights were spent with different passions on all sides, and Day was always welcome to my watchful Soul.

One Morning the lost *Valentio* askt me if I would go with him into the Fields: I readily consented, and having seated our selves in the Coach, we drove a Mile by the River's side, and then alighted. Sorrow prest his Brow, and his looks spoke his Heart plung'd in grief; yet still methought I read anger (or rather gloomy revenge) in his Eyes. We walkt another whole Mile without exchange of Words, and my Heart (sinking with the sudden apprehension of some coming mischief) taught me to expect greater troubles than yet I had known. While thus we walkt he caught me in his Arms, cry'd aloud, This for my Honour lost! Now Love *Antbarfus*! Then threw me head-long down the hanging Bank. The Streams with mercy yet receiv'd me, and my Cloaths kept me a-float, till a Neighbouring Shepherd came to my relief. The poor Man took me home to his House, and made use of Remedies within his Power to bring me

me back to Life. When my Reason reassum'd its Seat, I enquir'd of my deliverer, if any other Man appear'd to save me from sinking, and he assur'd me he had seen none. 'Tis not easie, Madam, to guess my Pains. I remembred every word my Husband spoke, when he plung'd me into the River; how furiously he look'd, and how his Eye-balls roll'd, that I was innocent, his Cruelty even beyond his Nature, that he had long design'd my Death, and that Repentance had not immediately follow'd the act, since he had not staid to afford me help when I struggl'd in the Water. Yet after all I lov'd him, 'twas that tormented my Soul, and I could have dy'd that very moment, if the desire of evincing my Innocence had not o're-rul'd that of Life.

In the mean time I was not to be found at Court; *Antharfus* industriously gave out, that *Valentio* had murder'd his Wife; and the King, who thought it an effect of ambition, and a design to make way for his Marriage with *Almeria*, easily believ'd what was said, and gave immediate orders for his close Confinement. Now careless of Life and Honour, (since by his own Hands he had destroy'd what his Soul yet doated on) frankly confess'd the Crime laid to his charge, and tho' the Queen, the Princess, and sorrowful *Reduan* us'd their interest with *Pharnaces*, he was nevertheless brought to his Tryal, and Condemn'd to lose his Head at his own Gate. The false *Melissa* did not yet grieve for what she had done, and urg'd *Antharfus* to the performance of his promise. The proud Youth was startled

with the proposal, and considering the vast distance between a Princess and a serving Maid, he shew'd her not a few signs of contempt. She observ'd this, and to hector him into Compliance and good Nature, alledg'd the service she had done him, his Vows, and the opportunity she had to render him infamous by a full discovery. He, who fear'd nothing more, and who scrupl'd not to add one Crime to another, run her against the Table with his Sword, and so left her, pleas'd by a greater mischief to conceal a lesser. *Melissa* (now mortally wounded) faintly call'd for assistance; and *Reduan* with several Officers entering, she confess'd her guilt, told them *Antharsus* had us'd her thus for fear of a discovery, begg'd my Husband's Pardon, (tho absent) and soon after dy'd. I had sent the poor Shepherd every day to Court, where (his Wife being a Nurse) he got certain information of all that past; and I was acquainted with this Accident, almost as soon as it happened. Then it was I went to see *Valentio* ——— Pardon, Madam, this too concise way of relating my Story; but the remembrance of that Joy he shew'd, when he knew me alive, adds to my present pain, and makes me more sensible of my loss. Besides, I find the kind Sister extends her welcome Arm to cut my thread of Life. I have no more time than serves to inform you; *Antharsus* fled, My Husband was set at Liberty. We left *Peru-alta* as soon as possible, and designing to visit *Fabria* in our return to *Merimtha*, that storm arose when we were upon the Coast, which robb'd



robb'd me of my Son and Husband. ———  
Oh *Valentio*! ——— I come! ——— now I'm  
—— happy. ———

This said, she immediately dy'd, and one Moment finish'd her story, and her unfortunate Life. The Duke and Dutchess were sorry for her Death, and in a few days she was laid in the same Grave with her *Valentio*. *Manderina* had waited upon her too when alive, and during that small space of time, we renew'd our Ancient Friendship; she ask'd me concerning my Brother, and wish'd him success at *Coloa*; I wish'd her happiness, but not in the Arms of *Martius*, and she (not inclin'd that way so much as I had suspected) smil'd, and said, he deserv'd my Love but not hers; to me he shew'd himself a Prisoner, but to her a Rover; and one whom no Beauty could fix, or Charms confine. *Artaxus* inform'd me by his Letters, that *Indoretta* still prov'd kind, that *Fernantbus* Duke of *Meroa* (a mad piece of Quality) was his dang'rous Rival, because assisted with *Mangroa*'s Authority, that he was oblig'd to live too incognito, and did not yet know when he would return. ——— Now, my dear *Timandra*, my Story draws towards a fatal Period, my Misfortunes exceed yours, and my Ruine was compleated by envious Destiny, in less than twenty days after the death of unfortunate *Delia*.

My Welcome Lover had come to see me at the usual hour, and after some time spent in my  
Com-

Company descended again into the Garden. *Bonzeda* it seems waited there with a design to serenade me, and approach'd the Window just as *Martius* was upon the foot of his supple Stairs. The Youth finding himself surpris'd, and not knowing their intention, or whom they were, drew his Sword, and laid the unwary Count dead at his feet. *Xensa* (who was not yet asleep, and too soon heard the noise) came running down the back Stairs; but not examining the Party or the Cause, he chose the weakest side, and was kill'd by *Bonzeda's* Servants, ere he had well enter'd the Garden. Poor *Martius* still defended himself, and the back door being suddenly broke open, a Cavalier rush'd in to his assistance. The clashing of the Swords, with the confus'd Shrieks and Oaths of those engag'd, awak'd both Families, and now a bloody Combat commenc'd (or rather was renew'd) the Count's Servants fought to revenge their Master's fall, and my Lover for his Liberty. At last he was a Conquerour, and the Enemy fled. 'Twas then he had leisure to thank the Stranger for his assistance. During this bloody Scene, I had still slept, and it seems my kind Lover, (more cautious for my Reputation than my self) had left me in that condition, chusing rather to leave me without a word at parting, than run the risque of a discovery by his stay. However, I awak'd just as they enter'd my Chamber, and seeing *Martius* and my Brother (for 'twas he that had assisted him) cover'd with blood, I leapt from the Bed, ask'd the Cause, and almost rav'd with

with the sudden fright. My Lover (still anxious for me) would have conceal'd the truth, till he had prepar'd my mind for the shock; but *Artaxus* in few words inform'd me of all, and added that *Ericis* had seen him in *Coloa*; that she acquainted *Meroa* with it, who soon after sent him a Challenge, that he fought him, and had the fortune to kill him, that he had posted home with a design to provide himself with Money, and to settle his affairs; that as he arriv'd, he heard the clashing of Swords in the Garden, and forc'd the Door from off its hinges, to give relief to those oppress'd. Madam, you may paint my griefs from your own: And tho' the loss of Constant *Adraftus*, exceeded that of a Father, yet to remove the inequality, I saw my Brother and my Lover oblig'd to abandon *Fabria*. However to make my misery truly equal to your own, I was robb'd of *Martius* and *Artaxus* too. For they had not been gone six Months, (during which time, I receiv'd many Letters from them) when I was inform'd of both their deaths; the occasion of which take in few words.

They had fled into the Province of *Cathinna*, where wearied with so long an absence from those they lov'd, they at last resolv'd upon a Journey home. By the way they lodg'd in a small Village, where (not finding conveniences for lying together as they us'd to do) they chose their respective Inns. At Night my Lover's Host, discours'd the story of *Xensa's* and *Bonzedá's* death, and how young *Mangroa* had by his flight confess'd himself guilty of the Murder.

*Martius*

*Martius* was very much surpris'd with the Relation, and scarce thought himself safe; but being always of an invincible courage, these thoughts soon fled, and he retir'd to his Chamber. My Brother's fortune was almost the same; for his Hostess spent most of the Night on his Adventure concerning *Fernantus*; and being at Supper with him, she said to her Husband, This Gentleman (looking on my Brother) very much resembles Young *Xensa*; if he is the same Fame paints him amongst us. *Artaxus* smil'd, and soon after went to bed, where (wearied with his Journey) he fell asleep, and dreamt no more of what had past. About midnight the House was surrounded with Arm'd men, their leader crying, guard the Doors, and secure the Murderer. It seems, Madam, a High-Way Man, who had robb'd, and afterwards kill'd a Gentleman, ten Miles from that place, had come to the same Inn that Evening, but not known to be such, he had pay'd his reckoning and pursu'd another Road. The now Duke of *Xensa* surpris'd with the sudden noise, started from the Bed, and laid hold of his Sword, resolv'd either to purchase liberty, or fall in the attempt. In the mean time *Martius* could find no rest, he dreamt of some coming danger, yet knew not what it was, and fear'd my Brother's safety more than his own. At last hearing a noise in the Streets, he call'd his watchful Host; and enquir'd into the cause. He soon inform'd him, and the Youth (judging my Brother betray'd) half dress'd, and Arm'd only with his Sword, run to his assistance, and came just as *Artaxus* had engag'd with the furious Mobb;



Mobb, who, by his resistance, and desperate endeavour to escape, easily believ'd him the Robber, and us'd their utmost force to repel his. Young *Mangroa* no sooner arriv'd, than he made his way through the Rabble, and calling aloud for *Artaxus*, at last reach'd him. *Xensa* hearing his own name proclaim'd, concludes they certainly knew him, and not discerning his Friend in the dark, or remembering his Voice in the hurry, he turn'd his Sword upon him, as his most dangerous Enemy; because next to his Person. My Lover from his resistance argu'd his own mistake, and fought to secure himself by the death of his Adversary. ——— Oh! Cruel Heavens! they both fell, my Brother was kill'd by my Lover, and *Artaxus* robb'd me of *Martius*. ——— Judge of my sorrow by my misfortune, for I'm perswaded, Madam, no loss ever equall'd mine. The Dutchess dy'd with sudden grief. The constant *Indoretta* poyson'd her self, and the kind *Manderina* languish'd a few Months, and then fled into the other World. I had then retir'd from pomp and noise, and spent the remainder of my Years in Devotions, if my Friends had not over-perswaded me to the Contrary, and with cunning Arguments had not juggl'd me into a love of Liberty, and aversion to a reclusè Monastick Life. However, in not abandoning the World, I had the Happiness of your acquaintance, for you came to my House, Madam, two Years after this Tragedy had been Acted. ——— Excuse me if I have not Writ my Letter with that Art you shew in yours, or if I have dwelt too long upon the story of unhappy

happy *Delia*, think 'twas my design to divert you from too serious thoughts. — I'm glad my Cousin the Abbess is your Friend; and am,

*Your, &c.*

Timandra

---

FINIS.

---

